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CONTENTS OF No. 231.

Page

ART. I.— 1. Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State of Popular Education in England, and the Reports of Assistant Commissioners, Evidence, &c. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 6 vols. 8vo. March, 1861.

2. Popular Education in England, being an Abstract of the Report of the Royal Commissioners on Education: with an Introduction and Summary Tables. By Herbert S. Skeats. London: 1861.

3. The Popular Education of France, with Notices of that of Holland and Switzerland. By Matthew Arnold, M.A., Foreign Assistant Commissioner to the Education Commission, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. London: 1861.

4. Suggestions on Popular Education. By Nassau W. Senior, Esq., one of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State of Popular Education. 8vo. London: 1861, ... 1

II.— 1. Reliquien von Albrecht Dürer. Von Dr. Campe. Nüremberg: 1828.

2. Das Leben und die Werke Albrecht Dürer's. Von Joseph Heller. Bamberg: 1827.

3. Leben und Wirken Albrecht Dürer's. Von Dr. A. von Eye. Nördlingen: 1860, . . . 39

III.— 1. Recherches sur l'Emplacement de Carthage. Par C. T. Falbe, Capitaine de Vaisseau et Consul-Général de Danemarck. Paris: 1833.

2. Recherches sur la Topographie de Carthage. Par M. Dureau de la Malle, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1835.

3. Fouilles à Carthage. Aux frais et sous la direction de M. Beulé, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1861.

4. Carthage and her Remains; being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa and other adjacent places. Conducted under the auspices of Her Majesty's Government. By Dr. N. Davis, F.R.G.S., &c. London: 1861.

5. On recent Excavations and Discoveries on the Site of ancient Carthage. Communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, by Augustus W. Franks, Esq., M.A., Director, ... 65

Page

IV. — Obras completas de Fernan Caballero. 13 vols. Madrid: 1856—1859, ... 99

V. — The Life of Richard Porson, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge from 1792 to 1808. By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A. London: 1861, ... 130

VI. — Die Gräfin von Albany. Von Alfred von Reumont. 2 vols. Berlin: 1860, ... 145

VII. — History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Volume the Second. London: 1861, . 183

VIII. — Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa, with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. London: 1861, 212

IX. — 1. Della Riforma Cattolica della Chiesa. Frammenti di Vincenzo Gioberti pubblicati per Cura di Giuseppe Massari. Volume unico. Torino: 1856.

2. Delle cinque Piaghe della Santa Chiesa. Lugano: 1848.

3. La Costituzione secondo la Giustizia Sociale. Milano: 1848.

4. An Outline of the Life of the Very Rev. Antonio Rosmini, Founder of the Institute of Charity. Edited by the Rev. Father Lockhart. London: 1856.

5. Discours du Comte de Cavour, et Discussion à la Chambre des Députés sur la Question de Rome. Turin: 1861.

6. Deuxième Lettre à M. de Cavour, President du Conseil des Ministres à Turin. Par M. le Comte de Montalembert. Paris: 1861.

7. La Questione Italiana nel Novembre 1860; al Sommo Pontefice, Papa Pio IX. Asisi: 1860.

8. Allocuzione detta dalla Santita di N. S. Papa Pio IX, nel Concistoro Segreto del 18 Marzo, 1861. Rome.

9. Devotion to the Pope. By Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: 1860, ... 233

CONTENTS OF No. 232.

Page

ART. I.—1. The History of England from the Accession of James the Second. Fifth Volume. By Lord Macaulay. Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. London: 1861.

2. The New Examen; or an Enquiry into the Evidence relating to certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History. By John Paget, Barrister-at-Law. Edinburgh and London: 1861, . . . 279

II.—1. Les Moines d'Occident, depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint Bernard. Par le Comte de Montalembert. Tomes I. II. Paris: 1860.

2. The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By the Count de Montalembert. Authorised Translation. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1861, 318

III.—Economie Rurale de la France depuis 1789. Par M. Leonce de Lavergne, Membre de l'Institut, Paris: 1860, ... 348

IV.—1. Historical Memoir of the O'Briens, with Notes, Appendix, and a Genealogical Table of their several Branches. By John O'Donoghue, A.M. Dublin: 1860.

2. Irish History and Irish Character. By Goldwin Smith. Oxford: 1861, ... 370

V.—1. The Church History of Scotland from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the present Century. By the Rev. John Cunningham, Minister of Crieff. 2 vols. 1859.

2. Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution Settlement. By the late Rev. John Lee, D.D. LL.D., Principal of the University of Edinburgh. With Notes and Appendices from the Author's Papers. Edited by his Son, the Rev. W. Lee. 2 vols. 1860, . . 394

VI.—The Story of Burnt Njal, or Life in Iceland at the end of the Tenth Century. From the Icelandic of the Njal's Saga. By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1861, . . . 425

Page

VII.—1. The Province of Jurisprudence Determined. Being the first part of a series of Lectures on Jurisprudence or the Philosophy of Positive Law. By the late John Austin, Esq., M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 2nd Edition. London: 1861.

2. Ancient Law: its Connection with the early History of Society, and its Relation to Modern Ideas. By Henry Sumner Maine, Reader of the Civil Law in the Middle Temple, and formerly Regius Professor of the Civil Law in the University of Cambridge. London: 1861, ... 456

VIII.—Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire. Tome XIX. Par M. A. Thiers. Paris: 1861, . . . 486

IX.—1. Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 4th ed. 3 vols. London: 1856.

2. Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London: 1856.

3. Poems before Congress. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London: 1860, . . . 513

X.—Sunday: its Origin, History, and present Obligation; considered in Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1860, on the Foundation of the Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury. By James Augustus Hessey, D.C.L., Head Master of Merchant Taylors School, Preacher to the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn, &c. London: 1860, ... 535

XI.—1. Slavery and Secession in America, Historical and Economical. By Thomas Ellison. London: 1861.

2. The American Crisis considered. By Charles Lempriere, D.C.L. London: 1861.

3. Causes of the Civil War in America. By John Lothrop Motley. (Reprinted by permission from the 'Times.') London: 1861.

4. The Great Conspiracy and England's Neutrality. Mr. Jay's Address at Mount Kisco, New York. The fourth of July, 1861, ... 556

Note on Minute of the Committee of Council on Education of the 29th July, ... 588

Note on the Topography of Carthage, . . . 589

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1861.

No. CCXXXI.

ART. I. — 1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State of Popular Education in England, and the Reports of Assistant Commissioners, Evidence, &c.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Six volumes 8vo. March, 1861.

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4. *Suggestions on Popular Education.* By NASSAU W. SENIOR, Esq., one of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State of Popular Education. 8vo. London: 1861.

MIXED Commissions of Inquiry, composed of able and independent men, have on many occasions rendered great service to the work of legislative improvement and social reform in this country. These bodies, selected for a temporary and defined purpose, partake at once of the character of a Parliamentary Committee and of that of an Administrative Board — they have something of the representative composition of the former, and something of the unity of purpose of the latter. But their responsibility is, like that of a jury, rather personal than collective; the members of such a Commission are com-

monly selected, not because they agree, but because they differ, each of them representing some one class of opinions prevailing in society; they have no antecedent bond of union; and they have no interest as a body in the ulterior results of their own proceedings. Hence it arises that although these Commissions are excellent instruments for the purpose of inquiry, they are usually less effective in the work of legislative construction or positive administration. In truth, notwithstanding the eminent services which these Commissions have frequently rendered, they neither can nor ought to attempt anything which properly falls within the duties and the responsibility of the Government itself.

The Royal Commission, whose elaborate Report is now before us, yields certainly to no preceding Commission in the high character of its members—the Duke of Newcastle, a Secretary of State; Sir John Coleridge, a member of the Privy Council, known alike for his remarkable attainments, for his attachment to the Church of England, and for his private virtues; Mr. Senior, whose services on the Poor Law Commission of 1832 and the Handloom Weavers Commission entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the country; Mr. Miall, an earnest and intelligent representative of the Nonconformists; and from the Universities three eminent men — the Rev. William Charles Lake, the Rev. William Rogers, and, last but not least, Professor Goldwin Smith. Assistant Commissioners were sent to the agricultural, the manufacturing, the mining, the maritime, and the metropolitan districts of England. These inquiries were even extended to Germany, France, Switzerland, and Holland. An enormous mass of evidence has been taken and digested, and the result is that a complete history of the proceedings of the Committee of Council on Education, and a full account of the state of the lower branches of education in England, is now before us. The Reports of the Assistant Commissioners, especially that of Mr. Fraser, are of the very highest merit and interest; and we know of no publication which has thrown such a flood of light, not only on the special subjects of education, but on the habits and opinions of the population of England at the present day.

We shall not attempt, in this place, to lay before our readers any abstract of this voluminous production, which fills no less than six large octavos. Those who require an abridgement will find it executed with ability by Mr. Herbert Skeats, in a little work, which may be procured for half-a-crown. We shall confine ourselves to a brief selection of the leading facts necessary to the object we have in view, namely, the discussion

of some of the principles hitherto acted upon by the Education Committee of the Privy Council, and recognised by this Report as the actual basis of popular education in this country.

It may, however, here be remarked, that this Commission differs from almost all other Commissions similarly composed by the fact that it was practically armed with powers to try the policy and the measures of an important department of the Government. A Committee of Council has been charged since 1839 with the distribution of a grant which has risen in this interval from 30,000*l.* to 800,000*l.* per annum. That Committee of Council is supposed to consist of several of the most distinguished Ministers of the Crown for the time being. Everything done, has been done in their name. Each of their administrative acts has been brought under the cognisance of Parliament on the annual vote of the Education estimates. Twenty-seven octavo volumes of Reports record their minutes and proceedings; and in 1853 Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, formerly the Secretary of the Board, published a volume, which is, in fact, a report of all that had been done down to that date, scarcely less elaborate than the Report now before us. It was, therefore, improbable that any novel discovery should result from the inquiries which have just been completed; but it remained to be clearly shown what are the results and effects of the system of policy and administration pursued on the subject of education for the last twenty-two years.

The Commissioners differ upon the fundamental question whether this system ought to be progressively extended or gradually contracted; but the majority of the Commissioners having decided in favour of extension, that extension is recommended in a manner which appears to us to be open to grave doubts and objections. No attempt has, however, been made to conceal these differences of opinion; for Mr. Senior, himself one of the Commissioners, has published in an octavo volume the papers prepared by him for the use of his colleagues, though not always accepted by them. These 'Suggestions' are valuable, for they bear the impress of Mr. Senior's keen and vigorous understanding. In some respects we prefer his conclusions to those of the Report; but the fact that such a volume should be published simultaneously, by one of the Commissioners, will go far to destroy any weight which the recommendations of the Report might have had with the public.

We shall now proceed to borrow from the Report and its appendices a few of the facts which are indispensably necessary to the comprehension of the observations we propose to make.

The amount of the Parliamentary grant for education administered by the Committee of Council was 30,000*l.* in 1839, and it did not exceed 75,000*l.* in 1845: this money was chiefly spent in building grants. In 1846 an extension was introduced to normal schools, certificated teachers, and pupil-teachers; the grant rose at once to 100,000*l.*, and advanced rapidly in succeeding years. In 1853 it was raised by the adoption of capitation grants to 260,000*l.*; in 1857 it was 541,233*l.*; and in 1859, 836,920*l.* The principal cause of this vast increase is, that by the system of pupil-teachers the Government has pledged itself to contribute largely to the maintenance and education of an ever-increasing class of young persons, who, by fulfilling certain conditions, acquire a claim on the public funds towards the advancement of their own education and future position in life. The whole sum voted by Parliament in twenty years is about four millions and a half, which may conveniently be divided under four principal heads:—Building schools, 1,000,000*l.*; training teachers, 2,500,000*l.*; capitation grant, 186,000*l.*; administration and inspection, 500,000*l.* With a view to what follows we request the reader to observe the proportion of these amounts and to bear them in mind. The annual income of schools in England from endowments, school-fees, and subscriptions (exclusive of Government aid) is reported at 1,121,981*l.* But the work of education has in reality been carried on in England mainly by local and personal contributions, to an amount of which no positive evidence exists. The Commissioners estimate this amount at 8,800,000*l.* in the last twenty-one years.

The Commissioners estimate the number of schools and scholars in England and Wales in the year 1858 at the following amount: —

	Week-day.			Sunday.	Evening.
	Public.	Private.	Total.		
Schools . .	24,563	34,412	58,975	33,872	2,036
Scholars . .	1,675,158	860,304	2,535,462*	2,411,554	80,966

We very much question, for the reasons already given by us last year (Ed. Review, vol. cxi. p. 349.), the accuracy of this statement. The Commissioners inform us that the number of

* Of this number, 917,255 were in 1860 on the books of schools in receipt of grants from Government.

children, whose names ought at the same date to have been on the school books in order that *all* might receive some education, was 2,655,757. The number they found actually on the books was 2,535,462, thus leaving only 120,305 children in the kingdom uninstructed.

'Looking, therefore, at mere numbers as indicating the state of popular education in England and Wales, the proportion of children receiving instruction to the whole population is, in our opinion, nearly as high as can be reasonably expected. In Prussia, where it is compulsory, 1 in 6·27; in England and Wales it is, as we have seen, 1 in 7·7; in Holland it is 1 in 8·11; in France it is 1 in 9·0.

'In 1803 the number of day scholars was estimated at 524,241, or one in $17\frac{1}{2}$ of the whole population at that date. In 1818 the numbers were 674,883, or 1 in $17\frac{1}{4}$. In 1833 they were 1,276,947, or 1 in $11\frac{1}{4}$. In 1851 they were 2,144,378, or 1 in 8·36; while in 1858, according to our own returns and estimate, they have risen to 2,535,462, or 1 in 7·7. These statistics prove the great and steady progress which has been made since the early part of the century, both in the extent of the provision made for the education of the poorer classes, and in their appreciation of its worth.'

We confess, however, that we receive these figures with very great distrust. We do not believe that the number of children receiving no school education is as small as the Commissioners suppose; and we have their own authority for saying that a large proportion of the school education received scarcely deserves that name. The practical results of the present system are described by the Commissioners in the following terms: —

'We have seen that its leading principles have been to proportion public aid to private subscriptions, and to raise the standard of education by improving the general character of the schools throughout the country; that it has enlisted, in the promotion of education, a large amount of religious activity, and that, avoiding all unnecessary interference with opinion, it has practically left the management of the schools in the hands of the different religious denominations. In these respects it has been most successful. But we find that it demands, as a condition of aid, an amount of voluntary subscriptions which many schools placed under disadvantageous circumstances can scarcely be expected to raise; that it enlists in many places too little of local support and interest; that its teaching is deficient in the more elementary branches, and in its bearing on the younger pupils; and that while the necessity of referring many arrangements in every school to the central office embarrasses the Committee of Council with a mass of detail, the difficulty of investigating minute and distant claims threatens to become an element at once of expense and of dispute. We find further that Lord John Russell, one of its leading supporters, asserted in Parliament that "it was not intended by

"those who in 1839 commenced the system that its plan should be "such as to pervade the whole country;" we see that it has been found necessary to break in upon its original principle of proportioning aid to subscription, and that this leads to a vast increase of expense, and we therefore conclude that if the system is to become national prompt means should be taken to remedy defects which threaten to injure its success in proportion to its extension, and to involve the revenue in an excessive expenditure.' (*Report*, p. 327.)

The Commissioners are of opinion that the defects of the present system may all be classed under four heads. 1. The excessive expenditure thrown on the central revenue for local objects. 2. The difficulty of assisting a large number of schools without such expenditure. 3. The defective teaching of elementary subjects. 4. The complicated business of the Education department, which would be unmanageable if the present system became national. But in considering these four points the Commissioners do not appear to us to have gone to the root of the matter; and the recommendations made by them for the purpose of removing these defects would rather, we think, tend to augment them. We attempted in our April number of last year, when the Commission was still deliberating, to direct their attention to some other points, but the result of their inquiries and debates has not altogether justified the expectations we then entertained. Here it is, that a Commission formed on the eclectic principle is apt to break down. The opinions of its members are so various and conflicting that their Report is generally lowered to the standard of a compromise. If unanimity is obtained, it is at the expense of completeness and sincerity: and the individual convictions of each member of the body would probably be entitled to more weight than the mosaic work to which all of them have put their names. Nay, we even think that the individual recommendations of the Assistant Commissioners, each one speaking in his own name, are more judicious and practical than those of the Commission itself.

The first point to which we think the attention of the Commissioners might with advantage have been directed, but on which they have not recorded their opinion, is the nature and character of the office or department of Government charged with the administration of the Education grant. It does indeed appear from the evidence of Mr. Lingen, the present Secretary of the Education Committee, that the complication of business in the office is such as to present an effectual bar to the extension of the present system to the whole country. Mr. Lingen's words are: 'I think that if you were to follow out the present

'system, with its local and denominational subdivisions, and 'with its detailed appropriations, *it would break down at its centre*, 'unless you provided a much greater establishment than I think 'Parliament or the country would be willing in the long run to 'agree to.' But no clear account is given by the Report of the original structure and present strength of this 'centre,' on which everything depends. We shall endeavour in some degree to supply this deficiency.

It was, we believe, far more by accident than by design that a Committee of the Privy Council and a branch of the Council Office have gradually assumed the functions of the department of Public Education. In the year 1838 a letter was addressed by Lord John Russell, then Home Secretary, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Lord President of the Council, proposing that 'a Committee of Council should be appointed 'by Her Majesty, consisting exclusively of members of the 'Government, for the purpose of considering all matters affecting the education of the people, and of superintending the 'application of any sums which may be voted by Parliament:' and in pursuance of this recommendation an Order in Council was passed in 1839 constituting such a Committee; but the words 'for the purpose of considering all matters affecting the 'education of the people' were omitted from the order; and we have the authority of Lord Lansdowne himself, in his speech of the 5th July, 1839, for stating that the functions of the Committee were confined to superintending the distribution of grants. Lord Lansdowne declared on the same occasion that 'a permanent settlement was at present quite out of the question; and that the present arrangement was of a temporary 'nature, liable to be modified at pleasure, and revised at any 'moment, or enlarged if it should be found to work well for the 'country.'

In the circumstances in which the Education question then stood, this experimental and tentative course of proceeding was a fortunate and judicious one. The Treasury, which had for some years administered the grant of 20,000*l.* for England a year through the religious societies, was ill qualified to promote the cause of education. The Marquis of Lansdowne, on the contrary, then Lord President, was of all Lord Melbourne's Cabinet the statesman who had long shown the most enlightened interest in the education of the people — an interest which is one of the glories of his most useful and patriotic life. Moreover, at the very outset of these proceedings, a great principle was to be asserted and a great battle was to be fought. That principle was the right and duty of the State to take a part in the edu-

cation of the country, co-ordinate with that claimed and taken by the Church and by the other religious societies. He who recollects the panic which had possession of men's minds on that occasion, the extravagance of the language used both in and out of Parliament, and the violent appeals made to religious fanaticism in every form, will think it fortunate that in the struggle of 1839 and the following years, the cause of liberal education was, in some measure, sheltered from the attacks of the Church and the Tories by the dignity and authority of the Privy Council, and that the Privy Council was presided over at that time by a Minister of consummate prudence, tact, and moderation. It is probable, too, that considerable advantage did arise from the establishment, by a Committee of Ministers of the Crown, of certain leading principles which have ever since regulated the chief proceedings of the department.

But, if the truth be told, the connexion of the Committee of Education with the Privy Council is purely nominal and imaginary. It occupies rooms in the same office; it originally employed some Privy Council clerks, none of whom now remain in its service; its responsible head is the Lord President; some of its appointments are made by the Queen in Council; but in all other respects it is as distinct from the Privy Council as the Board of Trade, which was also a branch of the Council Office in former times, and still retains the title of a Committee for Trade and Plantations. The Privy Council is essentially a deliberative, and in part a judicial, body; whose duty it is to advise the Sovereign, more especially in the exercise of the prerogatives of the Crown. It is a great office of State; its President is the second layman in the order of precedence, and always a statesman of high rank, both social and political; it has (with slight exceptions) no inherent executive or administrative functions, duties, or powers; but it serves principally to give to the measures of the executive departments the form and authority of acts of the Sovereign. Clearly an office of this character, and thus constituted, had no connexion whatever with the business of popular education; and the more the Education Committee became surcharged with administrative details, the less fit were the Lords of the Privy Council to deal with them. The Marquis of Lansdowne was succeeded in the office of Lord President by Lord Wharncliffe; the Duke of Buccleuch, Earl Granville, Lord John Russell, the Earl of Lonsdale, and the Marquis of Salisbury have since filled the same post. These are all men of the highest station; some of them leaders of their party in the Houses of Parliament; all of them taking a prominent part in the great

affairs of the nation. But is there one of them who would have been selected, or who would have consented, to conduct the minutiæ of inspection, assistance, and control of primary schools for little boys and girls, if this duty had not been imposed upon him by a strange and anomalous confusion between the office of a Minister of State and the duties of a School Board? In addition to these considerations, we agree with Mr. Chester, in his evidence (p. 101.), that the system of placing the education of the country under the control of a department of the political Government is vicious in the extreme.

We have said that we think the establishment of the Committee of Council in 1839 was favourable to the cause of liberal education, especially in the battle which shortly afterwards ensued; but since the Committee of Council has become, what it has now been for many years, a mere administrative Board, we think that its nominal connexion with the Privy Council is an inconvenience, an evil, and to some extent an imposition on the public. The Committee itself has, of course, been less and less frequently convoked, and never except for the consideration of some general minute. The Lords President, being charged with numerous and weighty cares of state, have neither time nor inclination to conduct the intricate petty details of an overloaded department. Indeed it has been thought necessary to create a new political office, styled the Vice Presidency of the Committee of Council of Education, with a salary equal to that of the Lord President himself, for the express purpose of relieving the Minister and conducting the educational business in the House of Commons. But the actual result of this attempt to manage an executive department with machinery entirely unfitted to the purpose, is that the department has had to create its own machinery; in other words, it has become the most entirely *bureaucratic* of all the offices now existing in this country; and we mean by that term an office in which the subordinate members of the department do in reality exercise an almost absolute authority under the 'clarum et venerabile nomen' of the Privy Council of England.

Mr. Lingen has himself stated in his evidence that 'Vice 'Presidents, who have been in the Committee of Council and 'have seen other departments on a large scale, state that the 'complication of this system is far greater than they have seen 'anywhere else.' And the Commissioners agree with him as to the extreme difficulty of extending the present system to the whole country. Offices which exercise, as they do in continental administration, an immense amount of central power over minute details, have a constant tendency to render that

power more engrossing and absolute. The Education Department is, we believe, the only public office in England which attempts anything of the kind. It is of the essence of English administration, as contrasted with foreign bureaucratic administration, to leave details, in great part, to local agents and authorities. The consequence is that the establishment of the Education Department, with its fourteen senior officers, fifty clerks, and sixty inspectors, exceeds in amount the whole strength of the office of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and is yet quite insufficient to discharge the incalculable amount of work thrown upon it.

Mr. Lingen stated in his evidence, with great truth, that the only public Department to which the Education Department, if greatly extended, in order to administer the present system, could be compared, would be the great Revenue Departments or the Post Office. Thus, to take the case of pupil-teachers alone, the Committee paid, in the year 1859, to and on account of 15,224 pupil-teachers, the sum of 252,550*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.* in more than 20,000 separate payments. To perform this sort of work an office should be organised like a savings' bank or a post office. Every assisted and inspected school in the country, to the number of about 7000, is taught to correspond with 'the office,' and to look to 'the office' for guidance and control.* Every schoolmaster, schoolmistress, and incipient pupil-teacher, to the number of at least 20,000, is taught to consider himself or herself as a sort of Government *employé*, drawing Government pay. The moral effects of such a system are, in our opinion, as injurious to the independence and self-respect of the community as they are onerous to the State. It is the proud distinction of this country that we conduct our affairs without the interference of the State: but in this matter of popular education, the centralised interference of the State has been carried to the very last excess, until even the officers of the department declare that on this system the whole machinery must break down at the centre. Nor is this the whole evil. We are unwilling to speak with any harshness of the opinions of Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose name, whose

* To give a single example of the enormous quantity of minute business this department attempts to conduct. Mr. Arnold, himself an inspector, informs us (p. 93.) that an English inspector's visit to any elementary school expends *six sheets and a half of excellent foolscap*, —an amount to be multiplied by nine or ten thousand schools! This is precisely the *paperasserie* which is the curse of foreign administration. The number of papers sent up every year to the Examiners by the pupil-teachers is stated to be 280,000!

talents, and whose character entitle him to our regard and respect. But we must say that the whole tone of his Report on the popular education of France betokens a propensity to adopt the bureaucratic spirit of continental administration to a degree which is painful and repugnant to the mind of every liberal Englishman. God forbid that public spirit in this country should be so dead, or the upper classes of this country so dull to their duties and their true interests (as Mr. Arnold appears to think they are beginning to be), that we should consign our first social concerns to the paid officials of the State, and make State administration the panacea of social evils! It is a lamentable proof of the effect of official mechanism on the mind, that a man of Mr. Arnold's broad and liberal disposition should have narrowed his judgment to this servile principle.

Extreme centralisation lies at the root of the whole matter. The officers of the Education Committee, being the dispensers of large sums of public money on principles determined by themselves, have taken care that for every pound so bestowed they have retained to the State a corresponding amount of power. The only limit to that power is their own organisation, which cannot embrace the whole range of duties created and continually extended by its own agency. The problem is not an easy one; for it will readily be admitted that great vigilance and minute attention were required to check the misappropriation of public money, and that large sums of public money were required to give a salutary impulse to the work of education. But the question now is, how long and to what extent are these grants of public money to be continued? To answer this question we must examine the principal objects to which the grants have been applied.

The first object to which the Committee of Council turned its attention was the building, enlarging, repairing, and furnishing of elementary schools. The sum spent by Government for these purposes in twenty years is about 1,050,000*l.*; and it is satisfactory to think that this sum represents less than half the capital devoted to this laudable purpose, the other and the larger moiety having in all cases been raised by voluntary contributions. But it is evident that the demand on the public purse for school buildings is not interminable. The schools already under inspection are so far from being full that they could contain 200,000 children more than they do at present. (*Report*, p. 83.) The number of localities deficient in school accommodation must be diminishing every year: a school-house once built is a permanent institution: we conceive therefore that this portion of the grant may be so far reduced as to keep

pace only with the growth of the population. In their estimate for the future, however, the Commissioners assign 100,000*l.* a year to the building vote. The magnitude of the sum surprises us, when we call to mind the fact that the annual average expenditure has been only 50,000*l.* for twenty years, during which an immense number of school-houses have been erected.

The next and by far the most useful and important steps taken by the Committee of Council were the measures designed to raise the profession of teachers in this country, and indeed to create a class of men and women in which we were lamentably deficient. The Report states, as we have previously remarked, that 2,544,000*l.* have been devoted to this object, partly by contributing to the erection and maintenance of training colleges for teachers, partly by grants to pupil-teachers in the five years previous to their entrance at the colleges. There are now thirty-four of these institutions in England and Wales, containing an average (in 1858) of 2065 male and female students. The Government contributes to the maintenance of these colleges not less than 75 per cent., and in one case as much as 94 per cent. They may therefore be considered as institutions maintained at the public expense, in which a certain number of young persons of the middle and sometimes of the lower classes in society receive a most excellent education in consideration of their devoting themselves to the business of popular education. These institutions send forth 1500 trained teachers every year; a number which, the Commissioners report, would be enough 'to supply the vacancies of '33,000 teachers, and to teach 2,000,000 of children, on the 'assumption that the average tenure of office of each teacher 'was twenty-two years.' (*Report*, p. 165.)

That an immense amount of positive good has been done by these training colleges we are quite certain. The young persons who have had the benefit of such an education have received from their country the greatest benefit which can be conferred on man — they are qualified not only to become schoolmasters and mistresses, but to fill all sorts of useful and lucrative positions in society, and to raise themselves materially above the condition of life in which they were born. These advantages may be said to commence with the system of pupil-teachers when they are about thirteen years old. The most promising children of a school, whose parents consent to their adopting teaching as a profession, are selected to be trained for that purpose. Under a recent Minute the number of them cannot exceed four in each school. These juvenile teachers, who remain for five years in this condition of apprenticeship, fulfil a twofold

purpose. On the one hand they form a superior class of monitors or assistant teachers for the instruction of the junior classes, and they are paid for their work at the average rate of 15*l.* a year: at the same time they are preparing themselves for a higher position, and for entrance into the training colleges at the age of eighteen.* Pupil-teachers are now employed in schools under Government inspection, in the proportion of one to every fifty children; the contribution of the Government under the head of teachers and pupil-teachers in these schools amounts to 9*s.* 8½*d.* per head per scholar in attendance.

The number of pupil-teachers in 1858 was stated to be 14,024; and it must be observed that in respect to all the young persons who have entered upon this apprenticeship the Government has contracted a prospective engagement, *first*, to retain them in its employment as pupil-teachers at certain rates of pay for five years; and *secondly*, to place them as Queen's scholars in the training colleges at the public expense, upon their passing a certain examination, at the proper time. This is a very serious engagement, and the more so as there are already more pupil-teachers now in preparation than the training colleges can receive, and again there is a possibility that the number of certificated teachers turned out by the training colleges may exceed the demand, which must have the effect of reducing the current rate of their salaries. The Commissioners say: —

'Of the whole number of pupil-teachers 87·32 per cent. successfully complete their apprenticeship, and 76·02 per cent. become candidates for Queen's scholarships, which most of them obtain. The 11·3 per cent. who do not become candidates for Queen's scholarships include those who either adopt other pursuits or follow the calling of a school-

* 'The wages of a pupil-teacher (paid annually) are at the rate of 3*s.* 10*d.*, 4*s.* 9½*d.*, 5*s.* 9*d.*, 6*s.* 8¼*d.*, and 7*s.* 8*d.* a week, at 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18 years of age respectively; but "boys of 13 and 14 years "of age can get from 8*s.* to 10*s.* a week in some of the Sheffield "trades." Telegraph clerks on the railways earn 10*s.* and 11*s.* a week, with the prospect of increase, whilst "other offices, merchants', "lawyers', canals, &c., are almost as enticing to young lads, besides "the common openings in trade, which in a great part of the district "have a higher money value than the situation of a pupil-teacher, "have none of its uncertainties, little of its trials, and a present "instead of a prospective and conditional payment." But it must not be forgotten that the pupil-teacher, during the whole of his apprenticeship, is receiving an education which fits him for other situations; and the sum paid by Government to the principal teachers for the instruction so given must be taken into account in estimating the pupil-teacher's wages.' (*Report.*)

master without going through the course of instruction given at the training colleges.'

The exact amount of public money spent on the education and maintenance of these young persons may be taken at more than 150*l.* a head. They receive 15*l.* a year for five years as pupil-teachers, in all 75*l.*; they are then maintained and instructed in a training college for two years at the cost to the State of 40*l.* per head per annum, and they then become entitled to receive from Government 20*l.* a-year as augmentation of salary. But as a set-off against this expenditure must be taken the work done by them in the schools, and the engagement to work as a teacher for an indefinite period. To dispose at once of this last condition, we must observe that very little reliance can be placed upon it. In the case of female teachers, in fact, none; for it would be contrary to nature and to common sense to suppose that these young women have entered into an engagement not to marry, and once engaged to be married, their future destination in life depends on their husbands. In the case of men, some reliance may be placed on habits already formed and a calling steadily pursued; but we entertain great doubts whether such an engagement will long be kept under the temptation of more remunerative and more attractive employment. The life of a schoolmaster is monotonous, and not unfrequently depressing. The fatigue of body and mind is great: the result seldom proportioned to the efforts made. It is unreasonable to expect that men, possessing a higher amount of education, and consequently of ambition and refinement, than commonly falls to the lot of their class in life, will very long be satisfied with inculcating the rules of arithmetic or the facts of geography on succeeding generations of little boys. To estimate the average tenure of office of a schoolmaster at twenty-two years, is, in all probability, a great exaggeration. Our own opinion leads us to believe that at the end of seven years many a highly trained schoolmaster will be very anxious, if possible, to take his acquirements and abilities to a better market. It is impossible to blame him, for no man is bound for life to a particular calling: but in relation to other classes of persons in the community, the teacher is placed in an exceptional and highly favoured position, and it may be confidently affirmed that there are no other persons in any rank of life who receive from the State so large a sum as 150*l.* towards their education and maintenance between the ages of thirteen and twenty. It is equal to the best scholarships at the Universities, which are prizes awarded to the highest merit.

Several of the witnesses examined by the Commissioners pointed out the evils of this forcing system. At first the career of a schoolmaster appears brilliant enough. A lad, the son of a day labourer earning 10*s.* a week, finds himself at the age of twenty in the receipt of 80*l.* or 90*l.* a year. At twenty-two he may be earning 100*l.* or 120*l.* a year — considerably more than a barrister or a curate at the same time of life. But the schoolmaster may never attain a larger income. He reaches in early life a table-land and may tread it till he dies. Hence arise discontent, complaints, the desire of change, the desire of other employment. The whole course of instruction is regulated by examinations which cannot fail to stimulate personal feelings in a very high degree; and these feelings are certainly inconsistent with the homely duties, the quiet position, and the simple habits of a teacher's after life. They render him, on the contrary, conceited, assuming, and discontented.

'They naturally think,' says Mr. Robinson, the Principal of the Training School at York, 'more of what education has made them than of what it first found them. They easily lose sight of the fact that they have risen from a very humble social position, and they crave for that status which education seems generally to secure. I think, too, that in some cases they are too apt to forget that they owe the culture they have to the public provision made for them.' (*Report*, p. 162.) The Commissioners add, that 'Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's hopes that the teachers might be taught to look upon popular education in a missionary spirit, and be trained to a life of humility and self-denial, have been disappointed. The precautions against personal ambition which he tried to establish in the shape of extreme plainness of diet and hard manual labour have been given up; and though efforts are made to impress upon the training colleges a religious character, there can be no doubt that views of personal advancement have as much influence upon teachers throughout their career as upon other persons.' (*Report*, p. 162.)

The system of pupil-teachers is probably the most popular portion of the whole Government plan. Mr. Arnold considers the pupil-teachers to be the sinews of English primary instruction, and it has struck a deep root in the country. But there is some reason for this besides the real utility of the institution. The liberality of the Government in this form has created a *protected interest.* The whole mass of pupil-teachers themselves and their families are deeply interested in the maintenance of a system which gives to these young persons 15*l.* a-year and the prospect of a position for life. Thousands of scholars who are aspiring to become pupil-teachers, and their families, participate in this interest. The managers of schools

are no less interested, for it places in their hands an instrument of enormous power in parochial business. Among the managers of schools the clergy largely predominate. They virtually hold in their hands these prizes, and they have under them in every village school a staff of young persons, paid by the Government, but who have everything to expect from clerical patronage, and everything to fear from clerical displeasure. The clergy, who were twenty years ago bitterly opposed to the intervention of the Government plan, have long ago found out that Government intervention means Government money placed to a great extent at their own disposal.

It has, however, been already discovered that the system cannot be worked out to its full extent, because the race of pupil-teachers would soon outnumber the vacancies in the training colleges and the vacancies in schools: it would moreover involve an expense of two millions sterling per annum. Dr. Temple thinks it might rise to five millions. Sir James Kay Shuttleworth asserts in his Letter to Earl Granville, that 'the public grant may in a few years rise to 1,000,000*l.* or '1,200,000*l.*, but at that point by well-devised antecedent ex-'pedients its increase may be arrested.' Why at that point? Precisely the same causes which may raise it to that point, will tend still further to augment it. In fact the demand for augmentation must perpetually increase. The more you have given the more you will be required to give. Dr. Temple compares the Privy Council plan to a series of concentric circles, the richer and the most zealous districts being nearest to the central authority. At every advance, he says, into the poorer districts you have to make a relaxation of the conditions, which relaxation, when it has once been applied to the poorer districts, must also be applied to the richer; and he adduces the example of the capitation grant, which was at first intended to apply only to rural parishes, and at last was extended to all.

Restrictions have therefore already been put upon it, and still further restrictions must be applied. But the moment you begin to reduce the bounties or the protection which have fostered a highly artificial system, you create a considerable amount of individual hardship, and you must be prepared to face a vehement outcry. We believe that these donations will one day be withdrawn, or at least converted from a State grant into a local charge: but we have no doubt that this charge will be violently resisted by the managers of schools throughout the country, and by the classes which have thriven so largely at the public cost. Throughout the evidence taken by the Commissioners, the testimony of the witnesses is largely and strongly

in favour of the present Government system, and of its extension. But there is scarcely one of these witnesses who is not *directly interested*, as a manager or promoter of schools, in the receipt of Government aid. Bounties are given to induce people to teach; bounties are given to induce children to learn. You might as well examine West India proprietors as to the merits of a system of bounties on colonial produce. The witnesses who entertain a contrary opinion are those who have been concerned in the distribution of the money, not in the receipt of it, as Dr. Temple, Mr. Chester, and to some extent Mr. Lingen himself. This fact is highly significant.

The Commissioners wind up their eulogy on the system of pupil-teachers and trained masters with one remark, which appears to us to convey the severest animadversion on the whole plan. They are satisfied (as we may well believe) that the trained teachers not only are comparatively far superior to the untrained, but are, *in every respect but* ONE, positively good. That exception, however, is a most important one. *It is 'that 'the junior classes of schools, comprehending the majority of chil-'dren, do not learn, or learn imperfectly, the most necessary part 'of what they come to learn — reading, writing, and arithmetic.'* (Report, p. 168.) It is impossible to carry bathos further. This vast expenditure, this huge machinery, this office of State, this army of examiners and inspectors, and this elaborate Report of a Royal Commission, end with the admission that everything is most perfect, *except* that the majority of children do not learn, or learn imperfectly, the rudiments of human knowledge which we profess to teach them!

This is, in fact, the *criterion* of the whole system. It must be judged by its fruits. We confess it is with surprise, but with even more regret, that we gather from the Report and evidence of the present Commission, that if the results of popular education in this country are to be judged of, not by the lavish expenditure of the promoters of schools, nor by the numbers of scholars attending them, but by the positive acquirements of those scholars, these results are pitiable and discouraging. This point is so essential to the further consideration of the subject, that we must pause to lay before the reader some of the painful, ridiculous, and astonishing particulars. The schools to which these remarks relate are inspected schools, many of them under trained masters; they are, therefore, schools for which the Education Committee may fairly be held to be responsible. The account of them is taken from the Reports of the Government Inspectors. As for uninspected schools, taught by un-

trained masters, they open a lower depth into which we shall not venture to descend.

It must be premised, in fairness to those who are concerned in these schools, that there, as elsewhere, the large majority of children never reach the first class. Throughout England and Wales more than three-fifths attend the same school less than two years, and more than two-fifths less than one year. Mr. Fraser tells us that we must make up our minds to see the last of a peasant boy, as a day scholar, at ten or eleven; but he conceives it to be possible to teach a child of that age to spell common words, to read as much as he cares to read, to write a letter to his mother, and to cast up a shop bill, in such a manner that he will not forget these accomplishments. I 'have no brighter view of the future or the possibilities of 'English elementary education, floating before my eyes than 'this. If I had ever dreamt more sanguine dreams before, 'what I have seen in the last six months would have effectually 'and for ever dissipated them.' Truly so. For as the Commissioners next inquire, Is this standard actually attained? Very far from it. It is known that only about 25 per cent. of the whole number of scholars ever reach the first class at all; and the attention of the master is naturally more constantly directed to the higher class and to the instruction of his pupil-teachers, than to the rudimentary efforts of the junior classes. Mr. Fraser adds: —

'"Not that I would be understood as implying that one half, or "even one quarter of the children at ten years of age carry with them "into the business of life even the humble amount of accomplishments "which I have named." In a subsequent part of his report, he says, "It thus appears that out of 282 schools only 100, little more than "one in three, are in a condition that ought to be satisfactory either "to teachers or managers; while not more than 23, or scarcely one "in twelve, are in that state of efficiency which shall send forth a "child at ten years of age into the world, for the work of life, with "that amount of scholarship which I attempted to describe," in the passage quoted.'

Upon this statement the Commissioners observe: —

'We start, then, with the general opinion expressed by Mr. Norris so lately as 1859-60, that "three out of four children leave school "with only such a smattering of education as they may have picked "up in the lower classes;" and "that we are successfully educating "one in eight of the class of children for which the schools were "intended." We may combine with this an opinion equally strong of Mr. Bowstead.

'"I do not believe that the results attained, even in these first-class

schools, are altogether satisfactory in themselves. On the contrary, I fear that the mass of the young people who go forth from them do so with very crude notions even upon the staple subjects in which they have been instructed, with but little taste for reading, and slight appreciation of the value of intellectual pursuits, and with only transient impressions of the principles which their teachers have endeavoured to inculcate. It seems certain that a large proportion of those among them who enjoy no further educational advantages, forget the greater part of that which they have learnt, and relapse almost entirely into the condition of the uneducated. This disheartening result is to be attributed, not to any defect in the ability of their teachers or the system on which they are taught, but solely to the short period of their attendance at school, and the early age at which they leave it."'

Let any man who has ever watched the growth of a child's mind, even under the most favourable circumstances of affluence, intelligence, leisure, and a cultivated home, ask himself what amount of education can be imparted between the ages of nine and eleven, and what would be the result on his own child if the processes of instruction were then stopped for ever. But the failure *is* to be attributed both to a defect of ability in the teachers *and* still more to the system. The sort of ability fostered in the teachers does not fit them for teaching under these conditions, nor for teaching the things really wanted.

The first object of secular instruction is, of course, to teach children to *read*, by which word we describe two distinct processes; the one to read aloud with correctness and articulation so as to make others understand what is read; the other, to apprehend correctly the meaning conveyed by print. The Inspectors generally report that reading aloud is not taught as it ought to be; that good reading is extremely rare; and that it is seldom good enough to be an available resource for a Sunday evening by a cottage fireside. 'The children fall into 'slovenly habits—indistinctness of sight as well as speech—in 'the lower classes, which become ineradicable.' Good reading aloud depends in the first instance on a quick and clear apprehension of the sense of what is set down. Without that, all expression and even meaning must be wanting. But even when the art of connecting certain signs with certain sounds has been mastered, sounds and signs are alike devoid of meaning to the childish and uncultivated mind. Take the following examples. Mr. Forster tells us:—

'I met with very few day schools indeed in which it seemed that the words read or repeated from a book, even with apparent ease, conveyed any idea to the mind of the pupil. For instance, a smart little boy read the first verse of the ninth chapter of St. Matthew's

Gospel, "And he entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into "his own city." I asked, "What did he enter into?" "Don't "know, thank you, Sir," replied the boy politely. "Read it again. "Now what did he come into?" "Don't know, thank you, Sir." In another school, a girl of about thirteen years of age was directed to "say her geography" to me, and after she had repeated the boundaries of several countries, I asked "What is a boundary?" "It's a "year's wages." My question had suggested to her mind the terms on which the pitmen are in some collieries *bound* for a year to their employment. Doubtless she did not dream of its connexion with the lesson she had just repeated. These are fair specimens of the usual results of any effort to elicit the children's apprehension of what they were learning—either total silence or an answer perfectly irrelevant. The truth, which has been forced upon me in a way it never was before, is, that the language of books is an unknown tongue to the children of the illiterate, especially in remote situations. It is utterly unlike their vernacular dialect, both in its vocabulary and construction, and, perhaps, not less unintelligible than Latin generally was to the vulgar in the middle ages. The gulf between is the more impassable wherever, as in the collier villages, there is little or no intercourse with persons of the middle class.

'In order to "illustrate the extent to which sounds may be taught, "without any commensurate appreciation of the sense," Mr. Brookfield published two answers written on slates by children of average intelligence of eleven years of age. They were answers to the questions from the Church catechism, "What is thy duty towards God?" and "What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?" They were as follows:—

'"My duty tords God is to bleed in him, to fering and to loaf "withold your arts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my "sernth, to whirchp and to give thinks, to put my old trast in him, "to call upon him, to onner his old name and his world, and to save "him truly all the days of my life's end."

'"My dooty tords my nabers, to love him as thyself, and to do to "all men as I wed thou shall do and to me, to love, onner, and suke "my farther and mother, to onner and to bay the Queen, and all "that are pet in a forty under her, to smit myself to all my gooness, "teaches, sportial pastures and marsters, to oughten myself lordly "and every to all my betters, to hut no body by would nor deed, to "be trew in jest in all my deelins, to beer no malis nor ated in your "arts, to keep my ands from pecken and steel, my turn from evil "speaking, lawing and slanders, not to civet nor desar othermans "good, but to lern laber trewly to git my own leaving, and to do "my dooty in that state if life and to each it is please God to call "men."

'It curiously illustrates this writing if we compare it with the following answers made to Mr. Fraser in a promising school:— "'What is a region?'" After some delay one little fellow put out "his hand. 'Well?' 'A roundabout.' He might have had a faint "idea of the meaning, but more probably only had the jingle of

"the New Testament phrase in his ear, 'All the region 'round "'about.'"'

'The answers given to Mr. Brookfield supply a vivid illustration of the sort of evils to which Dr. Hodgson refers when he speaks of the children's tendency to "slur over the words so that it could not "be told whether they were rightly or wrongly pronounced," or which Mr. Foster is describing when he says that the language of books is an unknown tongue to the illiterate.' (*Report*, p. 257.)

The same may be said of arithmetic and theology. In 1859 Mr. Brookfield put the two following questions to 1344 children in the first classes of 53 schools containing 6890 scholars; 17 of the schools were good, 19 fair, and 17 inferior: —

'"What is the cost of five dozen eggs at five for twopence?" "What do you mean by that state of life unto which it shall please "God to call you?" In the second case, he says, he *always* varied the question thus: — "Tell me of any state of life to which it has "pleased God to call anybody that you can think of; to what state "of life has He called you, or is likely to call you, if you live to be "a little older?" "I put these questions," he adds, "with every "advantage of time and elucidation (short of suggesting answers) "that I could devise." Of the whole number, 256 answered the question in arithmetic, and 142 the question on the catechism. "In "other words," says Mr. Brookfield, "4 in 100 of the total number "of scholars in 53 schools, and 19 in 100 of the first class, found the "price of five dozen eggs at five for twopence; and 2 in the 100 of "the total scholars, and 11 in 100 of the first classes, knew what "was meant by 'the state of life to which it shall please God to "'call me.'"'

This last example shows how very wide of the mark those excellent persons are who imagine that because they have adopted certain religious forms, they are making their schools and their scholars religious. We have not the slightest doubt that the comprehension of these momentous, but difficult subjects, which play so great a part in our school education, is more defective than people willingly believe.

'In an essay read at the Educational Conference of 1857, Mr. Jelinger Symons said, "In Scripture I find nothing commoner than "a knowledge of such facts as the weight of Goliath's spear, the "length of Noah's ark, the dimensions of Solomon's temple, what "God said to David, or what Samuel did to Agag, by children who "can neither explain the atonement, the sacraments, or the parables, "with moderate intelligence, or tell you the practical teaching of "Christ's life."' (*Report*, p. 260.)

Discreditable as this statement is to the schools in which the Bible and especially the Old Testament is made the chief instrument and object of popular instruction, with such inadequate

results, we cannot repress the disgust we feel at the sectarian bitterness which subjects the education of the country to a passionate predilection for this or that refinement of doctrine, formulas, or observances on the part of the managers of schools, not of the parents who send their children to them indiscriminately. The day is past when we had to war against the bigoted enemies of popular education; but those our ancient adversaries are in some degree avenged by the intolerable cant of the religionists, and the equally extravagant pretensions of the lay school managers, whose high-flown schemes and brilliant promises are alike annihilated by the poor practical results of all their systems.

'Is it not a mere mockery,' says Dr. Hook, the present Dean of Chichester, 'to tell persons that there is a religious education given in our National schools, because the children are permitted to dogs'-ear a Bible? Is not the education almost irreligious when instruction is given on some important points of theology, and yet no care is taken with respect to spiritual training? To make the Bible a class-book, where the education given is avowedly secular, is a profanation of the sacred volume. Children ought to be taught that it is, what it is in truth, the word of the living God, too sacred for common use, and to be employed only when religious instruction is given.'

'*I never in one instance*,' says one of the Assistant Commissioners, 'found the slightest apparent interest excited in a class by the reading lesson; and this no doubt is one of the causes of the fault into which children almost universally fall, of reading mechanically without any apparent notion that the words have a meaning.'

At this point, some positive inferences may be fairly drawn from the facts ascertained by the Royal Commission. On the two first-mentioned classes of grants for building schools and for the establishment of training colleges we have no remark to make. They were urgently required; they have been judiciously applied; but they are of a temporary character, inasmuch as the extension of school building is not now required at the rate of more than one hundred or two hundred schools a year, and the existing training colleges more than suffice for the production of an adequate number of teachers.

But we entertain grave doubts as to the principle on which the personal grants to pupil-teachers, &c. have been made, and these doubts the Report of the Commission has not removed. To justify these grants it must be assumed that in this matter of public education all the natural laws of demand and supply are to be inverted, and that there is one calling in life, of essential utility to the well being of society, to which young men and women will not devote themselves in sufficient numbers, without a large encouragement or bounty from the nation. It

would further appear that although this calling is by no means repulsive or unremunerative, these young persons, so trained to it at the public expense, are only to be retained in it by an addition of about 20 per cent. to their salaries from the public Treasury. A very large sum of money has actually been voted by Parliament, applied by the Education Committee, and received by these 25,000 individuals, for this purpose.

The mere statement of these facts seems to us to place them in a very questionable light. Every other class of men throughout society, from the highest dignities and professions down to the humblest calling, have to fight their own way, to rely on their own resources, and to sell their labour at the true market price. The certificated schoolmaster alone is, in this country, the creature of the Government — taught, trained, inspected, salaried, and protected by a highly centralised system of administrative authority.* We have already said that we hold that system to be a dangerous exception to the administrative principles of this country: we now add that we believe it to be no less injurious to the class of persons who are the object of it.

The inevitable effect of thus applying Government patronage, high-sounding official names, and public money to this object, has been, that the whole system of popular instruction has been *pitched too high.* This result may be traced at every step. In the first place, the Committee of Council on Education appear to have fallen into the error of mistaking the means for the end. They have, since 1846, applied a very large proportion of the grant, not to building schools, or even to aiding schools, but to making schoolmasters. They were of opinion (rightly enough), that this was the thing most needed, and the most essential service the State could render to popular education. As far as the personal attainments and high characters of the 25,000 individuals are concerned, on whom these advantages have been bestowed, the result is perfectly successful. They are extremely well educated, well behaved, and valuable members of society for many purposes. But are they *primary* schoolmasters? In the first place, after the education they have received, and the habits of life they have acquired, the average salaries of teachers which can be given throughout the country are inadequate to satisfy their wants, and to retain their

* To such absurd lengths was this carried, that at one time (Minute of 21st Dec. 1846) '*the expectation of obtaining employment* '*in the public service* was held out to pupil-teachers who might not 'display the highest qualifications in their examinations for school-'masters.' This Minute was, however, rescinded in 1852, but the effect remains.

services. The State therefore, having spent a large sum in raising these persons to their present position, is obliged to spend a further sum in augmentation of their incomes: otherwise they would naturally turn the acquirements they have obtained at the public expense to more lucrative callings. But is this class of highly accomplished schoolmasters, fresh from training colleges, which certainly surpass in many practical respects our highest public schools, exactly the class of men best adapted to the instruction of children under ten years of age in the first steps of human knowledge? The Commissioners reply in the negative. They are perfect in all respects *except that of teaching the junior classes*, including 75 per cent. of the scholars, those rudiments which are most needed. So that the whole system of the Committee of Council on Education lands us in this absurd result—that we have created at a vast expense a body of men and women so superior to their station in life and to their humble work, that they cannot subsist without a vote in aid of their incomes from Parliament and the Privy Council, and that they do not perform with effect the drudgery of teaching very young children to spell and to cipher. The true value of a school to the country does not consist in the accomplishments of its head master or the proficiency of a few leading pupils, whose superior abilities make them an object of interest to the master himself, to the managers, and to the inspector. These are a minority who may, and probably will, rise to a higher station in society; or, as is now very frequently the case, they already belong to a higher station; for many parents in the middle ranks of life, finding how excellent an education can be obtained for next to nothing, now send their children to the popular schools, where of course they take a high place and attract to themselves the advantages designed by Parliament and the State for their poorer neighbours. But the real test of the value of a popular school is its effect on the ignorance of the country, its relation to the large majority of children in the humblest station, to that immense body of human beings who have no other instruction, no previous knowledge, no further assistance when they enter upon the hard and rude lives they are doomed to lead. Tried by this test, the Commission tells us, that the results of the present system are scanty indeed; the upper surface may be brilliant enough, but the social depths are untouched. We are by no means certain, though it may be a heresy to say so, that less highly trained teachers and less artificial methods of teaching than those now in vogue, were not better adapted to reach those humble classes and contracted minds into which we would throw some glimmer-

ing of light and knowledge. The teacher must not be too far removed from his scholars; and there was this of good in the old monitorial system of Joseph Lancaster, that the drudgery of teaching spelling, for example, was not thrown upon those who are too accomplished to perform it. The modern system of highly trained and highly paid, certificated masters has, on the contrary, produced a class of teachers who would be most valuable agents for the education of the *middle classes*, but who are far less qualified to devote themselves to the humbler duties of instructing the lowest classes in society. Indeed, one of the witnesses states that many of them are now taking assistant masterships in grammar schools. It is certain that a much better education can now be obtained in a National school for two pence a week, than in a middle school for one or two shillings a week. These teachers are naturally dissatisfied with their position when they discover that their superior attainments can rarely be brought into play in the contracted sphere of a village school for children under eleven. Let any one compare the high range of subjects which a successful pupil-teacher is compelled to master before he obtains his certificate, with the low range of duties he is expected to fulfil for the remainder of his life, and it will be no subject of surprise that his work is sometimes a failure and his life often a disappointment.

Mr. Senior furnishes us with a specimen of the examination papers of the Queen's scholars in 1857 and 1859. It is impossible to conceive anything more extravagant than the range of questions addressed to these young persons, male and female, at this stage of their career; and on answering these questions, be it remembered, their success in life depends. A girl of eighteen or twenty is asked 'What events are associated with 'these places — Hobah, Beerlahai Roi, Mizpah, Peniel, Shalem, 'Sechem, Luz? — to give an exact and complete analysis of a 'considerable portion of one of St. Paul's Epistles — to give an 'analysis of the Athanasian Creed — to describe the chief points 'of difference between the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. and 'that now in use: — in English history, to give some account of 'the minority of Richard II. and of the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle: '— and to explain, as to a class of children, the spring and neap 'tides. In the papers of 1859 the Queen's scholars are told to 'write a complete sketch of the reign of Edgar, and to give the 'terms of the secret Treaty of 1670.' For this incredible mockery of common sense, we must suppose that the Lords of the Council or their Examiners are responsible, since these examination papers are submitted to them, and, for aught we

know to the contrary, prepared by them. We leave them, without another word of comment, to the judgment of the reader.

One of the consequences of the direct interference of the Government in any branch of employment is to raise the price of labour in that branch to an unnatural point. Accordingly we are not surprised to find that the expense of the present system, as compared with its own results, and likewise as compared with the corresponding institutions of other countries, is enormous. In England there are independent resources which exist in no other country. The financial aid of the State bears after all but a small proportion to the vast sums voluntarily raised for the purposes of education, partly by the endowed clergy and partly by the public. The Parliamentary grant is more than doubled by these private contributions.* The population of England and Wales is less than half the population of France. But Mr. Arnold assures us that the English Parliamentary grant alone would on the French system entirely maintain 25,000 schools, instead of assisting only 8500; and that it would completely educate 1,500,000 of French children, in place of some 950,000 English ones. The Government are to a great extent responsible for this lavish expenditure. Under

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* The Commissioners state that whilst the Government has spent on education 4,400,000*l.*, the sum raised from other sources for the same purpose is 8,800,000*l.* In France the whole charge of public education is thrown on the State, with a slight contribution from local taxation. M. Guizot said, when he brought in the French law of public instruction in 1832: —

'In our country all the ancient and various establishments for public instruction have disappeared, with the masters and the property, the corporations and the endowments. We have no longer within the great society small societies of a private kind, subsisting independently, and devoted to the various grades of education. What has been restored, or is struggling into birth, of this description, is evidently not in a position to meet the public wants. In the matter of public instruction, as in the whole of our social organisation, a general system, founded and maintained by the State, is to us a necessity; it is the condition which our history and the genius of the nation have imposed on us. We desire unity; the State alone can give it: we have destroyed everything; we must create anew.'

But the case of England is precisely the reverse of this. We have all these resources. We do not desire unity. We do not want to create anew. Nevertheless, the expenditure of the State, in addition to all these private resources, has been greater in proportion to the number educated and to the population than in continental countries which have no other funds devoted to this object.

the Irish National School system 300,000 children are educated for 285,373*l.*, at an average of 19*s.* per scholar; in England the cost of popular education in registered schools averages 30*s.* per scholar. It is in the nature of high departments of State, administered by great political officers, and dealing with millions of money, to do things in a very different manner from a local education Board. Official agency always tends in this country to encourage that propensity to extravagance which is one of our most grievous national failings. In another part of his Report Mr. Arnold computes the rate of expenditure on the French schools and school administration at *one-fourth* of ours.

'These schools,' he adds, 'would look humble enough beside an Elizabethan Normal College in England, or the elaborate Gothic edifice with which the liberality of the Committee of Council enables an English rector to adorn his village. English certificated schoolmasters would reject with disdain the salaries of their teachers. English normal college students, accustomed each to his separate room, would look with contempt on the vast dormitories, rigidly plain though scrupulously neat, in which French students sleep by companies, under the charge of an overlooker, like the inmates of a hospital or a barrack. The English Privy Council Office would regard with contempt a certificate examination which occupies but a few hours, and which leaves conic sections unexplored. English inspectors would never quit their fellowships for posts the occupant of which has the salary of an exciseman. Vice-president or vice-minister there is none; indeed, the French officials thought the post of this functionary, when I explained it to them, a very curious invention. "Your vice-presidency," they said, "must generally have for its occupant one who would not have been designated chief minister of public instruction: yet it is he who, under the shadow of a nominal chief's authority, will inevitably transact nine-tenths of your educational business and give the guidance to your system." The habits of our country are hardly compatible with official salaries so low as those of France, and to have our schoolmasters' means reduced to the French standard would be a serious misfortune. But there can be no doubt that a certain plainness and cheapness is an indispensable element of a plan of education which is to be widely extended: that a national system is at this price.' (*Arnold's Report*, p. 92.)

To this observation we have a brief answer to make, though we fear it will not be to the taste of Mr. Arnold. It is because you have converted the machinery for public education into State machinery,—the agents employed in it into high official persons,—and even the teachers in primary schools into government functionaries, looking to the State for patronage and pay, that you have encumbered it with financial burdens utterly in-

compatible with the real object you profess to have in view, namely, the instruction of those poor and humble classes which can obtain instruction by no other means. Here, again, that object is defeated by the grandeur, ostentation, and importance of the means adopted. Those means should be regulated not by the notions of Ministers of State, or Prize-men from Oxford and Cambridge, but by the lowly condition and limited wants of the children—young, ignorant, indigent children—whom we wish to qualify for the state of life in which God has placed them. It is a great misfortune that the management of schools should be so entirely taken out of the hands of the class for which they are really intended, and made an affair of patronage. There is a strong and growing conviction among the people of the value of education and of the duty of educating the young. That is one of the most satisfactory points established by this Report. But there are great complaints of apathy in the managers of schools—evidently because the managers belong entirely to a class who have no direct interest in the matter.

Two modes of expenditure yet remain to be noticed, more important from the principle they involve than for their present amount. The one is the capitation grant; the other the grant for books, &c. In 1853 a scheme was proposed to divide the population of the country into two classes, one consisting of large towns, the other of rural districts. The education of the former was to be provided for by local rates assessed and distributed by the towns themselves; the rural districts were to be provided for by grants of public money, administered by the Committee of Council, and regulated by the number of children in actual attendance for 176 days in the year, at the rate of 6*s.* per child. The Bill to establish the system of local rates in towns was thrown out: but the Education Committee proceeded to execute their part of the plan, and as in subsequent years no good reason subsisted for the distinction which had been drawn between town and country, these capitation grants were extended to all schools under certificated and registered teachers, which fulfil certain other conditions. Since its establishment this grant has grown with great rapidity. It was 5,957*l.* in 1854; 20,079*l.* in 1856; 61,183*l.* in 1859: and on the supposition that two millions of children enter schools connected with the Privy Council, the Commissioners inform us that the capitation grant might grow to 300,000*l.*

The Commissioners appear to be of opinion that the capitation grant is one of the forms of relief to schools least open to objection, for in their final recommendations they propose that all assistance given to the annual maintenance of schools shall

be simplified and reduced to grants of two kinds—that is, by a direct payment of money out of the Parliamentary votes to schools conducted on certain conditions and inspected by Government, and also by a payment of money out of the county rates 'in consideration of the attainment of a certain 'degree of knowledge by the children in the school during the 'year preceding the payment.' The machinery for the first of these payments already exists in the Education department of the Privy Council. County and Borough Boards of Education are to be created for the second.

But if this course were adopted, it must obviously be on a much simpler plan, and on one less open to the same class of objections we have already noticed. Here again we find the action of the Government and its financial resources employed to the direct advantage of a certain category of protected schools. The Commissioners expressly report that 'this grant is now received 'by many schools *which do not want it.*' On the other hand, the districts and schools which want it most cannot obtain it, because they are too poor to meet the demands of the Council Office, and to maintain one of that highly favoured class, 'a 'certificated and registered teacher.' The present system therefore operates unfairly and even absurdly; but if the conditions were relaxed, the demand would become universal and entail a further expense of several hundred thousands a-year on the Consolidated Fund.

The existence of schools aided by these capitation grants and by other means, is, of course, opposed to the principle of free competition, which in all other walks of life is, in this country, the best check on abuses, and the most active encouragement to progress. Nor are such grants entirely free from a still more serious objection; they tend, as far as they go, to *pauperise* education, and that to large classes of persons who could afford to pay their school-pence. To the Ragged Schools, which partake as much of charity as of tuition, no assistance is given unless they are industrial—only 3 receive it out of 192.* Evening schools and evening classes are in the highest

* Lord Shaftesbury has complained, with somewhat too much warmth, that justice has not been done by the Commission to the promoters of Ragged Schools. These schools unquestionably prove what may be done in this country by voluntary exertions, even under the least favourable circumstances. No less than 300,000 children of the lowest class have received education in these schools. In London alone, 25,000 children attend them. In the last two years 250,000*l.* has been subscribed for their support; and the return of juvenile delinquents convicted in the metropolitan district has

degree useful, because they are frequented by an older class of pupils, coming of their own accord, and valuing what they learn; but the assistance of the Government is not extended to them unless they are connected with day schools, and there is great difficulty in obtaining competent masters, a suitable locality, and teaching apparatus. Much may undoubtedly be said in favour of the intervention of the State in promoting the education of the people, but such intervention is necessarily partial; and it would seem that there is just as much reason, or perhaps more, for making all these institutions the objects of State patronage, as there is for employing the grants of Parliament in the way they have lately been employed. Why or where are you to stop? But as there must be a stop somewhere, a code of artificial rules and distinctions has been established by the dispensers of the grants, which of course operates with harshness on a multitude of persons excluded from the benefit of them.

One other point deserves a passing remark, because it exemplifies in the most forcible manner the inconvenience of State interference with the laws of demand and supply through the ordinary channels of trade. The Committee of Council were desirous of supplying schools with good educational books at low prices. For this purpose they devoted a sum of nearly 6000*l.* a year to carrying on a book trade below the market price, and therefore, at a loss, represented by that amount. Nothing could be more injurious to the production of good school books; for the list of works circulated by Government had of course the command of the market, and so far prevented improvement; the actual price of school books was no longer determined by open competition; publishers being compelled to allow a discount of about 40 per cent. to the Government, were compelled to put a higher price on their books than they would otherwise have done, and consequently the public at large paid more, in order that the protected schools might have books for less than they cost. The administration of this puerile scheme has been enormously troublesome and expensive, and it has now been abandoned; but nearly 40,000*l.* have been spent by the Government in providing for the loss upon the amount of books and apparatus thus purchased and resold to school managers below their value.

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diminished from 10,194 in 1856 to 7850 in 1860. To those who contend that the work of public education in England cannot be carried on without large Government grants and official management, these facts afford some answer. The Ragged Schools have neither.

It is impossible to read these Reports without arriving at the conviction that our method of conducting the work of popular education is pre-eminently *wasteful.* This investigation into our large expenditure of time, labour, and money, followed by comparatively small results, has, however, led to the discovery of two or three principles of the greatest importance to the whole question. The Commissioners, in their Report, have not given to these principles the prominence which they appear to us to deserve, but Mr. Senior has supplied this deficiency in the seventh chapter of his book, to which we must refer for a digest of the evidence supporting them. The evidence was collected by Mr. Chadwick, in a subsidiary inquiry undertaken by him for that purpose.

These principles are as follows:—

1. That children learn as much and as well when the school-hours are restricted to four or even three hours a-day, as when they are extended (as they now commonly are) to six or seven hours. The limits of the attention and mental power of children are soon reached—nothing but harm is done by an attempt to go beyond them.
2. That instruction can be conveyed with far greater facility and success in a well-organised *large* school than in a *small* one.
3. That the introduction of a certain amount of drill exercise has a most beneficial effect upon the moral and mental condition of the children, as well as on their discipline, and physical health and bearing. Nothing tends so effectually as precise regulated exercises to shake off that slovenliness, heaviness, and inattention which are the bane of practical education.

The results of these three propositions, if they are correct, will be obvious. A vast economy would ensue from reducing the school-hours to what is called 'half-time;' the teachers would be able to devote a portion of their labour to evening schools for adults; the school-rooms might be used at different times of the day or evening for different educational purposes: and the school attendance of children might be prolonged to a later age, because it would no longer be incompatible with a certain amount of productive labour, as is already done under the Factory Act. Wherever the area of schools can be enlarged, as is generally the case in populous towns, a further economy of labour and expense may be effected, and with a marked improvement in the educational results.

We regret that it is impossible for us within these limits to produce the evidence on which Mr. Senior and Mr.. Chadwick rest these conclusions: it is ample and authentic, being derived from the most experienced and highly qualified teachers in the country. We must confine ourselves to two passages, the first from Mr. Morrison, Rector of the Free Church Training School in Glasgow, who says: —

'I am of opinion that much of what is taught in elementary schools is comparatively useless, unfitted for children, and in many cases positively prejudicial; and particularly I hold a very decided opinion that the hours of school attendance are unreasonably long. I will undertake to teach 100 children in three hours a day as much as they can by possibility receive; and I hold it to be an axiom in education, that no lesson is *given* until it has been *received.* As soon, therefore, as the *receiving* power of the children is exhausted, anything *given* is useless — nay, injurious, inasmuch as you thereby weaken instead of strengthen the *receiving* power. This ought to be a first principle in education. I doubt it is seldom acted on.'

The second, from Miss Carpenter, is to the same effect: —

'I feel confident, from my experience and observation, that the *real education* of the working classes would be *improved* by devoting three hours a day instead of five or six to direct intellectual instructions, the faculties of the children being strengthened and trained in other ways by *industrial occupation*, which developes many powers comparatively untouched by book learning. The education thus becomes more *real* and the knowledge more fixed in the mind, and more likely to be permanently useful.'

The general inference from the whole of these facts, is that *by a better application of the grants, the voluntary subscriptions, and the teaching power already in existence, the work of popular education may be effectually performed without any augmentation of these resources.*

Mr. Senior recommends that the authorities of the Privy Council should guide their policy in this direction, and endeavour to combat the prejudices of the managers of schools, who are always unwilling to abandon an existing system. But one of the evils of Government supervision is that having prescribed a certain standard or method of education, it tends rather to prevent than to encourage improvements, by tying the managers of schools down to fixed rules; and these rules, though useful and necessary for one purpose, or in one place, may produce effects the most injurious and absurd in others.

It will be perceived from the foregoing remarks that we think the local distribution of public funds by the State, with the most laudable motives, and with the utmost vigilance,

is nevertheless inseparable from many grave evils. Mr. Senior is of the opposite opinion. He lays it down as an axiom that 'it is as much the duty of the community to see that 'a child is educated, as it is to see that a child is fed; and 'that unless the community can and will compel the parent 'to feed the child, or to educate the child, the community 'must do so.' He adds, 'that it is the duty of the State to aid 'private benevolence in supplying the sum that is not obtain-'able from the parent.' But in fact Mr. Senior goes on to show by evidence, that nothing is more unequal than this appeal to private benevolence. He quotes numerous cases in which non-resident proprietors, drawing large incomes from the soil, will do nothing for the schools of their tenantry, because the law makes no claim upon them: and if the poor are to be instructed at all, it must be in great part at the cost of the clergyman, on whom a very undue share of the burden is thrown. The conduct of the English clergy in this respect has been most noble and self-denying. Mr. Fraser informs us (*Report*, vol. ii. p. 74.) that in the Dorset district, an average subscribing clergyman contributes to the school expenditure *eleven* times as much as an average subscribing farmer, *six* times as much as an average subscribing householder, and (with probably not half the income) *twice* as much as an average subscribing landowner. If schools exist all over the country, it is mainly to the private exertions and contributions of the clergy that they are due; but we confess we are not satisfied with the justice of an arrangement which practically taxes one class in the community to an enormous amount, and leaves the rateable property of the parish untouched. Mr. Senior's premisses are too broad for his conclusions. He compares the duty of educating the young to the duty of feeding them: but what would he say to a poor law which should be based on distribution of money by a central Board at Whitehall in proportion to the funds that could be raised in the country by voluntary almsgiving? His argument that it is more just to throw the burden on the 500 millions of general income of the nation than on the 80 millions of rateable income, applies with equal force to the poor rates; and by a parity of reasoning, the whole maintenance of paupers might be transferred to the Consolidated Fund. To the consequences of such a measure, we are satisfied that no one is more alive than Mr. Senior himself. The argument that it would be unjust to transfer a charge now levied on 500 millions of national income to 80 millions of rateable income is also relied on by Sir James Kay Shuttleworth. But it appears to us to contain a fallacy. A

man's rateable property is in the main a test of his general property. He is rated, for instance, on the annual value of the house he lives in, not because that house is his only property, but because it affords an ostensible criterion of his general property and his station in life. We can discover no valid reason against the incidence of school rates, which does not apply with equal force against the incidence of all the rates now levied in a county or a parish.

We regret that it is impossible for us, within our present limits, to enter as fully as we could wish to do on the question of educational endowments. The subject is one requiring a separate notice, and it is treated with ability in the fifth part of the Commissioners' Report. The annual value of these educational charities is now computed at about 400,000*l.* a-year. The magnificent endowment of Christ's Hospital amounts to 60,000*l.* a-year, and we have recently had occasion to make some remarks on the collegiate property of Eton College. It must, however, be remarked that by far the larger portion of these old endowments was not designed to promote what is now meant by popular education, and it may be questioned how far 'grammar schools' fall within the scope of this Commission. The Commissioners, however, having in view the undoubted abuses in these endowments, and the want of power to correct these abuses, have made up their minds on the subject, and they recommend that the administration of the endowed schools, with ample powers over them, be vested in the Privy Council, or rather (as we infer) in the Education Committee of the Privy Council; and they are desirous of '*placing our whole system of 'public education, so far as it is connected with Government, in 'the same official hands.*'

This proposal appears to us in the highest degree objectionable. We have already shown that it is an entire delusion to suppose that the Privy Council has any administrative powers, or is qualified to exercise them. They are in fact exercised in the matter of primary education by the clerks acting in the name of that body. Even under this amount of business the office is admitted to be 'breaking down at its centre.' Yet with singular inconsistency it is proposed to throw on the same department the administration of educational charities, and even to sever them from the Charity Commissioners, to whom they belong.

In other words, this would be to place in the hands of a political department of the Government and its officers an authority, superior even to the law, in reference to trusts producing 400,000*l.* a year, and to invest the Privy Council with a direct authority

over the property and interests of a large class of the community. Indeed, they go so far as to propose that the powers of the Court of Chancery, in framing schemes and modifying the provisions of founders, should be transferred to the Privy Council, which would become a sort of permanent Commission for the regulation of these matters. The whole plan is drawn up with a misconception of the functions and constitution of the Privy Council, which is almost incredible, when we recollect that two of the most distinguished members of the Commission are also members of that body. But the evil of throwing purely administrative and legal functions of this kind upon an office of State, presided over by a leading political minister, must be obvious. On constitutional grounds it would be most improper to place this vast amount of patronage and influence, affecting almost all the local endowments of the kingdom, in the hands of a Minister of the Crown: and for the performance of the necessary legal duties, the Lord President of the Council would, in nine cases out of ten, be totally unfit.

We so far agree with the Commissioners, that we think it would be desirable to place the administration of the education grant and the control over educational endowments in the same hands. But to effect that object, we should recommend a contrary course of proceeding. Instead of transferring the Charities to the Privy Council, we should greatly prefer to transfer the education grant, and the whole staff of officers by whom it is now administered in the name of the Privy Council, to the Charity Commission. Or, in other words, we think that the time is come when a Board of Education and Charities might with great propriety be formed, on the model, not of a great office of State, but of the Poor Law Board. Such a board ought to have as little as possible of a political character. It would simply be an administrative department, represented by its Chairman in the House of Commons. By the adoption of this plan the Charity Commissioners would gain more power and importance, which they greatly require, and the duties now performed by the Education Committee would be brought within a more moderate compass.

The result of the inquiry now before us, on our own minds, is that it is desirable materially to circumscribe the action of the central authority and to reduce the sums now distributed by that authority, not for the purpose of doing less for popular education, but, on the contrary, for the purpose of doing much more by local agency, by local taxation, and by independent means. We agree with the minority, rather than with the majority of the Commission, in the opposite opinions recorded

in their Report. Without denying the benefits which have been conferred by the education grants, and the salutary impulse they have given to education, we think the time is approaching when the education of the people ought to walk without these leading strings; and we think that no greater censure upon the system could be uttered than to assert that schools and teachers are protected institutions and a protected class of persons, who can only subsist and flourish as long as they are the objects of State management and State contributions.

'These members of the Commission (the minority) desire that, a good type of schools and teachers having now been extensively introduced, the benefits of popular education having been manifested, and public interest in the subject having been thoroughly awakened, Government should abstain from making further grants, except grants for the building of schools, to which the public assistance was originally confined, and the continuance of which will be fair towards the parishes which have hitherto received no assistance; that the annual grants which are now made should be gradually withdrawn; and that Government should confine its action to the improvement of union schools, reformatories, and schools connected with public establishments, at the same time developing to the utmost the resources of the public charities, which either are or may be made applicable to popular education, and affording every facility which legislation can give to private munificence in building and endowing schools for the poor. It appears to them that if the State proceeds further in its present course, and adopts as definitive the system which has hitherto been provisional, it will be difficult hereafter to induce parental and social duty to undertake the burden which it ought to bear, or to escape from the position, neither just in itself nor socially expedient, that large and ill-defined classes of the people are entitled, without reference to individual need, or to the natural claims which any of them may possess on the assistance of masters and employers, to have their education paid for, in part at least, out of the public taxes. Nor do they feel confident that Government will ever be able to control the growing expenditure and multiplying appointments of a department, the operations of which are regulated by the increasing and varying demands of philanthropists rather than by the definite requirements of the public service.' (*Report*, p. 298.)

It is impossible, from the extent to which the Committee of Council has already contracted engagements with the rising generations of teachers and with the managers of schools, that any sudden diminution can be made in the grants; but we are strongly of opinion that measures ought, without delay, to be taken to prevent future disappointment. The largest item in the estimates is the expenditure on training teachers. It is the more urgent to limit this vote, because the system contains a germ of indefinite expansion, and is already producing a number

of teachers somewhat in advance of the demand, even though none obtain schools who have not first-class certificates — as for those whose attainments are second-rate, the whole public expenditure upon them, in the capacity of teachers, is, we fear, wasted. There are several obvious reasons which render it desirable that the building grants, and a general system of inspection, should be retained by the Government; and we think that the training colleges may fairly be maintained in part by the State and in part by the pupils; but we are inclined to think that it would be preferable to make the direct pecuniary assistance afforded to schools, whether in the form of payment to pupil-teachers, or by a capitation grant, a charge upon local rates to be administered by local authorities. As long as the Government pays, the managers of schools, the parents, and the scholars have a strong common interest in extracting the largest possible amount of aid from the public purse; but in the administration of local funds by those who contribute them, there is always a powerful interest to check the excess of expenditure.

In the laudable desire to promote this great work of national education, there is a higher duty and a nobler policy than that of granting subsidies to schools out of the public taxes, or even of improving the standard of instruction by Government control. The true object in a free country, where by general consent school attendance cannot be made compulsory, ought to be to teach the country to educate itself, to imbue all classes of society with a deeper sense of the advantages of acquiring knowledge, and to lead men to regard a certain amount of mental cultivation as one of the first duties of parents and of citizens. It is an old and incontrovertible truth, that people value that which is done for them much less than what they do for themselves. The results of the Government system prove that a very large portion of the seed scattered abroad by official hands falls on a rocky and barren soil. Moreover, no code of Minutes, digested at Whitehall, and applied systematically to the whole nation, can meet the infinite variety of circumstances which exist in a widely diversified community. The rules which are excellent and necessary in a rural district are inapplicable to the crowded recesses of our great towns, in which even our parochial system too often breaks down: and the means of education which may be suitable to the habits of a great town are inapplicable to a seafaring population, to the subterranean races of our coal-pits and mines, or to the peasant boy who tends sheep or scares crows. Though it may sound paradoxical, as much true progress has been made of late years

by improvements in which the Government has taken no active part, as by the elaborate mechanism of official management. Sir James Kay Shuttleworth himself says—

'The force which will ultimately transform the whole will be the result of education itself. When the people know that they have even more interest in the education of their children than their rulers have, they will more and more take charge of it. They now bear two-thirds of the burden; but that third which they do not pay has given value to what before was of little worth, and has thus created a transient power destined to pass from the Government into the hands of those who will take the charge. The transference of administrative power to the local managers and the parents will attend the gradual assumption by them of the payment of the pupil-teachers, and of the whole of the stipends of certificated teachers, consequent on the effects of education on some generations of parents and on the middle classes.' (*Letter to Earl Granville*, p. 13.)

These are golden words, with which we cordially concur, and they are the more valuable as they proceed from the real author of the existing system. But as long as the promise and the enjoyment of State assistance continue unabated, and even extended, it is contrary to the first principles of human nature to expect that this salutary change can go on. The Government ought unquestionably to encourage that change, but the steady progress of the Government grants tends irresistibly to postpone and to prevent it. In our opinion, the time is come when the policy of the Government ought to take the opposite direction. The result of this inquiry appears to us to be, that although the Government deserves well of the country for having assumed the initiative at the time when a vigorous impulse was greatly needed, yet at the present time a more wholesome stimulus to the work of education would be given by drawing out a larger amount of local and personal effort, than by extending the Government grants, or even by continuing them on the present scale. We are fortified in this opinion by the deliberate judgment of Dr. Temple, who has had ample practical experience of the whole working of the system — indeed, we believe, that those officers of the department who have retired from the service have almost all expressed similar views. The Commissioners have rendered a service to the country by placing the whole evidence before it; and although we do not anticipate that the executive Government or the Legislature will give effect to their recommendations, it is demonstrated that there is great reason to reconsider the present state of the question, and to modify the system which has hitherto been pursued.

ART. II.—1. *Reliquien von Albrecht Dürer.* Von Dr. CAMPE. Nüremberg: 1828.

2. *Das Leben und die Werke Albrecht Dürer's.* Von JOSEPH HELLER. Bamberg: 1827.

3. *Leben und Wirken Albrecht Dürer's.* Von Dr. A. VON EYE. Nördlingen: 1860.

IN the fifth volume of the work entitled 'Modern Painters,' Mr. Ruskin has attempted, in his accustomed style, to relate the changes wrought by the era of the Reformation in the history of art; and he illustrates this revolution in the most imaginative minds of northern and southern Europe by a comparison, or rather by a contrast, between Albert Dürer and Salvator Rosa. The artist of Nüremberg he describes trained 'amidst the formal delights, the tender religions, and practical 'science of domestic life and honest commerce. Salvator amidst 'the pride of lascivious wealth and the outlawed distress of 'impious poverty.' An interval of almost one hundred years —an entire age of modern civilisation—elapsed between the death of the one and the birth of the other. The German was the contemporary and admirer of Erasmus, Melancthon, and Luther; the Italian was a pupil of the Neapolitan Jesuits, and a dependent of the voluptuous courts of the seventeenth century. Yet under circumstances so various, there was doubtless some touch of kinsmanship between these eccentric and ardent minds; life to both of them was a hard master; a vein of fierce irony runs through their works; and they stand apart from the mere traditions of the schools in the annals of their art. The true key to the works of both these remarkable men lies, in an eminent degree, in the vicissitudes and internal history of their lives. In Albert Dürer especially the union and the conflict of the artist and the craftsman—of a man of lofty imagination but of homely character—of a great destiny but a narrow life —produce a strange and perplexing mixture, not unlike some of the creations of his own pencil. His life is, however, as yet, less familiar to the English public than that of many artists of inferior originality, and we receive with satisfaction the more recent contributions to his biography, which the affectionate admiration and careful researches of his own countrymen have laid before us.

Johann Neudorffer led the procession of writers on Dürer; his 'Notices of a Century of Nüremberg Painters' were pub-

lished in 1546; but Karl von Mandler was the first who added any account of the artist's works to a biographical sketch. This was in 1604; the same strain was taken up later by Baldinucci, and imitated again by Joachim von Sandraat, the engraver, himself the owner of a collection in which many of Dürer's works were to be found. Vasari belongs to the same division of writers; while Hauer, though he never published a life of the painter, collected and printed many of Dürer's original writings, and added to these fragments, fac-similes of his etchings and woodcuts. Little authentic knowledge of his works can, however, be gathered from the catalogues and artistic notices of the two centuries following his death. Still he had abundance of commentators. Arend, Des Piles, D'Argensville, Descamps, have all written on the subject, following Sandraat in their plan; Doppelmayr contented himself mostly with a sketch of the painter's life, of which Melchior Adam, in his 'Vita Philo-'sophorum Germanorum,' has given an accurate and interesting outline. In Spain (where several of his best works are still to be seen), the Franconian painter was not forgotten. Antonio de las Puentes refers to Dürer, and to the influence he exercised on Spanish art; but his remarks are perhaps as little appreciated by German critics as are those of Vasari, when he treats of similar results in Italy; and all these writers only preceded Roth, whose 'Leben A. Dürer's' was published about 1791. Since then books and authorities have multiplied, and articles on Dürer may be found in Müller, Kugler, Nagler, and Rettberg. In his native city a late remorse awakened; a statue was erected to his memory; everything bearing his name, or to which his name could be attached, received a tender homage; and the discovery of some original sketches and writings in the dusty archives of a patrician house added to the enthusiasm with which he was and is regarded. Meanwhile the most ardent of his admirers, the late Mr. J. Heller of Bamberg, determined to supply the defects of all former catalogues and annotators, and commenced a laborious account of the Works of Dürer. He did not live to complete this Magnum Opus; and the second volume (in three parts) is all that we possess of it. But this volume is fortunately complete in itself; the author claims to have there left no picture, engraving, woodcut, etching, proof, or rare example of the master, unnoticed; he furnishes an account of the origin of all the best collections of Dürer's drawings, and gives us, by his elaborate descriptions and researches, pleasant and touching glimpses into Dürer's life and studies. The task of supplying us with what Heller died too early to finish still remained; a biography of Dürer,

compiled from the best sources, and enriched by modern criticism, was until last year a desideratum in literature, when it was undertaken by Dr. Eye, whose volume well repays perusal; and who may be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of what has evidently been to him a labour of love. Thus far we have pursued the race of critics and biographers, but there yet remains, what is of far more real interest, the authentic notice of Dürer under his own hand; it is this that Dr. Campe, the well known printer of Nüremberg, has given to the world in his 'Remains of Albert Dürer.' Here we have Dürer's life by himself: quaint fragments of an autobiography never anything but fragmentary; letters of business; letters of friendship; letters written in travel; attempts at verse, as unhappy as those of our own Turner; and last, not least, his diary in the Netherlands, kept with great regularity during the years 1520 and '21.

Except in greatly abridged or garbled forms, these MSS. have never been made known to the English public.* We therefore propose to follow Dr. Campe's arrangement, by introducing our readers at once to the short memoir Dürer wrote of his family in the year 1524. He prefaces it with these words:

'I, Albert Dürer, the younger, have gathered from my father's writings and papers what was his parentage, from whence he came, how he lived, and how he drew to his end in peace. So may God have mercy on him and us. Amen.

'Albert Dürer, the elder, was by reason of his birth a native of the kingdom of Hungary, and of the village called Eytas, in which he was born. It is not far from the little town of Jula, or Kula, lying eight miles below Wardein. His family had maintained themselves by rearing horses and cattle; but my grandfather, one Antony Dürer by name, came as a boy to the above-named town of Jula to a goldsmith's, and there under him learnt his trade.'

Already we see in the bucolical mind some strugglings towards the exercise of the mechanical arts. This Antony Dürer had three sons, of whom the first-born was the father of the painter, 'likewise a worker in gold and silver, and a blameless and ingenious man.'

'*Item.*—It was not till later than this my dear father, Albrecht Dürer, came into Germany. He had been for a long season in the Netherlands among the great masters there, and did not arrive in Nüremberg until the year, as reckoned from the birth of Christ, 1455; it

* Some use was made of them in Mr. Ottley's 'History of Engraving,' and in Mr. Jackson's 'History of Wood Engraving,' p. 314. The Diary was published by Murr in the seventh volume of his Journal.

was on St. Aloysius' Day (25th of June), the same day that Philip Pirkheimer was married, and his wedding celebrated in the finest way, with a great dance under the lime-trees.'

The elder Dürer seems to have served for many years subsequent to his arrival in Nuremberg under old Jeremy Haller the goldsmith. In the year 1467 Haller gave him his daughter to wife. This was a step upwards on the social ladder for Dürer, as the Hallers were among the best burgher families of the town, while on the mother's side, the bride could boast of something more than even burgher blood: and the marriage seems to have been a happy one, though there was a great disparity of years between the pair: Barbara Haller had been only three years of age when the Hungarian apprentice came to her father's house, and she was now, as her son informs us, 'a tall 'fair girl, fifteen years of age.' 'Let it be known,' he goes on to say, 'my father did with his spouse beget the following 'children;' and then follows a list of the eighteen children with which this union was blessed; but we will spare our readers the enumeration of their respective names, sponsors, and dates of birth. It was on St. Prudentia's Day, May 20th, 1471, that a second son was born to Albert and Barbara Dürer. He received his father's name at baptism, and received it from Antony Koberger, the great printer of the day. Of the other children Dürer writes: —

'Now, of this brotherhood, children of my dear father, all are dead: some in childhood, some as they grew up; but three brothers remain to live as long as God willeth—namely, I, Albert, Andreas, and Hans.'

Both these brothers survived the great artist: Andreas to inherit his brother's property and works of art, and Hans or John Durer to become court painter to the king of Poland: his name we are accustomed to hear attached (but erroneously so) to a portrait in the Pinacothek at Munich, painted by Albert. There is something of mournful interest in Dürer's reference to his parent's struggles, and his own early recollections, related in his own simple language: —

'*Item.*—The life of this Albert Dürer the elder was spent in great trouble and in hard labour; he had no other means of subsistence than that which he, his wife, and his children could gain by the work of their own hands; and in this way he had often little enough. He endured likewise much sorrow, many temptations, and manifold adversities. But he won also, from as many as were conversant with him, just praise and commendation; for he led an honoured and a Christian life, was a man patient of spirit, peaceable with his fellows, and thankful towards God. He drew to himself little of this world's

joy, being of rare and unfrequent speech. He went little into company, and kept the fear of the Lord ever before his eyes. This dear father used great diligence with his children to rear them for the glory of God. His highest wish was, that they, being brought up in all discipline, might be in favour with God and man. On this wise came his word unto us daily, that we should love God and deal fairly with our neighbours.'

Albert goes on to say that in him more than in any other of his children the father took his delight: and no one seeing the portrait which the boy drew of himself at the age of thirteen, can wonder that the father should delight in the pale sweet face, of which the delicate oval is partly shaded, partly defined, by the long fair hair which falls on his shoulders. 'Besides,' says Albert, referring in his grave manhood to these early recollections, 'my father saw that I learnt and practised eagerly:'—

'he allowed me to be placed at school, and as soon as I could read and write he took me home to himself again, and taught me in the goldsmith's craft. But now, when I could work pretty fairly, my mind drew me far more to painting than to working in gold and silver. This I laid before my father. He was not well pleased at it, and for this cause, that it repented him of the time first lost by me in learning the goldsmith's trade; yet he yielded the point to me, and in the year 1486, on St. Andrew's day, bound me apprentice to Meister Michael Wohlgemuth to serve him for the space of three years. In all that time God gave me diligence to learn well, but in the mean season I had much to suffer from his creatures.'

Dürer is silent as to much of his education; the extent of his classical acquirements is a question we are no more able to solve than we are to define the amount of knowledge acquired at the grammar-school of Stratford-on-Avon by young William Shakspeare. Dürer's familiarity with mythology appears in his works and his many symbolical pieces. That he wrote Latin inscriptions and loved to Latinise his sentences, is equally certain; how or when the craftsman's son attained this knowledge he does not tell us; and he is equally uncommunicative as to his earliest artistic tuition: and this is a point on which doctors disagree. Scheurl and others contend that his father had selected Martin Schön for his first master, and that Albert was to have been sent to study under that veteran artist. Bayle, on the contrary, copying from Melchior Adam, says, 'That 'having made some essays with the pencil in the shop of his 'father, he associated himself with a mediocre painter named 'Martin Hupse, who taught him to engrave on copper, and to 'handle the brush.' However this may be, there is no doubt as to the term of his apprenticeship with Wohlgemuth, traces of

whose style remained in Dürer's manner. Wohlgemuth was also an engraver on wood, and the principal illustrator of that extraordinary work, 'the Nuremberg Chronicle." Some of his detached wood engravings are now very rare. He died in 1516, and his portrait, the work of his great pupil, still adorns the walls of the Munich gallery.

In 1489 began for Dürer those 'Wanderjähre,' those years of travel, which form so important a part of the German student's life: —

'My father sent me abroad,' says Dürer, 'and I remained four years absent, till he summoned me again. As I had gone forth at Easter 1489, so now at Whitsuntide 1494 I came back to my family, and found Hans Frey in treaty with my father, he giving me his daughter, Mistress Agnes, to wife, and with her 200 crowns.'

For this sum Albert Dürer the painter was sold at the age of twenty-three; and this is the laconic record he has left of the transaction — 'Our wedding was held on the Monday falling 'before St. Margaret's Day, 1494.' A novel of Scheffer's has, within the last few years, brought the temper and domestic arrangements of Agnes Dürer (geborne Freyin) into undesirable celebrity. She was 'sulky, quarrelsome, avaricious, 'domineering, stupid, and proud,' says one of her husband's biographers. They seem hardly to have overcoloured the picture, and it was a subject of common remark at the time, not only among the intimate friends of the painter, but more widely, for Dr. John Valentin André, writing to Prince Anton Ulrich of Brunswick says of Dürer, that he was very ill married, and always poor, in spite of living with the greatest frugality. Perhaps Agnes had not the generosity to forget that it was her money which first supplied the household wants. Her husband, in one of his letters, calls her his 'account mistress,' and complains in another place that she looked upon his art very much as she would on a milch cow, and prized it only for what it brought in. The numerous portraits and studies of her face to be found among Dürer's works, show that in her youth she undoubtedly possessed personal attractions. It is said that she repeatedly served as the model for his Madonnas: but another face had apparently, at some time, crossed the painter's dreams. There is extant a sketch of a woman's head and bust, the face slightly averted; and underneath it, with Dürer's monogram, the words, 'My Augusta.' Another sketch represents a woman in Nüremberg costume passing into a church; the inscription on the drawing besides the painter's name, consists of the words from Scripture, 'Remember me when thou comest into thy

'kingdom.' The date is 1508, after his return from Italy. Whose prayers did Albert ask with the dumb strength of his manhood? We cannot tell: for this is no hackneyed love story of a Fornarina: two brown leaves the sole record that remains of it: but we can fancy that face confronting Albert again on the confines of another world: its beauty grown awful, like the countenance of Beatrice, when she stood with outstretched hand upon the shining stairs, and Dante stammered his feeble 'Yes,' in reply to her greeting.

We must now consider Dürer as a householder in Nüremberg: he had not yet brought himself into any great distinction by his works; and one of the most remarkable pictures of this period may be considered to be the portrait of his father, painted in 1499, and in the seventieth year of the old man's life. It is now in Munich, having come into the possession of the Elector of Bavaria through the dishonesty of one Küffner, a painter, who, when employed to make a copy of it, sawed out the panel, sold the original, and left his own performance in the Castle of Nüremberg. There is reason to believe that a duplicate of this picture was in the collection of Charles I. at Whitehall. Kugler states that the oldest undoubted picture by Dürer known to us is his own portrait of the year 1498, to be seen in the Florentine collection of artists' portraits painted by themselves in the Uffizi, and he suggests that this is probably the portrait of Dürer which was presented to King Charles I. of England by the city of Nüremberg, and sold in the collection of that sovereign. But Kugler does not seem to have been aware that a *replica* of this portrait, with equal claims to originality, exists in the Royal Gallery at Madrid (No. 972 in the Catalogue). The treatment is almost identical with that of the Florentine picture, and it bears the following lines: —

> 'Das mach ich nach meiner Gestalt,
> Ich war sechs und swanzig jahr Alt.
> 1498 A. D.'

Philip IV. of Spain was one of the principal purchasers at the sale of the pictures of Charles I. It is, therefore, highly probable that the Albert Dürer portrait came into the Spanish royal galleries from London; and that this, and not the Florentine picture, is the identical work presented by the city of Nüremberg to Charles I.

Dürer's portraits are always successful, and never fail to convey the most vivid impression of the persons they represent; whether the subject be his own melancholy face, so pensive in youth, so stately in mature manhood, or the grave Pirkheimer,

or the sturdy burgher Holzschüher, the intrepid Luther, the pensive Melanchthon, the wise Erasmus, or some beauty of the day, some Katerina Fürlegerin, smiling at us across three centuries, through the tangles of her marvellous hair, we feel that in every case he has given us the whole truth concerning them His genial sympathy was the gift that enabled him to divine it: his unselfish simplicity enabled him to set it forth: both these qualities endeared him to his fellow men, while with some the bonds of friendship were drawn very close.

No attachment of Dürer's life was more lasting than that which subsisted between himself and Wilibald Pirkheimer. The notice of Philip Pirkheimer's marriage, in a former page of the memoir, leads us to believe that the connexion between the families was hereditary, but their personal acquaintance began in 1497. Dr. Campe has preserved for us some of the confidential letters which passed between them—one written by Dürer from Venice may serve as a specimen :—

'My willing service to you, my dear sir, and I wish from all my heart that you were as I am. In the mean time, my mother has written to me, and scolds me for not writing to you. She gives me to understand that you have me in displeasure by reason of this my not writing. She bids me excuse myself to you, and is much troubled on your account. I know nothing in answer to this, but that I am lazy in writing, and knew that you were not at home. I beg you to forgive me, as I have no other friend on earth like yourself. I did not indeed believe that you were angry with me, for I look on you as nothing less than a father. I would that you were here in Venice. There are many pleasant fellows among these Italians, who the longer I am with them always please me more. It goes to one's heart to hear how well they play the lute. There are many right noble and virtuous people who show me much friendship. To set against this, there are among them several of the most lying and thievish rogues: the like of them does not, I believe, exist any where else upon earth. I have sundry good friends, who warn me, that I among these artists have many enemies: men who say that it is not "antique art," and therefore not good. But Gian Bellini has praised me before many gentlemen, saying that he would gladly have something of mine. Indeed, he came to me himself, and begged me to paint something for him, as he would pay me well for the same. Every one tells me here that he is a pious man, so I am equally friendly with him. He is very old, but still the best at painting.'

The letter goes on to say, that the things which eleven years before had pleased Dürer now pleased him no longer. From this phrase we gather that Italy had been included in the countries he visited during his Wanderjähre. Here we see, too, the progress of the artist's mind. So it must always be—only the

works of nature bear the test of re-inspection after many years—those of art often cease to please when we have ceased to project upon them the light of our own passion, or the shadow of our own pain. There is a fine passage in one of Melanchthon's letters, which is so strikingly characteristic of this progress in Albert Dürer's mind, that, although it has been quoted by Kugler and may therefore be familiar to the reader, we cannot forbear to give it a place here as a noble commentary on the highest principle of art: —

'I remember that Albert Dürer the painter, a man excelling in talent and virtue, used to say that when a youth he liked bright and florid paintings, and that he could not choose but rejoice in any work of his own when he contemplated the brilliancy and variety of the colouring. But that after he began to view Nature as an old man, and endeavoured to look in upon her native face, then he understood that her simplicity was the greatest glory of art. The which, however, as he could not altogether attain to, he said that he was no longer an admirer of his own works as once he had been, but that he rather groaned on looking at his paintings, and thinking of his own infirmity.'

Dürer's visit to Italy at this time gave him great satisfaction. Gian Bellini was not his only friend: he was able to add Titian and Andrea del Sarto to the number: and when he left Venice in the autumn of 1506, he did so at the request of Mantegna, who wrote beseeching Albert to visit him before he died. Mantegna was already on his death-bed: and when Dürer reached Padua, it was unhappily just too late to gratify a wish, of which the expression must have been so flattering to him; the great Mantuan, whose influence may be traced in the works of his German disciple, had himself entered on a longer journey: and Dürer pursued his way to Bologna. Here he made some stay; forming an acquaintance with his future eulogist, Dr. Christopher Scheurl, and taking, he tells us, lessons in perspective. He intended to proceed to Rome, though, for some reason, this intention was never carried into effect. It is equally remarkable that he should not have visited Florence, where at that very time Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci were contending for the mastery. For some of the pictures he painted during his Italian tour he received considerable sums of money, and was everywhere praised; or, as he himself called it, 'glorificirt.' He writes thus to Pirkheimer:—'As thou writest to me that I 'should come home with speed, I am minded to leave this as 'soon as I can. But how I shall shiver after this sunshine! 'Here I am a gentleman—there, at home, I am only a hanger-'on of gentlemen.'

Dürer's family party was, after his return to Nüremberg, increased by his taking his mother and youngest brother Hans to live with him. His own account of this arrangement, and of the death of the elder Dürer, in which it originated, is pathetic. Dürer laments that he was not present at the old man's departure, which he thus describes: —

'The old nurse helped him to rise, and put the close cap on his head, which had become quite damp from the great drops of sweat. He asked for something to drink, so she gave him some Rhine wine, of which he took a very little, and then asked to go back to bed. He thanked her; but no sooner was he laid back upon his pillows than he fell into the last agonies. Then the old woman lit the lamp, and St. Bernard his Verses did she read out to him, when, as she had reached the third verse, his soul had departed! God be gracious unto him! Now, the little serving maid, when she saw that he was a dying, ran swiftly to my chamber and waked me up. I ran down stairs, but there he lay dead. It grieved me sorely that I had not been worthy to be with him at his end. This happened at midnight on the eve of St. Matthias 1502. Then I took my brother Hans to live with us, but we let Andreas go. Later, and two years after my father's death, I took my mother home, for means of subsistence she had none. And there she abode with me till the year 1513, when early on the morning of one Tuesday she fell suddenly and mortally sick. And so she lay. And from that Tuesday when she was taken ill to the other Tuesday, May 17, 1514, when she died, was a year and one day. Then receiving the blessed sacraments, she died like a Christian, two hours before midnight, by whom, at her departing, I also prayed. May God have mercy upon her.'

'Tall, fair Barbara Hallerin' has grown a wrinkled, bedridden old woman; she has outlived the husband whose manifold adversities she shared; she has covered the heads of fifteen children with the Nüremberg sods, and it is time she should go to join them all, though Andreas and Hans are gone out into the world, and Albert will be left alone with his wife. Alas! poor Dürer! He, who this year showed us how Faith rides as a good Knight, bravely between Death and the Devil, is to show us what he thinks of Knowledge, now that Love has just been carried out of his house, feet foremost, to a now nameless grave. Here is the 'Melancholia' set down on his path, as a stone to mark the year 1514. There we may see how that student soul sits in listless sadness. He shows us how she, who was ever learning, never coming to the truth, has at last turned herself from the light, and, with averted face, droops heavily on her hand; round her lie the emblems of her art — instructive, constructive, recreative. Here, at her feet, lies the gold which it commands; but her brow is contracted, and she

will brood on. This print was, we find, a frequent present from Dürer to his friends. A strange gift, and a stranger witness to the struggle he is going through in these years, when fresh knowledge lit up the world, bringing, like the comet he has drawn sweeping across the sky, distress of nations, with perplexity. Patience, good artist! let these dark hours pass; you will live to paint better pictures out of a better mind. This composition has been the subject of infinite criticisms, and of those of Mr. Ruskin among the rest, who admits that it is too deep for him; but it would seem that a step towards the interpretation of it is made by the fact that the date of it is that of his mother's death.

Dürer, though he cried out of the depths, did not long sit with his own 'Melancholia' on the ground; and the years which followed were those in which his genius began to take a wider and bolder sweep. His progress in his native country had hitherto been slow. In 1511 he had finished a large picture for the Elector Frederic of Saxony (that which now adorns the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna); and in the following year he painted an Ascension of the Virgin, for J. Heller, of Frankfort: but Dürer did not always find this branch of art remunerative; and in 1509 he says, in a letter to the same J. Heller, 'I paint, and paint with all diligence, but nothing 'comes of it. I mean, therefore, to fall back upon my en-'graving: had I done so sooner, I should have been richer by 'some 1000 florins at this day.' His earliest wood-engravings were published at Nüremberg in 1498. They consist of sixteen cuts of folio size representing subjects from the Apocalypse of St. John; and, although these works are coarser than his later productions, they unquestionably mark an important era in the history of wood-engraving. The two series of woodcuts, known as the Greater and Lesser Passion of Our Lord, he published in 1510–11:—the one contains thirteen pieces; the other, thirty-seven—of which the blocks are now in the British Museum. Some of these have all the faults of his manner: broken lines, ungainly attitudes, positive ugliness of feature, and overcrowding of the space; while one of them, the 'Touch 'me not, Mary!' is a most beautiful composition—touching from its simplicity, and from the Easter freshness of the solitude, in which Mary sought and found her Lord, newly risen from his garden grave. The Life of the Virgin (1511) was a favourite series with the artist himself. It abounds with curious illustrations of homely life in the burgher houses of that time, and is full of domestic details: and while the most German and national of his works, as regards its spirit, the curious in wood-

engraving have given it a high place, on account of its execution. Several of Dürer's Madonnas belong to this date, as also three representations of St. Jerome, all well known to collectors.

The year 1512 was an eventful one in Albert's social life, for he received from his admirer, the Emperor Maximilian, letters of nobility, and the promise of a pension: the latter was not, however, to be fulfilled till 1520, when Charles V., shortly after his coronation, confirmed the grant, and enjoined the magistrates of Nüremberg to pay annually to Dürer the sum of 100 florins. 'Truly,' comments the recipient of royal bounty, 'it was not 'till after much labour and trouble that this was secured.'

A new source of interest opened for Dürer in the autumn of 1514, in a correspondence between himself and Raphael. It is said that one of his drawings served as a guide to the painter of Urbino, in the well-known picture of 'Lo Spasimo:' it is certain that it had already been Raphael's judgment on the works of the German, 'truly this one would surpass us all had 'he, as we have, the masterpieces of art always under his eyes!' and the exchange of courtesies thus begun ended in Raphael's receiving the portrait of Dürer, painted by himself in water colours: a memorial which, on the early death of the former, came into the possession of Giulio Romano. The genial and mutual appreciation of these two artists is pleasant to contemplate, and in Albert's mind the interest did not wear out. Thus he writes in his diary:—

'*Item.* — Raphael of Urbino, his effects, have been all scattered since his death, but one of his disciples, by name Thomas Polonius' (he means Tommaso Vincidore of Bologna), 'a good painter, is here, and has desired to make himself known to me. To this Thomas Polonius I have entrusted a whole impression of my works, which he is to take to Rome, or send by another painter, so as to get things of Raphael of Urbino for me in exchange. This was on the Monday after St. Michael's Day. *Item.*—Polonius has finished a likeness of me, which he is going to take with him to Rome.'

A sketch of this same Thomas Polonius, out of Dürer's sketch-book in the Netherlands, is now preserved in the Print Room at Berlin.

In 1515 Dürer finished for his Imperial patron those mythological drawings which are known as the 'Prayer Book of the 'Emperor Maximilian.' The work consisted of forty-three borders, curiously and minutely drawn by hand: and no where has Dürer left such abundant traces of his imagination. A rich and tender fancy peeps through the quaint symbolism of his subjects: while to furnish these, both Scripture and mythology have been ransacked: and all are set off by the firm and delicate touch which

distinguished every piece that came from his burin. In 1518 he visited Augsburg, where the diet of the Empire was being held, and he obtained the patronage and friendship of several of the men of note assembled by that circumstance in the city. Among these were Albert of Brandenburg, Cardinal Archbishop of Mentz, Ulrich von Hütten, Fugger the merchant, and others. The emperor Maximilian, who had long been his most constant and powerful patron, again sat to him, and our artist began shortly after to prepare the designs for the well-known Triumph of Maximilian. Unluckily for Dürer that imperial friend died in the following year, and it became necessary for him to seek new patrons, and fresh employment in another country. We quote his own words, from the opening of the Diary of his Travels in the Netherlands, 1520-21: —

'It was on the Thursday after St. Chilian's Day that I, Albert Dürer, at my own costs and expense, did leave Nüremberg, in the company of my wife ; and as we passed through Erlangen the same day that we started, so we lay that night at Baiersdorff. We came on the second day to Forchheim. From thence I journeyed to Bamberg, where I made a present to the bishop of a painting of Our Ladye, from the Life of the Virgin, one from the Apocalypse, and an engraving worth one gülden. He invited me to be his guest, gave me a pass to clear the tolls, and two letters of introduction. He likewise delivered me of my charges at the hotel, where I had spent one gulden.'

Dürer goes by water to Schweinfürt and Frankfort. The following extract may give an idea of the expenses of travelling in those days:—

'Spent 6 silver pence and some farthings ; to the boy, 2 silver pence.
For a night's lodging, 6 pence
I have made a bargain to be taken from Frankfort to Mainz for the sum of 1 florin 2 silver pence ; to the boy, 6 Frankfort farthings.
For a night's expenses, 8 silver pence.
For lading and unlading, 1 silver penny.
For meat to put into the ship, 10 farthings.
For eggs and pears, 9 farthings.'

He makes a short stay at Mainz, (then the focus of bitter religious controversy,) and goes by Boppart on the Rhine to Cologne, where he visited his cousin, Nicholas Unger, or Dürer, and where, he tells us, that he was treated to a collation at the Convent of the Barefooted Friars. He passes into the diocese of Liege, crosses the Meuse, enters Antwerp, his destination, and there takes up his abode in the inn of one Job Planckfelt.

His time now sped merrily enough: one of the few entries in his Diary, with which we are familiar, is the account of the

banquet given him by the Painters' Guild; at which he tells us, 'they sat long and joyously together, till it was already late 'into the night: then we arose: and they accompanied us with 'torches and all honours home: praying me to have them all in 'friendship and fellowship.' Unlike his father, Albert's disposition was eminently social: always sensitive to the amount of approbation he received, we have seen how grateful to him, in Venice, had been the esteem in which his character and his works were held: now, as then, the artist appears to have been sought out and understood, both by the Flemish burghers and painters, and by those foreigners, whom the interests and occupations of commerce assembled in Antwerp: the consuls of Genoa and Portugal showed him constant kindness, at once appreciating his talents and seeking him for his society. 'His 'conversation,' says one of his contemporaries, 'was charming: 'and he loved joy and diversions, albeit ever in a way that was 'not opposed to good manners.' These banquets and meetings, when Felix Hüngersberg played on his lute, and Signor Ruderigo reasoned of Vasco di Gama, and of the Brazils, must have reminded Dürer of the bright days of 1506: though a ramble with Vincenzio the Genoese, by the lazy margin of the Scheldt, or a row on the ferry, among the patient steers and the blue-eyed Flemish children, were, at best, but poor substitutes for a discussion on art, with Gian Bellini, in that other, and better, city by the Sea. We read in his Journal, 'So often 'have I dined with Signor Ruderigo: . . . .' or, 'so often 'did Thomasino bid me to his house to dinner; . . . .' And on these occasions, we fear, that Frau Agnes had reason to complain of a want of domesticity in his habits, for 'my wife ate 'by herself at the inn, and changed a florin for her expenses.' Albert also left her in Antwerp, when, on one occasion, he was advised to push his way to Brussels, and to present himself at the Court of the Governess of the Netherlands. He approached Margaret by a present of some of his beautiful etchings, and was at last admitted to an audience, in which she acquitted herself, he says, as one, 'graciously and virtuously disposed towards 'him.' She promised to be his patron, and from his sketch-book it appears that not only did she sit to him, but that he executed likenesses of several of her ladies and ministers of state, and presented them to her along with a couple of drawings done on parchment, 'with great pains and diligence:' and with a complete impression of his works (in all worth thirty florins). Unluckily for her royal reputation, there is an entry in the Diary to the effect, that for all the things he did for the Lady Margaret, he had received nothing. Thus the

traveller, who in the Print Room at Berlin, should happen to admire the impression of her august features from the hand of Albert Dürer, will remember with annoyance that the poor draughtsman never was paid for his work. More pleasing will it be there to inspect the portraits of his Portuguese friends: or that of Jacob Bonysius, the head of a great mercantile firm in Brussels, from whom Dürer received no little kindness. 'Dined with Herr Bonysius,' he says; and a little later, he records of Bernhard von Orley, the court painter of the day:

'Meister Bernhard invited me in the name of the painters, and had arranged for me so costly a meal, that I do not think that ten florins will cover the expenses of it: there were invited to meet me the Lady Margaret, her treasurer (whose portrait I have taken), the master of her household, by name Meteni; the royal treasurer, by name Pufladès (to whom I gave a set of the "Passion" in copper); also Erasmus, of Rotterdam: to him I gave a copy of the "Passion," engraved on copper.'

One would willingly have sat at meat that day, in Bernhard von Orley's house. Probably in the presence of Margaret's minister, Dürer and Erasmus would refrain from touching on the spread of the new opinions, or from commenting on the progress of that Lutheran heresy, which was watched both by the artist and by the theologian, with keenest interest: but the fresh discoveries on the new Continents, and their wonderful products, might, perhaps, form the staple of their conversation; for Dürer, who through the Portuguese consuls was already familiar with many curiosities brought from the settlements in Southern India, had just seen, in Brussels, some of the spoils of the Mexican cities:

'Rare things, brought unto the king from the land of gold: a golden sun, six feet in width: in like manner the moon, all in silver, and of the same size; also two rooms full of arms, and of all kinds of weapons belonging to these people: trappings for their horses, bows and arrows, all very wonderful; with the strangest clothes, quilts for beds, and other curious things; they are all so valuable that they are priced as worth many many 1000 gulden. I do not know that I, in all the days of my life, have ever joyed in any sight so much as in this: and as I gazed on these marvellous things, and wondered at the subtile intellects of men in a strange land, I cannot express all the thoughts that I had there.'

Here speaks the true artist. The man who painted so unflinchingly life as he saw it, who never tired of elaborating its simplest truths, or was ashamed of its homeliest details, was yet able to rise to the contemplation of the unapproachable splendours of Apocalyptic vision, and to transfer, by gift of imagin-

ation, his sympathy to the minds of men whose faces and tongues were to him unknown: his heart is moved within him, while thinking of the craftsmen in lands that are very far away. Keen in his sorrow, he was not less keen in his joy; kind, simple and unprejudiced, Albert's was a sound and a wholesome mind: like his master Wohlgemuth, his artistic career was to the last one of improvement, because his mental life was progressive: ever open to fresh truths and to new impressions, he was one of the few who love the truth, without seeking to palliate it by any 'admixture of the lie,' who speak as they 'trow,' paint as they see: pray for what they need, and receive the things that they ask, even the peace that surpasses *thought*. His genius, like the Allegro of our poet, delighted alternately in the uplands and 'the fallows grey,' and in 'towered cities;' and the 'busy 'hum of men' was as congenial to it, as the sylvan recesses of the Franconian valleys, and the rocky scenes to which his St. Eustatius and his St. Jerome introduce us. But beyond social and intellectual pleasures, Dürer reaped little profit from his stay in Brussels: and he returned to his humble life and to the details of his meagre housekeeping in Antwerp, more convinced than ever of the disheartening results of a trust in princes. He reckons with his wife on his return, and finds as follows: —

'My wife has paid away on her living, needments, and other expenses: four florins Rhenish.'

Frau Agnes does not seem to have been guilty of any great extravagance here: and one would have thought the items were hardly worth recording: but Dürer's note-book served also for his account-book: and we have the result of all the experiences of his mind and of his purse, so that it is not uncommon to find the notice of a pamphlet, of a visit to court, or of a picture, side by side with the price of onions, chalk, and firewood. He kept also a register of all the dinners he gave and received: as for example:—

'Dined eight times with the Portuguese gentlemen; once with the comptroller of the Exchequer; with Thomasino ten times. Then gave four stivers as a fee to his servant; with Lazarus Rasenspürger once; with W. von Rogensdorff once; with Bernard Stecher once; with Hanolt Meyting once; with Gaspar Leventer once; dined in the house alone at my own charges, nine times. Did a likeness of Felix Hungersberg, in his book, kneeling. Paid upon St. Catherine's Eve to Job Planckfelt, mine host, ten gold crowns, towards paying my reckoning. Dined twice with the Portuguese; gave nineteen stivers for parchment.'

Perhaps this last item of expenditure becomes more interesting when we remember that many of Durer's best studies were done

with the pen on vellum: and that there are three drawings now in the British Museum, marked with the date 1520: and which may, for all we know, have been traced by the simple-hearted master, upon this identical nineteen stivers' worth of 'pergament.'

From time to time we read of his sales: —'Item: I have 'already sold 3 thick books for an ounce of gold. Cleared 29 'stivers by selling things of art." But he clearly gave away more than he could hope to sell: and though he received in his turn presents, as when he records that Erasmus, of Rotterdam, had given him a Spanish mantle, and that the Portuguese consuls had sent to his inn wines, both French and Portuguese, he was not slow in returning good offices: for instance: —

'I have packed up, and sent from Antwerp, by the hands of Herr Gilgen, a present to the sculptor named Meister Konrad, who lives at the Court of Kaiser Max's daughter, the Lady Margaret. His equal in the art I have never seen. I have given him my St. Jerome, an Anthony, a Veronica, a Melancholy, and two new Marys. To Meister Gilgen himself, a St. Eustatius and a Nemesis. I gave to the Portuguese factor a carved statuette of a child; moreover, I have given him an Adam and Eve, a St. Jerome, a Hercules, etc. . . . then the Life of the Virgin, the Apocalypse, the Great Passion; after these the Passion in copper, in all worth five florins. I gave exactly the same to Signor Ruderigo.'

The prices given for works of art are remarkable — sometimes when he does a portrait, he gets nothing from the sitter but the chalks with which it was executed: sometimes an invitation to dinner is considered an equivalent: sometimes twelve stivers are paid for a set of the Lesser Passion; sometimes a paroquet, some preserved sugar, 'a great piece of fish scale, two 'pieces of white coral, a pocket of brown satin, or a box full of 'good electuary,' are received as compensation for one of those sketches, which any collector now would gladly cover with gülden could he obtain it for that sum. They are now very rare — and it has not always been possible to trace their fate.

About fifty years ago, in the archives of the now extinct patrician family of the Pfinzings, a sketch-book of Albert Dürer's was discovered at Nüremberg, containing the portraits of nearly all the persons he had found at Augsbürg in 1518, and those he took in the Netherlands — in all about seventy original sketches. M. de Derschau, a captain in the Prussian army, then residing in Nüremberg, became the proprietor of this book, which he added to a large and valuable collection, the result of a long life's labour. But these drawings were not all in the state in which Dürer left them: many of

them were separated from each other, some had to be traced as far as Leipzig, while the greater part had been, by a person apparently suffering from a lack of better employment, carefully cut out by their outlines, and pasted down upon fresh sheets — such as they were, M. de Derschau sold about half of them to M. de Nagler, postmaster-general of Prussia. Upon the death of this gentleman, they were purchased, along with the rest of his collection, by the Prussian Government; and since 1829 have therefore reposed in the print rooms of Berlin—Portraits of Margaret of the Netherlands, of 'Thomas Polonius,' and of the Portuguese Consuls are among the number. Nearly the other half of the Dürer drawings in M. de Derschau's possession he sold, at a later period, to the Mr. J. Heller of Bamberg whose labours we have already noticed: among them were thirty-one of the portraits mentioned in the diary. All that did not pass into Heller's hands were put up to public auction in 1825; and their fate has not been ascertained since that date. Wilibald Pirkheimer was the owner of a quantity of the productions of his friend's pencil, which he valued as much for their own as for the artist's sake. He had no son, and Felicita, his daughter, transferred herself, her father's wealth, and his collection to the family of the Imhoffs, by whom the latter was treasured during many generations, until, like too many treasures in Nüremberg, it was broken up, and a portion of it became the property of Lord Arundel. The collections of the late Duke Albert of Sachsen Teschen, and that of J. Heller, as bequeathed by him to the town of Bamberg, afford perhaps, on the whole, the best examples of Dürer's varied studies, and of the peculiar and thoughtful treatment of his subjects. Nothing escaped his observation. Illuminations, copies from Paris Bordone, studies from the nude, skulls, armour and madonnas, are mixed up with coats of arms, horoscopes, plans of fortifications, architectural designs, nameless faces of men and women, costumes, trees, wings of birds, sprays of forget-me-not, and bunches of violets, as blue and bright as if fresh picked in some Franconian field. Of his diligence we may form some idea, from the fact that shortly before his death his own list enumerated no less than 1254 pieces: in which he did not probably include those impressions which were from time to time taken from his engraved blocks.

In its mechanical turn, the genius of Dürer had something in common with that of Leonardo da Vinci: both applied their attention to engineering; and as Nüremberg owed part of her fortifications to Albert, so did Urbino to Leonardo, who designed the fortress of that place in 1502. Leonardo was born twenty

years before the painter, who in the study of anatomy and proportion trod so closely on his heels. Unlike Dürer, he had not been born in lawful wedlock; yet, compared with Dürer, the course of his life had run smoothly, and his gifts had been fostered under a kinder sky. We never read of Dürer that he charmed the leisure of princes by the music of his voice; and the smile that dimples round the lips of Mona Lisa was a thing undreamt of in the abiding sadness of the German's mind. But the twenty years that separated the Florentine from the Teuton were as the great gulf fixed. Leonardo lived in the heyday of that pleasant indifference which distinguished the revival of letters under the Medici and the Medicean Pope; Dürer's manhood was absorbed in the sterner inquiry 'what is truth?' That this had been so in Nüremberg, we have already shown, and in Antwerp his zeal was not likely to wax colder.

During his stay in the Netherlands he had enjoyed the society of Erasmus, who seems to have impressed Dürer with an idea of sincerity in the cause which the painter had so much at heart, and in which the astute philosopher managed so to trim as not to lose himself with either party. The monks had said of Luther that his pestilent seed had been gathered in Erasmus' garden—'You are our pride, upon whom we hope,' wrote Luther to the author of the Notes on the New Testament, to whom as early as 1513 the Bohemian brethren had made many advances: but no sooner did the storm break than Erasmus betook himself to Basle—and the storm had broken in the spring of this eventful year, 1520. The Papal bull was launched on the 15th of June; by autumn it became apparent that the gauntlet thus flung down would soon be taken up by Luther, and the Church party in the Netherlands could only hope to achieve the ruin of his cause, by means of the new Emperor.

Charles V. was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, October 23rd. 'I 'was there,' says Dürer, 'and saw all the splendours, the like of 'them no man alive at this day has ever beheld. How then is it 'to be described.' But the plague was raging in Aix-la-Chapelle; the departure of Charles, of his court, and of the whole army of sightseers was hastened by this unexpected disaster, and they fell back upon Cologne, where a series of banquets awaited the Emperor, and where the Papal Nuncios were then residing. The meeting of Charles and Alexander boded little good to the cause of Church Reform. Luther's books were now contraband. At the request of Hochstraten, the Universities of Cologne and Louvain had condemned them; in Ingolstadt they had been removed from the booksellers' stalls; while in Mainz, the Dominicans had instigated the archbishop to imprison the

printers. Yet here in Cologne Dürer managed to procure them: 'Bought a treatise of Luther's for three silver pennies; 'I gave also one, to buy the "Condemnazion Lutheri," that pious 'man!' Deep as was Albert's interest in the subject, bitter, as we shall soon hear, as were his invectives against priestcraft and superstition, he was as yet no dissenter from the received practices of the Church. In the same page of the diary, with this notice of Luther's tracts, we read how he bought and gave away rosaries, and how he paid certain sums to his confessor. We know that he continued to paint Madonnas with all the attributes assigned to them by tradition, and no master of the German school has left more, or more beautiful, representations of this attractive subject. All through the notes of this year, we read of his 'two new Marys.' Two years earlier he had brought out the beautiful etching, which represents the mother of Our Lord sitting in the fields, while angels, leaning across her, are about to crown her with a wreath. She comes to us from his pencil under many forms: now as the pensive Mother giving suck to the Divine Infant; now as Our Lady of Wisdom reading in the volume of Holy Writ; now sitting enclosed by palisades, she is the 'Hortus Conclusus,' the garden of the Lord; sometimes lilies spring at her feet, herself the symbolised lily of the valleys; sometimes borne in clouds, and holding the Child Jesus, cherubs surround her to adore the august 'Queen of Heaven;' sometimes with clasped hands she kneels, 'Ancilla Domini,' to receive the salutation of Gabriel; or we behold her the veriest Lady of Sorrow, the seven swords deep in her breast.

Such pictures continued to the last to mingle in the artist's thoughts, with his domestic cares, with the pageantry of living history, and the more awful realities of the struggle in which he was essentially, if not conspicuously, engaged. Had any part of his correspondence with Pirkheimer, bearing on this subject, been preserved, it would have been of no small value to us. His friend certainly entered into his views, and they both shared the ardent sympathy of Melanchthon; but none of their letters are extant: and for information we must depend solely on the diary, where we learn, that when the festivities at Cologne drew to a close, Dürer returned to Flanders by the Rhine and Waal, visiting Nimeguen and other towns, and reaching Antwerp a few days before the festival of St. Martin.

There closed for the painter the eventful year 1520, the first in which Europe became aware of those subterranean forces that were at work within her, and about to shake her solid foundations. The sun of that year had shone for a week in May on the tilting at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Nearly

every great country had a new head; new politics were disclosing themselves; knowledge was abroad on the earth; new paths had been opened for commerce; the old Mexican dynasty had gone down before the arms of Cortez; and the monk who had troubled the convictions of Germany, now threatened the Chair of St. Peter—while, in England, a woman's beauty was slowly working the ruin of a queen, with whose fate the cause of Catholicism was closely, almost tenderly, united.

Early in February, 1521, we find Dürer starting for Zealand. We give the narrative of his adventures in his own words:—

'On St. Barbara's Eve I rode out of Antwerp to Bergen op Zoom; giving for the hire of the horse 12 stivers; paying for our victuals 1 florin, 6 stivers. At Bergen op Zoom I bought a piece of fine Flemish cloth for my wife: cost me 1 florin, 7 stivers; also three pair of shoes, 6 stivers; eye-glasses, 1 stiver; an ivory clasp, 6 stivers; fees to servants, 2 stivers. I did likenesses of Jan de Haas, of his wife and two daughters, all in chalks; they are in my little book. I made pencil sketches of their servant, and of an old woman. I see that in Bergen the houses are very fine, high and well built; it is a pleasant place in summer, and hath annually two great fairs. On the eve of Lady Day I went with the students to Zealand, Sebastian Imhoff lending 5 florins for the journey. The first night we anchored at sea: it was very cold, and we had nothing to eat or drink; on the Saturday we landed at Grës: there I made a girl sit to me for her attitude. From this we went to Erma: before sunset we proceeded a little way, and made for the isle of Walcheren; as we went we could see the points of roofs and houses just above the water. We reached a little town, in another and adjacent island: there be seven isles, and Ernig, where we spent that night, is the largest. We went the next day to Middleburg; in the abbey of that place Jan Mabuse has painted his great picture: not so fine, it seems to me, in the drawing of the heads as in the colouring. To return to Middleburg: it is a fine city, with a superb townhouse, and a beautiful spire: there are many more rare things of art in the place; mighty fine are the seats in the abbey, with its stone porch; there is also a good parish church, and much more besides in the town, which would do bravely for a sketch. Zealand itself is quaint and wonderful to behold, by reason of the waterline, which is everywhere higher than the ground one. Did a portrait of mine host at Ernii.

'On the Monday morning early we again took ship. Arrived again at Bergen. Paid 2 florins for travelling and living expenses: gave 2 florins for a great overcoat: 4 stivers for a fig-cheese, and lost 6 at play. Gave 10 for a comb.

'Did a portrait of Schnabhannen; likewise one of Claus, mine host's son-in-law. Item: I have done likenesses of little Bernhard, of Bresslen, of G. Kötzler, and of the Frenchman: they have each and all, here in Bergen, paid me 1 florin. Jan de Haas' son-in-law gave me a crown, the chalks, and 1 florin, for having had his portrait done.

Bought two drawings, paying 2 florins all but 10 stivers for the pair. Painted Nicholas Soiler. Dined nine times at Bergen since my return from Zealand, and spent 4 stivers. Gave the steersman 3 stivers, spent 8 more; and on the Friday after Saint Lucia's Day, I came again to Antwerp, and to lodge with Job Planckfelt.'

Though valuable in an artistic point of view, this journey seems to have been as unremunerative as its predecessors. It was destined, however, to leave lasting traces on Dürer: then were laid the seeds of that Walcheren fever which was slowly but surely to sap his strength. After his return to Antwerp we read of bills paid to the apothecary and the barber, which must have had the same antiphlogistic effect on his purse that the barber's lancet may be supposed to have had on his pulse.

In April a great blow fell on Dürer: we give his own account of it:—

'*Item.* — On the Friday before Whitsunday in 1521, the news reached Antwerp that Martin Luther had been traitorously imprisoned.

'Thus have they led away captive this pious man, enlightened of the Holy Ghost, one who was the follower of the true faith as it is in Christ. Whether he still lives, or whether he is already slain by them, I know not. But this has he suffered for the sake of the Christian truth, and because he chastised that unchristian Papacy, which resists the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free, adding great burdens of men's laws. That which is ours by our sweat and our blood, it steals and draws from us, spending the same shamefully on a lazy and worthless crew, while the thirsting and the sick among mankind perish for hunger. What is most grievous to me is, that God may perhaps leave us to this blind and false doctrine, which has been by those they call "Fathers" invented and reared up; whereby that which is of greatest account to us is falsely dealt with, or not held in sincerity.

'Ah! God in heaven, have mercy upon us. Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, pray for Thy people; deliver us in due time; preserve us in the Christian verity. Gather Thy widely-scattered sheep by Thy voice, in Scripture called Thy Blessed Word. Help us to know this Thy voice, and not to follow any sound (piping) of human error. That we, Oh Lord Jesus Christ, may not depart from Thee, call in the sheep of Thy pasture, of which a portion is yet to be found in the Romish Church; and gather the Indians and Muscovites, the Russian and the Greek churches together, which, by the greed and devices of the Pope, and by a hypocritical zeal, have been sundered.

'Ah! God, redeem Thy poor people, who through great pain and pressure are driven to that which none do willingly, and which every man sins against his conscience in embracing. Never, Oh God, didst Thou afflict any people as we Thy miserable ones are sorely burdened because of the Roman See, while we desire to be free Christians, daily redeemed by Thy blood. Oh! Highest, Heavenly Father, shed

into our hearts, by Thy Son' (I.H.S.), 'such light that we may perceive to what commandments we are bound, and may with a good conscience let the other burdens slip. Then to serve Thee, our Eternal Father in Heaven, with free and joyful hearts. And so for *this man*, who has more clearly written than any since 140 years, and upon whom Thou hast bestowed so evangelical a spirit, we pray that Thou wouldst give again Thy Holy Spirit to some one, that Thy Holy Christian Church everywhere may be gathered together; that we may live for Christ, and by Thee alone; that our good works may draw to us all infidels, Turks, heathens, and Indians, and that they may embrace the Christian faith. But, Lord, if it be Thy will to judge us, that, like as Thy Son Jesus Christ died at the hands of the priests, and rose again from the dead, so that in like manner this Thy disciple Martin Luther (whom the Pope by money has treacherously betrayed) should lose his life, and that as Jerusalem, after my Lord was hanged on a tree, was destroyed, so do Thou annihilate this self-arrogated power of the Roman See. Ah! Lord, give us then that new adorned Jerusalem that descendeth from Heaven, as it is written in the Apocalypse, Thy Holy Gospel undarkened by any teaching of man.

'Ah! God, if Luther be dead, indeed, what might not he have written for us in the next ten or twenty years. Oh! all ye pious Christian souls, help us to weep, and bitterly to lament this man endued with the Spirit of God, and to pray to Him to send us another light to lighten us. O Erasmus of Rotterdam! where dost *thou* tarry? See what unjust tyranny prevails to do, and what is the might in the world of this power of darkness.

'Hear, thou knight of Christ! ride forward beside thy Lord Christ, protect the truth, desire even the martyr's crown; for thou art already an old man. I have heard this of thee, that thou hast given thyself yet two years to do and to be *something*. Lay these two out then for the good of the evangel, and of the true Christian faith; make thy voice to be heard, so that the gates of hell (the Roman See) may not (as saith the Lord) prevail against thee. And if then, being in this made like unto thy only Master, thou shouldst suffer shame from the false witnesses of these days, and shouldst die for this one little day the sooner. thou shalt but pass in this way more quickly from death unto life, and be clarified through Christ; so thou having drank out of the cup of which He drank, mayest reign with Him, and judge with equity those that have not done well.

'O Erasmus! quit thyself, so as thou mayest have praise of God, as it was once said of David — that thou mayest dare and do, and, it may be, prevail to slay this Goliath — for God stands by His holy Christian Church, as he stands in the midst of the Roman church. Now, according to His will, may He bring us into eternal bliss, who is God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, one everlasting God. Amen. Oh! all Christian souls, pray ye to God for help, that His sentence may come forth and His justice be revealed. Then shall we see the innocent blood avenged of those that Pope, priests, and monks have condemned. These are "the slain lying be-

neath the altar," and crying for vengeance; and the voice of God replies, "count up the fulness of the number of the innocents that are slain, and then will I judge." '

We do not think that we need apologise to our readers for the length of the preceding extract. It is a noble passage; and in no other place has Dürer permitted himself such passionate expression of his thoughts. Did his Diary contain much like this, it would no doubt be better and more generally known; as it is, the public are often deterred by the quaint meagreness of the style, and by the troublesome uncouthness of the spelling, which is often phonetic, and sometimes has not even this quality to guide us. Artists perusing it may be disappointed to find its pages destitute of criticism; polemics, to find no dissertations on the points at issue between the priests and the reformers; historians may regret, in reading Dürer's notices of contemporary history, that he has said so little when he might have told us so much: those only who hold that the study of mankind is man, will find true pleasure in these glimpses into the past, in this the day-book of the artist whose business was to depict the men of his time with the pencil rather than with the pen; whose life was too active to allow him to amplify in his account of facts; often too sad to tempt him to dwell upon feelings.

That life is now on the decline. It had been the prayer of Erasmus that his friend might, by reason of his merits, be exempt from the common lot, and 'escape,' said the scholar, 'from the rigour of the Parcæ'— but the Fates press him hard: the 'strange sickness, the like of which I never heard of any 'other man being afflicted with,' drags on; and so do the months of the year 1521. With the exception of the brief patronage of the king of Denmark, at whose table he sat, along with the emperor, and the whole imperial court, no event of any importance occurred during the remainder of his stay in the Netherlands; and with his pecuniary affairs much embarrassed, he finally leaves Antwerp. Of all this the Diary continues to afford us a minute account, until he arrives at Cologne, when it abruptly ends. Dürer's object in his tour had been to make money, both as an artist and as a dealer in works of art: in that object he had failed. 'I have lost upon all my sales, works, 'bargains, and savings in the Netherlands: in great things as 'well as in little,' is the complaint that he gave vent to when he came finally to settle with Job Planckfelt, the landlord of the inn, where he and his wife had so long lodged, in Antwerp, and whose importunities for payment the artist often answered, as is the wont of genius in distress, by painting a sign, or taking,

for the second time, a portrait of his wife. That Albert's work was always, to our ideas, underpaid, often not paid at all, is true: but we must remember that he was at this time in receipt of an annual pension from the emperor; and truth compels us to own, that bad management, rather than poverty, was the cause of his pecuniary embarrassments. A constant outlay on curiosities may be remarked in his accounts: and he had at different times, particularly when in Italy, *lent* large sums: it would appear that generous by nature, and unsuspicious in his transactions, he was seldom so fortunate as to recover the money he was so ready to lend. Yet Fioravanti's statement that he died in want, and was buried at the public expense, is wholly without foundation, and is as much a fable as the tale, once common, that during his absence in Venice in 1506, his wife was reduced to begging her bread, and that he found her doing so at the city gates, on his return; on the contrary, Dürer died worth 6000 florins, and possessed of a large collection of valuables, by the sale of which, Agnes Durer, while she disobliged her husband's friends in general, and his executors in particular, must have added largely to her widowed means. Her own fortune had been sunk immediately after their marriage, in the purchase of the house in the Zisselgasse (now A. Dürer's Strasse), which is shown as having been the scene of the artist's married life: and not far from which now stands Rauch's statue, to the greatest of the painters of Germany. When Dürer returned to this abode and to Nüremberg, it was to sink, as far as regarded royal and foreign notice, into comparative neglect. Other towns had offered to confer their freedom upon him, and even more lucrative honours had been pressed upon his acceptance: but proudly pathetic is his appeal to his native city: he assures her that he claims and values the privilege of sonship, and that he desires to hold the good things of this life as her gift, and hers only. Her spiritual interests lay close to his heart. His opinions, as well as those of Pirkheimer and Tscherte, were well known; as heretical, they made the friends liable at any time to odium and inconvenience, if not to actual persecution: yet, nothing daunted, the painter again set up his easel, and finished in 1526 the noblest of his works—the two panels representing St. Peter with St. John, St. Mark and St. Paul. This picture he bequeathed to Nüremberg; and it originally had an inscription affixed to it, containing a warning to all Christian kings, rulers, and princes, not to add to or take away from the blessed word of God; nor yet to mistake for His decrees words of man's wisdom. This triumphant effort of his genius shows it to us in all its strength. In this

his last masterpiece one can perceive the effects of his studies in the Low Countries, and the influence of Flemish masters on his style; for he has laid aside many of the peculiarities of his old method: his handling is bolder, his colouring deep and rich: the draperies fall in simple and majestic lines; and the accessories are kept more subordinate, than was his wont, to the expression of the picture. Display of acquired knowledge, revellings of fancy in wild luxuriance, or colder symbolism, are no longer to be traced. Neither the attitudes nor the effects here are forced: he painted as he desired to teach, and to grasp truth as his own St. Paul grasps the naked and two-edged sword. So, in after-days, he desired, being dead, still to speak to the Franconians.

The portraits of Dürer of this period represent a man broken in body and in spirit: we miss the falling hair, and the gentle expression in features which pain had sharpened. 'His wife, 'too, gnawed into his heart,' says Pirkheimer, referring to these years. Yet the intellectual force was unabated: and 'had 'God,' continues his friend, 'granted him a little longer life, 'he would still have brought many rare things to light, and 'given much wonderful art to the world.' He did produce in the last year of his existence two religious pieces—one a head of the Saviour; another a Christ bearing His cross, shaded with grey on grey paper: and this mournful subject is about the latest that ever occupied his pencil. To the last he occupied himself in correcting and improving the new edition of his book on 'Proportion,' leaving it, however, so unfinished, that it was not ready for publication in Nüremberg, till 1532. Contrary to the advice of Erasmus, it had been written in the vulgar tongue; and the oldest Latin editions of it are from the translation of J. Camerarius, Paris, 1557; and Venice, 1591.

In the spring of 1528 Dürer's fever again attacked him, and on the 6th of April he died. Travellers are familiar with his tomb in the burying-ground of St. John's, without the walls of his native city. Here then let us bid farewell to the diligence of the artist, and the labours of the man, who was to others so patient, to himself so severe; who had the hands of a craftsman, and the soul of a king; for, from the household jars and the narrow streets he has passed to the 'many mansions:' from Nüremberg's stately castle, and from her blue horizon of Franconian hills, he has emigrated to the 'beautiful mountains,' and the vexed spirit of the painter has found the implored rest.

ART. III.—1. *Recherches sur l'Emplacement de Carthage.* Par C. T. FALBE, Capitaine de Vaisseau et Consul-Général de Danemarck. Paris: 1833.

2. *Recherches sur la Topographie de Carthage.* Par M. DUREAU DE LA MALLE, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1835.

3. *Fouilles à Carthage.* Aux frais et sous la direction de M. BEULÉ, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: 1861.

4. *Carthage and her Remains; being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa and other adjacent places.* Conducted under the auspices of Her Majesty's Government. By Dr. N. DAVIS, F.R.G.S., &c. London: 1861.

5. *On recent Excavations and Discoveries on the Site of ancient Carthage.* Communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, by AUGUSTUS W. FRANKS, Esq., M.A., Director.

WE are told that the Emperor Claudius, whose great ambition it was to obtain a reputation as a writer of history, composed a work on Carthage in eight books; and to give it every chance of surviving to later ages, he built a new lecture-hall adjoining the Museum at Alexandria, and provided an endowment for having it publicly read every year. Unfortunately for the gratification of the author's wish, he fell upon times in which the world was moving too fast to allow attention to be wasted upon a work composed in the spirit of an antiquary; and in spite of the illustrious position of the writer, there is every reason to suppose that the 'Claudian Readers of Punic 'History' soon found themselves in possession of a sinecure. To the best of our belief, there is only one allusion — and that by no means of a complimentary character — to these worthies in subsequent times, and none whatever to the unfortunate book they were paid to recite. Appian, who when a boy had an annual opportunity of listening to it, altogether ignores its existence, although he writes at a period when the new era of prosperity which the cities of North Africa, and especially Carthage, were beginning to enjoy under the auspices of Hadrian and his successor, must have excited more than common interest in their early history.

But it would seem that with nations, as with individuals, a spiritual vitality is the only security against oblivion. Modern Europe can feel a human interest in the doings of Romans, and

Greeks, and Jews, though separated from them by millenniums; for it recognises in them the sources of law, of science, and of religion; but the feeling awakened by the discoveries of Assyrian and Egyptian antiquity rather resembles that with which we listen to the comparative anatomist as he expounds the organisation of a mastodon or sea-lizard. All is marvellous, but too unlike our own day for us to do more than wonder. We can as little picture to ourselves the hopes and fears and daily interests of the court of Memphis, or of the population which reared the temple of Belus, as we can imagine an existence among woods of tree-ferns filled with browsing iguanodons.

Carthage occupies in the scale of human interest a sort of middle place between the gigantic despotisms of Mesopotamia and Egypt, and the active political organisations of the Hellenic and Italian peninsulas, from which modern civilisation has been inherited. But it is remarkable that even this middle place has been won only by contact (albeit a hostile one) with the latter. Rome destroyed her rival, but in that destruction immortalised her. Carthage exists for us embalmed in the Æneid and the third decade of Livy. The beautiful romance into which the genius of Virgil has worked up the rude material furnished by the local myths of Africa and Italy, has made Dido the type of female confidence betrayed; while the scarcely less poetic narrative of Livy has taught the youthful student to see in Carthage only the country that produced a Hannibal. It is almost painful to strip off the veil with which a foreign literature enveloped the dead corpse, and discover the foul features — the superstition, the cruelty, the blind faction — which disfigured the living body.

The first historical fact which throws any important light upon the political relations of Carthage is the treaty with Rome and some of the other Italian cities, preserved by Polybius. This curious document dates from the year after the expulsion of the Tarquins. It speaks of the members of a federation on both sides, and is curiously illustrative of the semi-piratical character of commercial enterprise in those early times, as well as of the jealous care which watched over the monopoly of a lucrative traffic. The Romans and their allies — which consist of the Latin towns lying on the Italian seaboard as far south as Terracina—are prohibited from navigating beyond the 'Fair Point,' a designation which in later times was appropriated to Cape Zebib, although it may be questioned whether in the treaty so strict an interpretation was contemplated. The only exception allowed was the case of compulsion

either by stress of weather or hostile force. In this event, no traffic was allowed to take place with the shore, except for the purpose of obtaining victims to sacrifice, and of repairing damage occasioned by storms; and in any case the intruder was only allowed three clear days of intercourse with the natives. Roman merchants who came for the purpose of traffic to those parts of Sicily which were under Carthaginian control, were to be allowed to trade on the same terms as Carthaginians, but in Sardinia or Africa this was not the case. All sales there had to be made in the presence of a public functionary; and the payment of the value of the merchandise was publicly guaranteed. This arrangement appears to indicate a kind of traffic by guilds of merchants, such as was commonly practised throughout Europe in the middle ages, and prevails at this day in many parts of central Africa. It implies a very imperfect civilisation, and a want of power to enforce the performance of contracts between individuals, which necessitates the united action of a trading company. There are not wanting reasons for believing that a similar system prevailed with regard to the early Greek commerce in Egypt; and until very recently the same principle regulated the traffic between Russia and China at Kiakhta and Maimachin. The last provision in the treaty is perhaps, of all, the most worthy of note, from the indication it affords of the habitual practice of buccaneering on the part of the great commercial republic. The Carthaginians were forbidden to commit any injury upon the Latin cities which owned the Roman supremacy; but with regard to the others, the only way in which Roman jealousy exhibited itself was in an anxiety to prevent their rivals from obtaining a footing in the country under any pretext. Those who landed to pillage were not to capture towns, or, if they captured them, were to give them up to the Romans. The buccaneers were not to pass the night on shore; and, above all, no stronghold was to be erected on the soil. In a *second* treaty made a little more than a century later, the same principles of policy are even more distinctly manifest, while at the same time the extension of the Carthaginian power is exhibited, and apparently also the growth of popular influence on the internal administration of the government.

It is worth while to pause for a moment to give a glance on the condition of the civilised world at this time. Rome, her future career undreamed of, was anxiously struggling against the hordes of Gauls which still occupied the Alban hills, and plundered the plains of Latium. The shores of Antium, the marshy woods of Laurentium, and the mouths of the Tiber

resounded alternately with the war-cries of these barbarians, and of the Greek pirates who, issuing from the ports of Sicily and Southern Italy, harried the coasts of the peninsula wherever there appeared a prospect of impunity. So entirely had the original population been blotted out in some parts, that it is said on one occasion the sea-pirates on landing, encountered as adversaries their rival freebooters of the land. In Greece, the power of the Macedonian monarchy was beginning to consolidate itself amid the factions of the degenerate republics. Philip had just dismantled the towns of Phocis. The Persian empire, tottering to its fall, was in every direction giving signs of dissolution. Some of the small Asiatic commercial towns had united themselves in an independent confederacy under the auspices of Hermias of Atarna, and in this year the philosopher Aristotle crossed the seas to assist his friend in organising a government for them. For the moment, indeed, the gigantic Eastern monarchy succeeded in crushing the new forms of life springing up within its own perishing carcass; but its destiny was manifest, and only twelve years later Alexander crossed the Hellespont, and the empire of the world passed into new hands. In Sicily, a century of warfare, during which the balance of fortune continually oscillated, had to a great extent destroyed the material prosperity of the island, and proved fatal to the enterprising commercial spirit which had animated the Italian and Sicilian Greeks down to the time of Hiero, and produced results that made their wealth and luxury proverbial throughout Hellas.

Carthage in the meanwhile had been, it would appear, free from the internal dissensions which had proved fatal to Hellenic prosperity on both sides of the Adriatic. It is just at this time that the criticism of her constitution, which we read in the Political Treatise of Aristotle, must have been written. Commending the working of her institutions, which he selects together with those of Crete and Lacedæmon for special encomium, this sagacious observer remarks it as a proof of the excellence of the Carthaginian constitution, that although there is a powerful Commonalty, the form of government had remained unaltered, and neither any sedition worth speaking of taken place, nor any tyrant succeeded in establishing himself. In most of the aristocratic governments of Greece, commerce, being considered to corrupt the spirit, was prohibited for the ruling class; 'and yet,' says the philosopher, 'in Carthage, although '*democratically* governed, commerce is the ordinary rule, and 'still there has been no revolution.' Yet he would not deny it the character of an aristocratic republic; 'for wealth, and

'personal excellence, as well as the will of the people, are re-'garded by the spirit of the institutions.' Public opinion required that none should be chosen to the highest offices, who were not wealthy; a poor man, it was thought, could not afford to give up his whole time to the public service. 'This,' says the critic, 'is a deviation from aristocratic principles; it is *oligarchal* 'in its character. It makes wealth the only passport to distinc-'tion, and vulgarises the feelings of the whole people. It may 'be expected, too, that they who thus in a manner buy their 'offices, will be quite as much tempted to malversation in office, 'as a poor man selected only on the strength of his character.' In England we can certainly understand the feeling of the Carthaginians, even if we acknowledge the argument of the Greek. Another oligarchal feature, too, the latter finds in the existence of a very peculiar office, the *Pentarchies*, which were not only self-elective, but possessed the right of selecting the Council of 'the Hundred,'—a body in which more power seems to have resided than any other. The functionaries in question appear to have been Commissioners distributed in Boards of five members, which were sent to the several colonies and subject towns, and in them represented the authority of the metropolis. The office was not paid by a salary, and the appointment was only for a time; but immediate re-election was allowed. Perhaps what appeared so anomalous to a Greek philosopher, will be intelligible enough to an ordinary Englishman who is familiar with the operations of an imperial government in relation to its colonies. The skilful management of these dependencies constituted nine-tenths of the whole policy of the great trading commonwealth of the Old World. We may conceive at least the younger members of these 'Pentarchies' to have been going through their apprenticeship as Carthaginian statesmen,—just as the unpaid *attachés* of our own embassies, or the private secretaries to eminent public men, do at the present day. During the discharge of their duties, they learned how the commerce of the then known world was carried on; by what channels it reached the ports to which Carthaginian ships found access; what were the products of this region and what the demands of that; and what alliances with native chiefs were necessary for the purpose of maintaining the monopoly of carrying and distributing. This class, therefore, almost monopolised the knowledge and administrative ability required in the traditional policy of the Commonwealth: and so completely does this principle appear to have been kept in view, that in all matters of foreign policy, if the council of the 'Hundred' and the Suffetes (the offi-

cers corresponding to the consuls at Rome) were agreed, the matter was not brought before the Commonalty at all, although where such unanimity was wanting, the whole details of the question were fully debated by the latter.

Another peculiar institution prevailed at Carthage, which is noticed with approbation by the Greek critic, as exercising great influence in maintaining a good feeling between the rich and poor among the citizens. Certain societies appear to have existed there,—for what purpose Aristotle does not say,—but he notices the fact that the members of them dined at common tables; and it is in reference to this circumstance that he compares them with the 'public messes' of Lacedæmon and Crete. In these latter cases, the institutions in question, if not originating solely in a reference to military organisation, had lost all other significance in the times in which one hears of them. But undoubtedly the parallel institutions of Carthage were based upon some principle altogether different. In our opinion, they were substantially identical with the guilds of the commercial towns of the Middle Ages, and in some respects similar to the *collegia* and *sodalitia* of Rome. If we go back to the condition of the city of London in the thirteenth century, we find what will serve to start the imagination in the matter. The several 'companies' (*collegia* or ἑταιρίαι) have each an independent organisation; they are governed by officers of their own election, who inflict fines, imprison, and otherwise have jurisdiction over the members of their own body. The aggregate of these companies constitutes in its turn a new corporation, inclusive of the minor guilds, and governed by members of them; and its officers are naturally individuals of importance in the minor guilds, although elected by the whole commonalty. If now we suppose London, as it was in the twelfth or thirteenth century, to be transformed from a single important city in an existing kingdom, to the sole seat of civilisation in a country inhabited partly by a rude peasantry, partly by large flock-masters, we shall have no very bad image of the early days of Carthage, with the savage Kabyle population in the recesses of the hill-country between Tunis and Bona, and the nomad tribes spreading over the plateaux of Numidia with their sheep and camels. With a change of circumstances such as we have imagined, the civic offices would grow into imperial functions. The 'viscount' of the thirteenth century, instead of dwindling into the modern 'sheriff,' would have expanded into the Carthaginian 'suffete;' the aldermen into something analogous to the 'Council of One Hundred and Four,'—judges of all cases

springing out of contracts, who probably sat two in each week; and the mayor would have been transmuted by the necessities of the case into a στρατηγὸς or *prætor*. The guilds would have also assumed a different character. Instead of being confined to the distribution of the articles of commerce brought by foreign merchants, and mainly deriving their names from such functions, they would doubtless have comprised many associations organised for the purpose of trading with special localities, either at home or abroad. In the latter case, there would soon arise a necessity for factories and agencies; in many instances the association would, like our own East India Company, acquire territorial possessions abroad, and its leading members become rich and powerful to an extent to excite the jealousy and even the fears of their countrymen. In this way it is not difficult to understand how the Magos, the Hannos, and the Hamilcars of Carthage may have acquired enormous wealth and influence; and that in Spain, or the Balearic Islands, or Sardinia, such powerful chiefs should have been popularly regarded as possessing kingly authority in the mother-state. There is no portion of the *genuine history* of Carthage—for we must decline to accept as such Dr. Davis's biographical sketch of Dido and her relations—which is not perfectly explicable, and capable of illustration from other countries, when we thoroughly grasp the idea of a trading settlement—trading as alone is possible in early times—becoming gradually converted into an imperial city without losing its character in the process.

The site which this original trading settlement pitched upon for its *fortified factory*, its Bosra (or Byrsa of the Didonic legend)—was most admirably chosen. Polybius describes the locality as it existed at the time he himself was there. 'The 'city of Carthage,' he says, 'lies in a bay, on a site projecting 'out and forming a peninsula. It is pretty nearly surrounded, 'either by the sea, or—as is the case to some extent—by a 'salt-lake. The isthmus which connects it with the main is 'about twenty-five stades (5000 yards) in breadth; and on the 'side of this which looks seaward, there lies Utica at no great 'distance, while on the other side, by the salt-lake, is Tunis.' The bay to which Polybius refers, is that of which the western boundary is the headland called Cape Farina on English charts, and which with the Romans of the empire went by the name of *Apollinis Promontorium*. Its local name now is Ras Sidi el Mekhi. The *Hermæum Promontorium*, which was regarded as the corresponding eastern horn, is perhaps identical with Ras el Amar, which seems to preserve a trace of the name, but

more probably with Cape Bon (Ras Eddar), which is about ten miles further to the north-west. The latter is certainly the more striking headland of the two, and it is said that in clear weather the mountains of Sicily may be seen from the top of it. Still, in the time of Strabo, a town of the same name stood on the Hermæan promontory; and no traveller, that we are aware of, has noticed any trace of ruins at Cape Bon.

But the immediate neighbourhood of Carthage no longer answers to the description of the Greek historian. The isthmus which connects with the main the boss of hills on which the city was built, is now in all parts considerably broader than the dimensions he assigns. The river Majerda (the Bagradas of the ancients), which a few miles above its mouth is about the size of the Seine in Paris, brings down after rain an enormous amount of light sandy loamy silt; and this is met by the direct action of the sea when the wind lies between the points of N. E. and N. by E., at which time it generally blows violently. But the prevalent wind along the coast of North Africa is one a little to the north of west, and the effect of this is to cause a general scouring of the coast in an easterly direction. In this manner the spoils of the shore between Capes Zebib and Farina have been brought to aid the contributions of the Majerda in filling up the space between the hills on which Utica, and those on which Carthage once stood. The spectator who now takes his stand on the 'isthmus' and looks (to the N. or N. W.) for the open sea which Polybius leads him to expect, will have presented to him a flat marshy plain, interspersed with salt pools and in some places covered with dunes of blowing sand, the blue line of the sea appearing considerably to the right of the direction in which Utica lies. But perhaps the change which has taken place on the south side of the isthmus is as great. The 'salt-lake' of Polybius is at the present day represented by the Lake of Tunis, a large shallow piece of water twice the size of the lake of Keswick, separated from the sea by a long bank of sand averaging perhaps a quarter of a mile in breadth. Through the middle of this there is a channel, the Goletta, originally it is said made by the sea, but now kept up by art. Around it a small town has grown up, as it is there the arsenal of the Bey of Tunis is situated, and a basin cut for the reception of his navy. But although it has been generally assumed by topographical inquirers, that the Lake of Tunis is what Polybius had in view, the conclusion is a rash one. It is perfectly certain, if any dependence whatever is to be placed on Appian's account of the siege of Carthage—and he is in that part of his work

always assumed to be following the lost description of Polybius —that the bar which now separates the lake from the sea did not then exist in more than the most rudimentary state; and that 'the salt-lake' of Polybius can only be the portion of the Lake of Tunis which is adjacent to the northern shore.

If now we make allowance for those great changes which have come about in the last two or three thousand years, it will be difficult to imagine a better position for a commercial settlement than the site of Carthage. A considerable part even of the seaward face of the peninsula is protected from all winds except the N.E. by E.; and such ships as the ancients used could readily place themselves in security from every one by doubling either the northern or the southern point of the boss of hills, and sheltering themselves, in the former case under the lee of Jebel Gomart (of which we shall speak in the sequel), in the latter under that of the rudimentary *bank* or *Tongue* (as it was called) which has since been developed into a barrier running across from shore to shore, a distance of some five miles, and averaging nearly five hundred yards in breadth.* From the northern of these two roadsteads—if one may use such an expression for times when vessels were ordinarily beached—Utica was within view. A short run, something like that from Chichester harbour to Shanklin, only turning to the left instead of the right, would carry the navigator round the extremity of the projecting range of hills, on the top of which its citadel stood, to its port on the northern side. Now, indeed, the Majerda winds its way through its own alluvium for several miles beyond the point which our imaginary seaman had to double. But at the time of which we are speaking, he got out at once into the open sea; the lake upon which Porto Farina now stands, together with all the plain of Ouga, being then merged in one magnificent bay, screened from the north winds by the mountainous range terminating in Cape Farina. Nowhere along the whole line of the coast of Barbary, is there any site comparable to that of Carthage for a commercial port, regard being had to the exigencies of the early settlers. The

* In the time of the siege of Carthage it was half a stade (100 yards) broad, and stretched in a *westerly* direction. More than 500 years later, Orosius, who was himself at Carthage, writes thus: 'Ex unâ parte murus communis erat urbis et Byrsæ, imminens *mari*, 'quod mare *Stagnum vocabant, quoniam obtentu protentæ Linguæ* '*tranquillatur.*' These words appear to prove that even in the time of Orosius the Lake of Tunis could not have acquired its existing appearance of absolute closure. The axis of the bar now runs in the direction S.W. by S.

lake of Bizerta (Hippo Zarytus) would have furnished a magnificent harbour; but settlers there would have been entirely at the mercy of the mountaineers inhabiting the steeps which overhang it, who could at their pleasure have cut off all communication with the interior of the country. Bona (Hippo Regius) possessed many advantages; for it is the natural outlet of a large and fertile country, and in the time of which we speak—as indeed more than 1000 years later—vessels of considerable size could enter the estuary of the rivers there in safety. But Bona is far more distant from Sicily and Malta,—those links in the chain of settlements by which the Phœnician traders crept westward as far as the shores of the Atlantic. And Carthage, irrespectively of the advantages of its natural harbour, and its defensibility against hostile natives, was superior to all other places on the coast west of Tripoli, for the purpose of establishing a communication with the tribes of the interior of the continent. The masses of the Atlas, which run in a general direction east and west from the western boundary of the beylik of Tunis to the coast of the Atlantic, present, except in a very few localities, an impenetrable barrier for the practical purposes of the commercial traveller. But from Carthage an easy route conducts through a most fertile country to the head waters of the Majerda, where Thagaste (the birthplace of St. Augustine) stands on the frontier between proconsular Africa, *i.e.* the territory of Carthage, and the province of Numidia of which Cirta (the Constantine of the present day) was the capital. Another route, branching off from this one at Sicca Veneria (the modern El Kef) debouched at the point where the Roman colony Theveste was afterwards built. This city, the ruins of which are just within the frontier of French Algeria, must from its situation always have been the centre of communication between the oases of the Northern Sahara, the rich corn-growing country of Byzacium, and the seaports of Utica and Carthage. The ruins of the Roman cities which were built by Hadrian and the Antonines, constitute an unmistakable finger-post to the course which commerce formerly took in this part of the world; and they literally strew the soil. Still, what the emperors did was nothing more than to restore the traffic which republican Rome had destroyed. The traveller who pursues his journey by the clue thus furnished to him, will be conducted under the southern wall of the Atlas to the palm groves of the Ziban and M'rir, and between the two clusters of oases will pass over an undulating plateau of limestone covered with pieces of those stones which, under the corrupted name of *chalcedony*, still preserve a tradition of the entrepôt at which

they were first collected, and from whence they were first dispersed throughout Greece. By this route, along the strip which constitutes as it were a neutral region between the limestone rampart of the Atlas and the Sahara,—a region watered by the streams that descend from the former, before they become dried up by the evaporating power of the atmosphere in the desert — there is, and always has been from the earliest times, a caravan traffic between Morocco and Tripoli, and from the latter place yet further westward to the valley of the Nile, and the Arabian peninsula. There is, in fact, no other possible land route; and the only alternative is a sea voyage, an undertaking in which the founders of Carthage had no rivals. Between the coast and the northern edge of the Sahara, there lie the high plateaux of the Atlas, covered with snow in winter, and in spring with the countless flocks of the nomad tribes, feeding upon the luxuriant vegetation that springs up there as soon as the snow has melted. This region includes the three Roman provinces of Numidia, Mauritania Cæsariensis, and Mauritania Sitifensis, *i.e.* nearly the whole of French Algeria. The wool grown in their plains doubtless found its way to Carthage by the course we have indicated; as did also the dates of the oases, the skins, ivory, and gold dust from Morocco, the ostrich feathers from Tuggurt, the precious stones from the rocks of the Upper Nile, slaves from the whole of central Africa, horses and mules from the nomad tribes, and perhaps even spices from Arabia. These were paid for in grain, — for Masanissa was the first who made corn grow in Numidia, and barley is absolutely necessary for the horse of the desert, — in dyed articles of dress, in oil, wine, salt-fish, (pickled tunny) and, above all, in manufactured arms. With such natural advantages of situation as we have sketched out, and with the spirit of commercial enterprise inherited from their ancestors, it can be no matter of surprise that the settlers who built the *Bosra*, on land purchased or rented from the native lords of the soil, should soon find themselves under the necessity of extending their occupation, should become the masters of their late landlords, and erect a *new city* (Kartha-khahdo, Καρχηδὼν) around, or in juxtaposition to, their original settlement. And the materials for doing so were close at hand. At El Awarieh, which lies between Ras el Amar and Cape Bon, about thirty miles' sail from Carthage, may be seen at this day the enormous quarries from which the stone, of which the new town may have been built, could be procured. 'They 'form,' says Dr. Davis, 'a series of vast chambers, or halls, 'varying in size, and communicating with each other by large

'arched openings. Their shape is generally square, tapering 'upwards, and terminating in apertures about ten or twelve 'feet square. These apertures appear to have served not 'merely as ventilators, but also as a means for hoisting up the 'stones. They were then rolled down to the beach for em- 'barkation. The depth varies according to the incline of the 'mountain; in some cases it must be upwards of three hundred 'feet.' This, it may be remarked by the way, is the place where Agathocles, the Cortez of ancient history, ran his ships ashore, in that marvellous expedition which all but gave him possession of Carthage at the moment when he seemed about to succumb to her power. Whether the vast extent of the quarries may not date from the time of Hadrian's work of renovation in Africa, admits of some question; but they certainly were *opened* (for they are named) at the time of Agathocles's invasion (B.C. 310). Just south of Ras el Amar, too, was the head-quarters of the Carthaginian tunny-fishery. Ruins of a Roman city existed there when Shaw visited the place. In the midst of them stood what the Arabs called the tomb of a Mussulman saint, Sidi Daoud. It was in reality the fragment of a Roman building, and close by was a curious mosaic, illustrative of the character of the locality, then as now. Together with the horse, such as it appears on the Carthaginian coins, is combined the fish — still caught in enormous quantities on the spot — the palm tree and olive, and the hawk and partridge. It is impossible to give a better notion in symbols of the products of the Dakhul Bashir (the great peninsula which forms the eastern promontory of the gulf of Carthage), and the region immediately to the south of it as far as the commencement of the Syrtis; a district, the former wealth of which may be imagined from the circumstance that it still contains the ruins of Adrumetum, Leptis, Thapsus, Thysdrus, and probably of not less than a hundred other once considerable towns. Now, indeed, all is desolate enough. Wave after wave of barbarian invaders has swept over the land, and to the deluge centuries of chronic misrule have succeeded. Still here and there olive gardens surrounded by hedges of the prickly pear, show what would follow settled government and security for property; the palm flourishes in the low wet patches of clay; and where the desolation is most complete, there is still a memorial of the sports of a better time. 'The hawk and the eagle,' says Sir Grenville Temple, speaking of such a spot, 'seem the only tenants of this once peopled 'scene. Most parts of the kingdom abound with game; but 'never did I see such incredible numbers of partridges as are

'here assembled, not even on the best preserved manors of 'England.' *

On one point of vital importance to the spirit and character of a nation, the Carthaginians were separated by an abyss from their more polished and fortunate neighbours in the ancient world. Their idolatry was in its essence a cruel one. Human sacrifices, which as a rule, were an abomination to the Greeks of the historical age, and, except in the shape of gladiatorial shows, a rare event in the annals of Rome, continued to imbrue the Punic altars even after the close of the Carthaginian dominion; and the darkest form of superstition attained there the most absolute sway. In the inscriptions which have been from time to time brought to light, three principal deities appear, all of which, however, are plainly of a composite character; that is, they embody, in the shape in which they appear in the historical times, rituals derived from different localities, and ideas belonging to different cycles of thought. The religions of pagan antiquity possessed in every case a germinative power and a faculty of assimilation, which rendered easy the combination of two cognate cults, and the developement of the new compound by means of a fresh myth. Thus it was that the principal Carthaginian deity, Bal-Samon, or Melkareth, became in his several relations the equivalent of the Sun-god of Mesopotamia, of the Moloch of Syria, of the Heracles (in his early shape) of Asiatic Greece, of the Kronus of Crete, and of the Poseidon of Achaia. The second, Tanath, was in like manner identical with the Selenè of Greece, the Juno of Latium, the Artemis of Ephesus, the Aphroditè Urania of Cyprus, and the Atergatis or Derceto of Syria. The third, Ashmon or Esmun, is the Æsculapius of classical antiquity, with some analogy also to the Faunus of Latium and the Trophonius of Bœotia. But the ritual which seems especially to have harmonised with the fierce and gloomy temperament that belongs, even at the present day, to the natives of Barbary, was that of the Syrian Moloch. As the bitterest penance is most ardently thirsted for by the penitent who has given himself up in the days of his sin to the most unstinted self-indulgence; so, perhaps, we may account for the morbid passion for a mode of sacrifice, the most horrible that history records, prevailing so as to be almost ineradicable, in a thoroughly sensual and luxurious people. The more ample the blessings showered down by the Deity, it perhaps was said, the more anxiously was his wrath to be feared, his *envy* propitiated. What offer-

* Excursions in the Mediterranean, vol. ii. p. 90.

ing was sufficient to purchase peace? 'Thousands of rams' and 'rivers of oil' were sacrifices which cost the Punic magnate nothing; for him only one sacrifice really deserved the name, — to 'give his firstborn for his transgression; the 'fruit of his body for the sin of his soul.' And this accordingly became an institution. A brazen image of the god stood over a pit filled with burning charcoal, with hands held out to receive the horrible offering,— children of the noblest of the citizens selected by lot. The infant was placed upon them, and as it rolled off into its fiery bed, its cries were drowned by a burst of wild music from fifes and drums. A perverted imagination once set to work in pursuit of horrors, soon invented a refinement even upon this cruelty, in assigning to the mother of the child the post of executioner. She stood by, with dry eyes and without a groan — else were the offering not meritorious — caressing the helpless infant, lest its instinctive fear should produce a gesture implying unwillingness, or a cry of grief to mar the sacrifice.* It was impossible but that human nature should assert its claims even under the most frightful perversion of sentiment, and accordingly the richer Carthaginians in many cases resorted to the expedient of substituting for their own offspring children purchased from the poor. But for this sacrilegious fraud, national calamity was regarded as the penalty; and on one such occasion an investigation was set on foot, the secret sin brought to light, and atoned for by the public sacrifice of no less than two hundred children from the most distinguished houses, and an even greater number of adults, who, conscience-stricken, offered themselves as voluntary victims.

This is not the place to follow the romantic fortunes of Agathocles during his four years' stay in Africa, from which, after all but complete success, he finally stole away to Syracuse, as Napoleon did from Egypt in later days, leaving his army to the mercy of the victorious enemy. But it is important to our purpose to notice, that he stormed Utica, (which had at first adhered to his cause and afterwards revolted), plundered the city and massacred the inhabitants; that both at Clypea and Hippo Zarytus (Benzert) he built a new city, fortified it, and settled a fresh population there, and that the nature of his operations revolutionised the whole Carthaginian territory. In the course of

* 'Osculo comprimente vagitum ne flebilis hostia immolaretur,' is the expression of Minucius Felix, § 30. The importance attached by the ancients to the apparent consent even of an animal led as a victim to the altar, is well known.

the war, all the provincial towns had passed through the invader's hands; some had been stormed, some had capitulated, some had voluntarily joined his standard. We may reasonably infer, therefore, that at its conclusion the relations of the dominant city to her African possessions became much more simplified than was the case when the second treaty with Rome, which has been noticed above, was made. There can no longer have been any pretence to equality of rights, nothing like a confederacy of several states. At the end of such a conflict Carthage must have stood to all the rest distinctly in the position of sovereign to vassals; for everything had been lost, and everything recovered. And this view is confirmed by the altered form of the *third* treaty between Carthage and Rome, preserved by Polybius, which took place about the year 278 B.C., at the time when Pyrrhus was invading the South of Italy. In this the principal contracting powers are alone mentioned, without any reference to their allies by name. Rome, in fact, had by the Samnite and Lucanian wars, centralised and consolidated her own power in Italy, as Carthage had hers in Africa, in the sequel of the campaigns with Agathocles. It is also confirmed by the fact, that the maritime power of the African state—that sole anchor which held through the storm—had risen to such a height as to be recognised in the provisions of the new treaty. After stipulating that in the event of a convention being agreed upon with Pyrrhus by either party, the other should be included, so far as to secure mutual assistance in case of war with a third power, the treaty goes on to provide that in all contingencies the means of transport either for offensive or defensive purposes shall be furnished by the Carthaginians, both parties paying their own contingent, and also that the Carthaginians, in case of necessity, should assist the Romans with a naval force; but that the crews should not be compelled to land. This period is perhaps the one when the power of Carthage was at its zenith. Nearly the whole of Sicily was under her sway, and the remainder, weakened by the long-continued wars of the Greek and Italian dynasts, appeared likely to fall a prey at no long distance of time. Sardinia, Corsica, and the Balearic Islands were indisputably hers; Port Mahon even to this day preserves in its name the memory of its founder, the suffete Mago. So was Malta, and the Lipari Islands. The valley of the Lower Rhone was occupied by Greek traders, the descendants of the Phocæans; but from the mouth of the Ebro all along the coast of Spain as far, at least, as Cadiz, and for the whole length of the Northern and Northwestern shore of Africa, with the exception of the Riff, there

was a series of Punic towns or factories, extending nearly as far as the Gold Coast.

Only fourteen years after the conclusion of the *third* treaty, the first Punic War broke out. The fortunes of Carthage during the hundred and eighteen years which intervened between that event and her entire destruction, are familiar to every one as a part of the history of Rome. But there is one special point to which attention must be called, bearing upon the topographical questions on which we now proceed to enter. It is well known that the introduction of elephants into warfare followed the experience gained by the generals of Alexander in the Indian campaign. Their value was fully recognised in the wars which took place between the Syrian and Egyptian kings, in the accounts of which they never fail to be mentioned. In Italy they appear for the first time in the wars with Pyrrhus; and that they were unknown to the Carthaginians at the time of the invasion of Agathocles, is evident, not merely from the absence of all mention of them, but from the fact of war-chariots, which they superseded, constituting at the opening of that campaign a most important arm of the Punic force which took the field. But in the first years of the war which broke out in 264 B.C., Hanno transported an army which included *fifty elephants*, from Carthage to Sicily. It is difficult to suppose that these animals were derived from any other quarter of the globe than Africa, and it seems a legitimate conclusion that their domestication and training was introduced at Carthage, and became systematic, between the conclusion of the war with Agathocles and the commencement of that with Rome. If so, it is to this epoch we must refer the building of the enormous fortification in advance of the Byrsa, which contained stabling for so many of them according to the account of Appian, the primary authority for the topographer of Carthage. The passage in which this author speaks of it is so entirely the foundation upon which all further investigation of topographical details rests, that it is well to translate it by way of supplement to the quotation given above from Polybius.

'From the isthmus' — which connects the city of Carthage with the main — 'a narrow oblong fillet, about half a stade in breadth, stretched westward, between a salt marsh and the sea.' . . . [The greater part of the city was enclosed] 'with a single wall, being very steep; but the southern portion, looking towards the main, — where also the Byrsa stood, upon the isthmus, — with a triple wall. Each one of the three was thirty cubits in height, independently of breast-work and towers, the latter of which (four stories high) were placed at intervals of 200 feet throughout. The breadth was 20 cubits. Each wall was two-storied, and within it, it being hollow and closed

in, there were stalls below for 300 elephants, with magazines for their food beside them. Above was stabling for 4000 horses, and stores of fodder and barley; likewise barracks for men, to the number of 20,000 infantry and 4000 cavalry. For such an immense military force were quarters provided in the walls alone. The angle which ran round from this fortification to the ports, was [at the time of the siege] alone weak and low, and had from the first been neglected.'

The boss of hills to which we have above adverted as being the site of ancient Carthage, is about ten miles from Tunis, the road to it running along the plain which represents the ancient isthmus. The head of the peninsula spreads out into a triangle, of which the three corners are—the Hill of St. Louis (so called from a chapel built by the French on its summit in honour of the pious crusading king), the Hill of Sidi Bou Said, which runs out into Cape Carthage, and the hill called Jebel Khawi, or Gomart, where was the ancient necropolis. Between this last and the other two the ground falls into a plain, which is probably the site of what was called the Magaria, a quarter within the walls of Carthage forming a kind of park. The Hill of St. Louis, which is the southernmost and the nearest to Tunis, is said by M. Falbe to be 188 French feet above the level of the sea. It is upon these low hills that Agathocles formed a fortified camp in his campaign adverted to above; and what is now marsh having then been sea, it becomes easy to conceive how the Carthaginians would be effectually cut off from all communication with the continent so long as he maintained his position. The same tactics were afterwards practised by the revolted mercenaries in the sequel of the first Punic War, and at the outbreak of the last the position was occupied in force by the Carthaginians themselves, the command of the sea having been lost, in order to prevent the town from being starved out by the Romans.

The triple wall, therefore, it is plain from the words of Appian, must have been near the Hill of St. Louis, and advanced in the direction of Tunis. But it is possible to approximate yet more nearly to its position. A line drawn from the angle of the Hill of St. Louis to the west, for about two miles and a half, will reach that part of the isthmus which exhibits the narrowest breadth of solid ground, a breadth, even at this day, little exceeding 5000 yards. It is evident that whatever changes in the locality may have taken place from the deposit of alluvium, here must always have been the most defensible portion of the plain, and some kind of line of defence will naturally have been thrown up there. Now when the Roman consuls marched upon Carthage in the last siege, expecting to

meet with no resistance, the townspeople having delivered up professedly all their arms and all their ships before the last hard condition of removing the site of their city was made known to them, Manilius, the one who approached by way of the isthmus, came upon a ditch, backed by a low rampart, *in advance* of the triple wall. He fully expected to be able to fill up the ditch, carry the rampart, and the triple wall immediately after it, for he believed the population to be both disarmed and cowed. But, on the contrary, they gave him so sharp a reception that he failed to perform the first part of the operation, and on repeating the trial he was equally unsuccessful. The Carthaginians then took heart, and Asdrubal, their chief commander at the time, occupied in force a position in the consul's rear, 'above the lake, and at no great distance.' This indicates apparently the hills near Tunis, which, as we just remarked, had already been seized twice for a similar purpose on two memorable occasions.

All probability thus points to the narrowest part of the isthmus as the situation where the first line, at which effectual resistance was made to Manilius, was drawn. The plain immediately afterwards begins to expand on the side of Carthage, so that the defenders of the line would converge upon it, and possess a facility for sending up supports which the assailants, manœuvring in a narrow space, would not enjoy. It is, on this supposition, extremely unlikely that the 'triple wall' stood close upon the outwork. Such an arrangement would have been altogether incompatible with the object of deriving due advantage from the elephants and cavalry which it contained. Everything therefore is opposed to the idea of Dr. Davis, who in his map draws the 'triple wall' across this narrowest point of the isthmus. Independently of all direct notices, the considerations we have adduced oblige the topographer to throw it back a considerable distance, — in our opinion, scarcely less than two miles. The following reason, which bears also upon another question that has been much debated, viz., whether the cisterns and the aqueducts are really of the Carthaginian or Roman times, will further justify this view.

The largest collection of cisterns at Carthage is nearly to the N.W. of the Hill of St. Louis, at a distance of about 700 yards. They occupy the site of a wretched Arab village (Malkah), of which, in fact, those of them which still remain unchoked up constitute the greater portion. Shaw says there are twenty of them, each above 100 feet long and 30 broad. Mr. Blakesley, who expresses a very unfavourable opinion of Shaw as an observer, 'doubts the exactness of these numbers, but at

'the same time does not believe them to be at all exaggerated.' Dr. Davis says —

'At present fourteen only can be traced; these are about *four hundred* feet in length, and twenty-eight feet wide. They contain such an accumulation of earth that we are unable to state what their depth is. A fifteenth runs transversely. Its arched roof appears a few feet higher than any of the others, but it is about ten feet narrower. It is possible that this was never intended to contain water, and may in reality only be a gallery. . . . The earth is now on a level with the imposts of the arch of the cisterns.' (P. 453.)

'These cisterns were constructed in a somewhat similar manner in which Pliny says the "formaceous" walls were made, or like the watch towers which Hannibal erected in Spain.* A wooden frame, in the shape of a long box without a bottom, was filled with layers of mortar and small stones. When the frame was quite full it was allowed to dry. It was either left in this state or was cemented over. The solidity of the mortar employed in constructing these cisterns is astonishing. One actually sees in numerous places the stone worn away by time, while the mortar, though exposed to the same vicissitudes, retains still all its adhesive properties.' (P. 454.)

It is into these cisterns that the great aqueduct, the remains of which constitute the chief, if not the only, indication above ground that a great city once stood on the site of Carthage, discharged its waters. The question whether it is of Punic or Roman times is not yet decided. Sir Grenville Temple and Dr. Davis take the former view; the French savans are unanimous for the latter. To us it appears that both the establishment of the cisterns themselves, and the securing a regular supply to them by means of the aqueduct, were a necessary condition of the maintenance of the large number of elephants and horses which were intended to be contained in the fortifications just described. There are some, but very few, wells in the Carthaginian peninsula from which good water can be procured. One spring there is, just to the south of Cape Carthage, from which the coasting vessels supply themselves with water. Another is to be found on the northern shore of the same cape,

* Hist. Nat. xxxv. c. 14. This note will not be an unfit place for calling attention to the circumstance that the Carthaginian stone is described by Pliny as *useless* for building unless covered with a cement of asphalt (*pice*). Hence arose a standing jest against the people of Roman Carthage, that 'they stopped their wine jars with 'mortar and covered their walls with pitch.' (Hist. Nat. xxxvi. 2. 3.) This perishability of the stone when exposed, readily accounts for the disappearance of the ruins of Carthage. Their covering would be destroyed by the operation of fire, and when it was once gone, atmospheric influences would soon do the rest.

as near as possible to the N.W. of the first, at a distance of about a mile and a quarter from it. A well of fresh water exists also about 2000 yards from the north-western angle of the Hill of St. Louis, close upon the seashore. But in general only brackish water is to be procured by digging, and it seems impossible that in a country like Barbary, a people so cognisant as the Carthaginians obviously were of the science of hydraulics, should form an enormous camp intended for permanent use, without providing for an ample supply of that element which in such a climate is as essential as food. If we suppose the barracks in question to have been constructed about three-quarters of a mile in advance of the Hill of St. Louis, and to have been drawn nearly parallel to the diameter of the narrowest part of the isthmus, the great cisterns of Malkah will be included within the *enceinte*, the Hill of St. Louis, the dominant military position, will form a sort of centre of it, and in front there will be an ample space of two miles in width, between the barracks and the low line which ran across the isthmus at its narrowest part; a magnificent *Champ de Mars* for the Carthaginian army in time of peace, and an admirable position for it to resist an invader approaching from the land, although when the barracks were built such a contingency doubtless appeared very unlikely ever to happen. The course we have indicated is, in fact, dotted with traces of ruins, although without excavations it would be idle to hazard any opinion as to their character. Falbe conjectures that they may be portions of the wall of Roman Carthage. But this seems impossible; as, if so, both the amphitheatre and the circus would be within their compass. This is contrary to all precedent and all reason; and, indeed, we know from a story told by Procopius, that the *circus* at any rate was outside.

M. Beulé's view is an entirely different one from this. He imagines he has actually laid bare a portion of Appian's triple wall, the inner circle of which, in his idea, rested on the very Hill of St. Louis, which he considers to be not only included in the *Byrsa* of Appian, but absolutely identical with it. He made excavations on the south side of the hill by a series of parallel trenches,—a work of some difficulty and danger from the extreme looseness of the soil, composed in great measure of the *débris* of the Roman fortifications. He had calculated that he should find the native rock at a depth of fifty-six feet below the plateau of the hill, and the facts verified his conjecture. Below the large masses of concrete, the remains of the Roman wall which the Arabs threw down, he came to large blocks of tufo, the material of which the Punic wall was built. These were, he conceives, the ruins of the upper story of the wall which

Appian describes. Finally, penetrating deeper into the hill, he reached (as he believes) the first story of the Punic wall itself. On arriving at this point, he dug down direct along the face of the wall, and about sixteen feet lower came upon the rock which constituted their foundation, just fifty-six feet, as he had calculated, below the plateau of the hill. His wish had been to clear away, for an extent of forty metres, all the rubbish which covered them; but the enormous amount of the mass to be moved deterred him, and he unfortunately confined himself to tracing the wall for that extent by sounding here and there. 'Cependant,' he says, 'j'ai pu me rendre un compte exact de la 'disposition intérieure des ruines Puniques.'

The whole thickness of the wall was 10·1 metres, or 36·7 English feet, answering pretty fairly to the 20 cubits of Appian. Of this the first portion is a solid wall of 2 metres in thickness, behind which ran a corridor 1·9 metres wide; then another wall of a metre thick, having openings in it, each of which led into an oblong chamber terminating in a semi-circular apse. The length of these horseshoe-shaped apartments was 4·2 metres, their breadth 3·3, and the thickness of the wall which separated them from each other 1·1 metre. The thickness of the wall between the vertex of the apse and the hill on which it rested was 1 metre.

M. Beulé considers that what he here discovered was the innermost of the three lines of defence. As it is evident that within the horseshoe-shaped *salles*, such as he describes, an elephant could never be contained, — or at any rate could not be extracted from them with any comfort through a corridor two yards in width, entered at right angles by the outlet from the *salle*, itself only half as large, our author does not take the expression of Appian strictly, and supposes that the elephants had their quarters only in the outer lines of the fortifications in the plain below. He made another discovery, however, which struck him as a remarkable confirmation of the accuracy of the Greek historian, who states that there were large magazines of fodder, barley, and arms in these casemated walls. In several of the chambers he came upon a bed of cinders not completely burnt out, from a metre to a metre and a half in thickness. Among them were found pieces of the African cedar partially carbonised, perfectly rotten of course and crumbling to pieces when touched, but still preserving their structure so as to be recognisable. And among them likewise appeared a considerable quantity of iron, bearing marks of having been subjected to the action of fire. All the fragments were utterly shapeless, so that it was impossible to say whether they had been derived

from armour which had been piled in the chambers, or from the bolts and hinges of doors and windows, or nails employed in joining the timber-work of the interior. But M. Beulé is satisfied to assign the conflagration in which they were reduced to their present condition, to the storming of Carthage by Scipio. He also found large quantities of glass of a peculiarly fine quality; pottery of three distinct kinds, one of which he considers indigenous; and some objects of an oval shape in terra cotta, which, from their weight, he believes to be ammunition for slingers.

We must not conceal that Dr. Davis altogether denies the fact upon which M. Beulé's great theory is based, the existence of such a compound wall as we have described. 'Such a wall 'may exist in his own imagination, but it has no existence 'round the Hill of St. Louis.' In such a discrepancy of statement criticism is out of the question. M. Beulé gives the details and measurements of the several parts; and the only important chance of error in such a case would arise from the examination having been conducted not by clearing away the superincumbent rubbish from the face of the wall, but by digging pits here and there. But we confess that even if M. Beulé's observations should have been perfectly accurate, it does not seem to us a necessary inference that the foundations he has found belong to the great wall of Appian. The chambers may, for anything that appears, have been storehouses for the behoof of the garrison of the Hill of St. Louis, which (says Mr. Blakesley), if not itself the Byrsa, was certainly included in it; for it is the commanding point as a military position. Our own belief is, that the term Byrsa (which is simply the equivalent of fortress) was originally applied to the Hill of Burj-Jedeed, was afterwards used to designate the Hill of St. Louis, when from the growth of Carthage it became necessary to take that also within the fortifications; and, finally, when the triple barracks were built, was also used, at any rate in popular language, to designate the whole system of defences. But the Hill of St. Louis could never have been the settlement of the *original* colonists. It is not only too far from the point where the ships would be run ashore, but, what is more important, could never have been supplied with water until the cisterns of Malkah were built. This is not the case with the Hill of Burj-Jedeed, about which we now propose to say a few words.

About 900 yards from the nearest angle of the Hill of St. Louis, in an E.N.E. direction, are some other cisterns much smaller than those of Malkah, but in far more perfect repair. They are called by Sir Grenville Temple and Dr. Davis the

'rainwater cisterns,' from the idea set on foot by Shaw, and rather blindly followed, that they were only a receptacle for the drainage of the vicinity. It is however now ascertained that they are on a lower level than the Malkah cisterns, and that there is a communication between the two systems. Only a few yards in their rear rises a hill of which the top has been artificially levelled. In the middle of the flat space (the extreme length of which is 613 feet, and the breadth 340 feet) —

'Are still the massive walls of a temple 186 feet long and 79 broad. . . . The outer wall, which encloses this square area, is of great solidity, being six feet in thickness, and proves beyond all doubt that it was a place of great strength.' (*Carthage and her Remains*, p. 381.)

This lowered hill is the Hill of Burj-Jedeed (New Fort), so called from a small Turkish fort constructed on the brow nearest the sea, which lies about 120 or 130 feet below it. The hill was evidently once a place of great importance, and, in the opinion of most who have visited it, important as a strong position of some kind. M. Falbe says —

'Tout le terrain entre les citernes (the "rainwater cisterns") et cette partie de la côte' (*i. e.* where the Turkish fort stands), 'est encombrée d'immenses débris dont le plan indique la direction, du moins pour les plus considérables. Des murs en talus ont été construits dans les endroits les plus roides, afin de soutenir ceux dont les traces se voient encore au sommet de la côte : tout cet ensemble a le caractère d'ouvrages de fortification. On voit encore de grandes vôutes au revers méridional, et à quelques pas de distance de Bourge-Gjedid. C'est donc ce point qui offre le plus d'intérêt, après Byrsa et ses alentours.' * (P. 39.)

Lord Lyons, on visiting this spot, regarded it as a strong position for warfare such as that of the ancients was. So does Mr. Blakesley describe it.

'The hill is connected by broken ground with the Hill of St. Louis, which is certainly considerably higher, and commands the whole neighbourhood.† But between it and the cisterns (the "rainwater cisterns") there is a slight ravine, and before the invention of gunpowder the hill would be a natural citadel.' (*Blakesley's Algeria*, p. 383.)

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* M. Falbe, like the French writers, assumes that the Hill of St. Louis *alone* represents the Byrsa of antiquity. The area of the level surface on that is, according to Dr. Davis, no more than 490,000 square feet.

† Dr. Davis, however, makes the difference not so very great, putting the plateau of the Hill of St. Louis at no more than 188, and that of the other at no less than 163 feet above the sea level. But the former numbers are taken from Falbe, and denote *French* feet.

M. Beulé, however, is altogether at variance with these views. 'Le plateau est *factice*, et de gros murs le soutiennent.' (p. 29.) The excavations of Dr. Davis, within the rectangular space above described produced, he declares, nothing but vegetable earth. Had a temple existed there, some fragments of marble, or other architectural remains, would certainly have turned up. The doctor believes his opinion to be confirmed by a passage in Appian, which states the temple of Æsculapius to have been reached by 'sixty steps.' And there are, indeed, the remains of a staircase of stone on a very magnificent scale, between the margin of the sea and the little Turkish fort. But the height of this (120 feet at the least vertically) effectually precludes such an application of the passage; and M. Beulé, for his part, believes the ruin to be the ascent to a *Place Neuve*, of which he finds mention in a passage of Victor Vitensis, an African bishop, who wrote an account of the Vandal persecution of the Catholics. His notion of the purpose served by the Hill of Burj-Jedeed is, that it was a promenade for the citizens of Carthage.

'Cette place dominait la mer; on y jouissait d'une vue admirable, et si la spectateur se tournait vers sa droite, il embrassoit du regard toute la vieille Carthage, avec ses ports, son forum, ses temples, son acropole. Sur la gauche, au contraire et derrière lui, il voyait la nouvelle ville, le riche quartier de Megara. Victor de Vite a donc raison de dire que *la Place Neuve* était au milieu de Carthage, *in mediâ civitate*. La place était dallée. . . . . Enfin le rectangle du milieu était rempli de terre végétable, parceque on y avoit sans doute planté des arbres, afin que les citoyens pussent s'asseoir sous un frais ombrage pendant les ardeur de l'été. Tout ce system de décoration est écrit clairement sur le sol; l'erreur de M. Davis ne m'étonne pas moins que celle de Falbe, qui prend les escaliers de la *Platea Nova* pour des contreforts et des ouvrages de fortification.' (Pp. 29, 30.)

Dr. Davis, nevertheless, asserts that at the western end of the rectangular space, he has actually traced the adytum of a temple, and at the eastern, the remains of a portico; and that in digging on the slope of the hill, he discovered a Punic inscription with the name of *Ashmun* (the Punic Æsculapius) upon it. And, in point of fact, the reasoning of the whole passage which we have just quoted from M. Beulé is founded upon an inaccuracy of such a nature as to throw great discredit upon any statement of his which may be opposed by conflicting evidence. He has derived his knowledge of the African bishop's work merely from the book of M. Dureau de la Malle, who misquotes the passage, and, we suspect, had himself picked it out of Morcelli's 'Africa Christiana.' Victor is telling a

story of the cruelty of Huneric the Vandal king, who ordered the Arian bishop Jocundus to be burnt in the presence of his own people, standing spectators of the transaction 'in the 'middle of the city in front of the steps of the *Platea Nova.*' * If M. Beulé had ever read the passage in its context, he would at once have seen that wherever the 'platea nova' was, the staircase in question could not have been the one referred to by the author, for otherwise the common people who were spectators of the outrage, would have been *actually standing in the sea!* We will add, merely with reference to M. Beulé's glowing description of the scene, that no part whatever of the Magaria could have been seen from the site of his imaginary promenade; for the hilly plateau running from the Hill of St. Louis to that of Sidi Bou Said effectually intervenes.

Just to the N.E. of the 'rainwater cisterns,'—that is, on the side nearest to the Hill of Burj-Jedeed,—are two large and deep wells. 'Means may have existed,' says Dr. Davis, 'by which 'these wells were regularly filled for the public use, so as to 'prevent promiscuous intercourse to the galleries [of the cis-'terns].' To pour water already at the surface into a deep well for the sake of convenience is an idea which, we will answer for it, never entered into the head of a Carthaginian. The wells in question were, we believe, sunk by the first settlers who established themselves on the hill of Burj-Jedeed, and are possibly not only Punic, but the earliest of all the Punic works. When the cisterns were built, they were naturally superseded for ordinary purposes; but until that happened, they would have served to supply the buildings (whatever they were) that stood on the top of the hill. In this case, there would of course be means of access to them direct from the plateau. It is here that we, believing with Dr. Davis the Temple of Æsculapius to have stood on the hill of Burj-Jedeed, should be inclined to place the 'Sixty Steps' of Appian, and regard them as a steep staircase cut in the side of the hill. The distance would agree very well, and there is a similar arrangement in the acropolis at Athens, where forty-seven steps cut in the rock lead from the enclosed platform down to the cave of Pan and its well, the *Clepsydra.*

* 'Adstante vulgo in mediâ civitate pro gradibus novæ plateæ, 'episcopum suæ religionis, nomine Jocundum, quem patriarcham vo-'citabant, præcepit incendio concremari, ob hoc quod in domo Theo-'dorici germani regis acceptissimus habebatur.' (*De Persecutione Vandalicâ*, ii. 5.) This appears in M. Dureau de la Malle's work as 'platea nova cum gradibus in mediâ civitate,' in which form M. Beulé extracts it, quotes it, and then builds his theory on it.

The principal objection which seems to have been felt in placing the Temple of Æsculapius on the hill of Burj-Jedeed, arises from a misunderstanding of a passage in Strabo. That geographer, who certainly did not land at Carthage, describes it as it would appear to a navigator sailing across the bay. '*Abreast* of the middle (not, as it has constantly been taken "*in* the ' "middle") of the city,' says he, ' is the acropolis, which they ' used to call Byrsa, a pretty bold mamelon, with the town ' all about it; and at the top is a temple of Æsculapius.'* This is the precise effect produced by the hill of Burj-Jedeed when one looks at it from the sea in passing. In no position which a ship or boat would take in coasting could the Hill of St. Louis appear in the same light. Pliny's expression (which has likewise been much misinterpreted) is exactly parallel to Strabo's. He, too, is following a describer of the coast in his enumeration of the towns along the Barbary shore. ' Car- ' thage, a colony amidst the remains of the great Carthage,'† is a sketch, as accurate as it is brief, of the appearance that would be presented from the sea by the town of Augustus nestling around the Hill of Burj-Jedeed, and creeping down towards the *Cothon*, with the whole seaward face of the plateau between the Hill of St. Louis and that of Sidi Bou Said, covered with ruins for a background.

The Cothon, just mentioned, is the name which was given to an artificial harbour, or dock, of the Carthaginians. It consisted of two portions. The exterior, of a quadrangular shape, was entered from the sea by a channel seventy feet wide. From it there was a passage into the interior, which was of a circular form, and had an island, likewise circular, in the middle. On this island were quarters for the port admiral, with a tower above, from which not only the external port, but the whole offing, could be seen. Merchant vessels were allowed to enter the outer basin of the Cothon, but the inner was jealously reserved as a naval arsenal; and the crews and skippers of the trading vessels passed into the city direct from the quadrangular basin, the interval between the two being protected by a double wall. All round the island as well as the

* Κατὰ μέσην δὲ τὴν πόλιν ἡ ἀκρόπολις, ἣν ἐκάλουν Βύρσαν, ὄφρὺς ἱκανῶς ὀρθία, κύκλῳ περιοικουμένη· κατὰ δὲ τὴν κορυφὴν ἔχουσα Ἀσκληπίον. (xvii. 3.) Mr. Blakesley gives a rough outline of the site from the deck of a steamer in the roads, which exactly illustrates this passage. He has, however, in it brought the low point to the S.W. of the Hill of St. Louis too far out.

† 'Colonia Carthago Magnæ in vestigiis Carthaginis.' (*Hist. Nat.* v. 4.)

edge of the circular basin, there ran a quay pierced with houses for triremes, in each of which a galley lay sheltered from the weather, with its gear stored in an appropriate receptacle behind. Altogether there was room for 220 of these; and in the architectural arrangements, elegance had been kept in view as well as convenience. Two Ionic columns stood out in front of each galley-house; so that the effect of the whole to a person rowing in a boat was that of a circular portico, convex or concave according as he turned his eye towards the island or the margin of the basin. Such is the description which Appian has given of this celebrated port. It is recognisable still in two remarkable salt-pools to the south of the Hill of St. Louis, although its figure is very much changed by the accumulation of *débris* and of sand blown from the shore into them; and in fact, a considerable portion of the square port is actually occupied by a country-house and gardens belonging to the Prime Minister of the Bey of Tunis. M. Beulé professes to have made most accurate researches in this quarter, and if his observations are to be trusted, the results, as will be seen, coincide in a very wonderful manner with the accounts of the Greek historian.

These observations, however, labour under the very serious disadvantage that *it is impossible to verify* them. Sidi Mustapha Khasnadji (the Prime Minister) and the General Khaireddin, Minister of Marine (who also has a country-house close by his colleague's), allowed M. Beulé to make excavations on their property, but it was on the sole condition that every thing should be forthwith restored to its original state. There was a further difficulty in the circumstance that to find the actual masonry of the quays, excavations had to be conducted below the level of the water, the Romans having (as M. Beulé believes) destroyed in their malice every portion that was above the surface. Of course, as soon as M. Beulé's workmen got down below the sea level, the sea-water filtered in, and hindered their operations. This generally began when they had descended to the depth of nine or ten feet. Accordingly, the investigator resorted to the following method. On arriving at the old wall, which, in most instances, was of the same level as that to which the water rose, the workmen desisted from the contest with the element, and contented themselves with clearing the surface and a small space at the edge from mud, after which they left the hole. The sediment in a few hours settled, the water became clear, and M. Beulé was enabled to draw the walls, to measure them with exactness, and to ascertain the manner of their construction. He made, he says, more than 300 pits of this description

in the whole circuit of the port, filling each up as soon he had obtained his *data*, in order to avoid as much as possible the miasma exhaled from them, which had proved fatal to another zealous archæologer, the Count Camille Borgia.

The results which M. Beulé conceives himself to have established by this proceeding are, that the circular portion of the Cothon was 1021 metres in circumference, or 325 in diameter. The breadth of the rectangular port was the same, and its extreme length 436. The diameter of the circular island in the centre of the military port was 106 metres; the breadth of the quays which surrounded it 9·35 metres. The Romans had, M. Beulé thinks, obliterated the arrangement Appian describes, for housing the ships around the island, though there are still traces of it along the main quay. On the northern side of the island was a jetty connecting it with the shore, 9·6 metres in breadth. About the middle of its extent a space is left of 4·55 metres, probably to allow of the free passage of boats around the island. We may suppose the interval covered by a bridge, like one of those at Venice. Immediately opposite, on the southern side, are the remains of steps leading down into the water, probably the stairs where the port-admiral took boat when he wished to visit the mercantile harbour. But one of the most curious portions of the ports brought to light by M. Beulé is the channel by which alone the outward port could be entered *from the sea*. The channel that *united* the two ports answers to the dimensions given by Appian to the *sea-entrance*, which he says used to be shut by a chain. It is just 70 feet; but the inlet by which every vessel must have come *into harbour* is no more than 5·65 metres (about 18 feet 6 inches) in width. An inner wall runs parallel to the southern quay of the merchant port for something more than one third of its length, measured from the *eastern* extremity (where the entrance is), leaving a narrow channel of the dimensions just stated. An artificial pier and jetty, the foundations of which may still be seen under water in the sea, protected the mouth from the accumulation of sand under the action of the N. and N. E. winds. It is plain, however, that no vessel of which the breadth of beam was more than 5 metres and a half could enter such a harbour; and this gives us a very mean notion of the dimensions of the ancient vessels. It may be said, — which, indeed, seems the opinion of M. Beulé, — that this entrance does not belong to Punic Carthage, or even to the Roman city in the early days of its magnificence (for instance, in the time of the Antonines); but that it probably dates from the age of the Vandals. These sovereigns were great encouragers of piracy among their sub-

jects; and, undoubtedly, such an entrance as M. Beulé describes was much more adapted for the stealthy egress and ingress of small corsairs, than for the passage of merchant vessels of the size of the corn ships of the Roman empire. Still less convenient would it have been for ships of war, which when issuing to meet an enemy's advancing squadron would have been destroyed in detail as they got clear of the passage into the open water. But M. Beulé himself precludes such an explanation, by the very facts he states himself to have observed. The ship-houses round the circular quay appear likewise to have been adapted for vessels of no greater magnitude. Each house together with the wall which separated it from the next one was, according to him, no more than 5·8 or 5·9 metres in width. The wall being $\frac{3}{10}$ths of a metre, there remains only a clear space of 5 metres and a half, or little more, for the galley which was run in. It is extremely difficult to imagine even a trireme, carrying a complement of nearly 300 men, to have been of such scanty proportions. But, in fact, from the first Punic War the quinquereme superseded the trireme in naval warfare as completely as our eighty-gun two-deckers have superseded the old seventy-fours of Nelson's battles; and it is almost impossible to conceive that the Carthaginians, — who certainly grudged no expense, and, at least in naval matters, do not appear to have been subject to the disease of maladministration, — should have allowed their chief arsenal to remain incapable of receiving these. Yet, on the other hand, it is remarkable how irresistibly the details given by Appian, combined with the dimensions certified by M. Beulé, oblige us to adopt this conclusion. One is almost disposed to conjecture that the Greek historian is confusing arrangements which existed in the Roman harbour, with those (possibly of an analogous character) which had preceded them in the Punic times; and that, consequently, he is *not* in this well-known description following Polybius, as has been invariably assumed.

A further problem also suggests itself here. Was the Cothon the *only* port of the greatest commercial city of the ancient world? The aggregate of the two parts taken together, and the channel by which they communicated, only gives 231,617 square metres of water surface, whereas the old port of Marseilles alone contains 270,000. This is considered to be capable of containing 1100 coasting vessels. If we take the rectangular portion of the Cothon alone, the result will be 148,200 square metres, or, in round numbers, a trifle short of 37 English acres. This is indeed very scant measure for a traffic which, however short it may have fallen of the modern scale, yet was such as to

enable the commonwealth to maintain expensive wars for a long series of years. At the end of the second Punic War, when the finances of Carthage were perhaps in the very worst condition, Hannibal was able, by a merely administrative reform, to meet the ordinary expenses, pay the instalment of the indemnity due to the Romans, and leave a balance in the treasury. He was led to the steps which effected this result by observing the immense amount of the *Customs* (*vectigalia quanta terrestria maritimaque essent*). It seems impossible, therefore, considering how the making Carthage itself the market of the world entered into the mercantile policy of the age, to conceive that all the ships which repaired thither with cargoes, or indeed any but a comparatively small portion of them, could have found shelter within so small a space as the outer portion of the Cothon. The difficulty is to some extent removed by remembering the different condition of the coast to which we have adverted above. If the Cothon be regarded as a wet dock, into which ships, lying under the shelter of 'the Tongue,' in the northern part of the Lake of Tunis, and under that of Jebel Khawi on the other side of the isthmus, were removed for the discharge of their cargoes as opportunity offered, a more just notion will probably be formed of the activity of the commerce of antiquity, than in the common way of looking at the subject. Under this view, it seems by no means improbable that judiciously conducted researches may bring to light traces of another port on the opposite side of the isthmus to that on which the Cothon was excavated. It is remarkable that although Appian in one passage speaks of the two portions of the Cothon as *two* ports, in another he speaks of the Cothon (including the two portions) as *one of* the ports of Carthage. It may be that this is a mere inaccuracy of compilation; but the other alternative is quite conceivable to any person who has ridden over the ground between Sidi Daoud and Jebel Khawi, and remarked the peculiar lines which exhibit themselves here and there in that region. It is also strange that the name of Marsa — a word which in the Maltese dialect is still used in its Punic sense for a roadstead — should be given to a site which is now not near the sea, and, in fact, upon ground sloping away from it; unless the name be regarded as the traditional record of a time when it would have been appropriate.

Jebel Khawi is the highest of two or three elevations rising up out of the plain into which the visitor descends from the hill of Sidi Bou Said, and forms, together with the latter and the Hill of St. Louis, the three angles of the Carthaginian promontory to which we have before adverted. From its summit

to that of Sidi Bou Said may be four or five miles, and it constitutes an admirable point for examining the bearings of the surrounding country. Its soil fits it excellently for the use to which it was anciently put, that of the necropolis of Carthage in the pagan times. Under the scanty vegetable mould comes first a thin layer of hard tufo, which is succeeded by a limestone of soft texture, very easily worked. In this, on the side most distant from Carthage, the hill is completely mined with the resting-places of the dead. They have been in many parts laid open, originally, M. Beulé thinks, for the sake of plunder, by the Roman soldiers when the town was taken by Scipio. It seems to us more likely that the present traces of violence do not date from any more ancient time than the Vandal period. It is unlikely that in the golden days of the Antonines, when a new epoch of material prosperity commenced for Carthage, any marks of former misery and misfortune should have been suffered to remain in the public necropolis. At present, however, as probably for centuries before, the natives of the vicinity are in the habit of resorting to the hill for lime to burn, and as it is easier to use an entrance once made than to open a new pit, they have in many instances passed through from vault to vault, cutting away the walls which separated the two, and thus every now and then producing the catastrophe of a settlement of the surface. The researches of Dr. Davis appear to have been conducted wholly in localities which have been thus opened. M. Beulé, on the other hand, sought particularly for vaults which had been undisturbed in modern times. His method was to select a point where the surface was to a considerable extent level, and obviously untampered with. He then dug down till he reached the thin crust of tufo. If on tapping this with the pick a hollow sound was returned, he felt sure that there was a tomb, and cleared the soil away for fifteen or twenty square yards till he found the entrance. This consists of an oblong door not more than a yard in width, through which a descent is effected by steps cut out of the stone into an oblong chamber. The tomb is generally found three parts full of earth, which has been drifted or washed in by the rains; for although M. Beulé explored a large number, he seems to have found none which had been allowed to remain closed. The type of a 'family 'vault' for a person in easy circumstances was the following. Entering the narrow door, nine roughly hewn steps conduct into the chamber of the dead, the sides of the entrance being covered with a white stucco. The vault is generally about 7 yards in length, something more than 3 yards in width, and by no means lofty. On each of the two long sides are three

arcades, sunk some 15 or 16 inches in the wall, and in each of these are pierced two rectangular holes, long enough to contain a corpse. They are precisely of the same kind with those which M. de Saulcy found at the so-called 'Tomb of the Prophets' on the Mount of Olives, and which he describes by the phrase '*fours à cercueil.*' It appears that at Carthage it was the practice to put the *head* of the dead in first; for, in some instances, the bones of the feet showed themselves at the entrance of the orifice, while those of the skull were at the bottom of the recess. At the end of the tomb is a single arcade containing three rectangular holes, and on each side of the entrance a single one. Some vaults are smaller and some larger than others, according to the size of the family of the builder, or his forethought for his descendants; some have as few as 3 or 5 niches for corpses, some as many as 21; but the type is essentially the same for all.

The walls of the vault in the tombs of the wealthy were covered with a fine white stucco, which was also spread over the entrance to each niche after the corpse had been bricked in, but the interior of the niche was left bare. The limestone, says M. Beulé, is of a character extremely well adapted for absorbing the emanations from the decomposing animal tissues, and probably this end was had in view, as well as the avoidance of unnecessary expense. Sometimes instead of stucco the end of the niche was covered with a plate, probably of bronze. In other cases a smaller plate was placed over it. Every one of these has been removed, but the marks of the nails by which they were attached attest their former existence. In none does any trace of colouring appear, nor of design, except that in some an open hand with the fingers extended has been rudely engraved. This device may be very recent indeed. Throughout Barbary it may be seen to this day upon the houses of the natives, where it is generally painted red, and exactly resembles the distinctive mark of a baronet in English heraldry. It is regarded as a phylactery by the Moors, just as the hand closed with the exception of the middle finger (*infamis digitus*) was by the old women among the Romans. The same observation may be made on another peculiarity remarked both by Dr. Davis and M. Beulé. Small holes appear outside the tombs in which, after rain, water stands for some days. They are intended to attract not (as the doctor imagines) the spirits of the dead, but the birds, the throng of which has from very early days been supposed to indicate the sanctity of a place; and they are found in the cemeteries of Constantinople and Algiers, and indeed throughout the East and North Africa.

MM. Dureau de la Malle and Beulé (and, indeed, in a different way Dr. Davis also) suppose a much more important influence exercised by the Punic element in the population of Roman Carthage, than in our belief was the case. No doubt, when Augustus carried out the designs of his predecessor Julius, and established a colony there, a large number of Africans were enrolled among the inhabitants. But nothing can be less likely than that the native population ever acquired any weight or influence except by first themselves absorbing the Roman cultivation. To hold the least office in the pettiest provincial town of Africa, the native, as a preliminary, always sunk his nationality, discarded his native tongue and native garb, and Romanised his name. Tertullian relates that the whole population of Utica at the beginning of the third Punic War, in order to exhibit their thoroughly Roman sympathies, received the consuls as they landed, attired in the Roman toga. The case of the step-son of Apuleius, so far from evincing the existence at his time of a Punic literature and Punic culture in Carthage, really shows, by the course of his step-father's argument, how exclusively the Punic-speaking population belonged to the lowest class. The young man had a corrupt taste for vulgar society, and lived exclusively among gladiators and the like. It is in proof of the extent to which his low habits had prevailed over him, that Apuleius asserts he knows nothing but Punic, except it were a little Greek picked up in childhood from his mother, whose mother-tongue it was.

Carthage even in her best days was, we believe, entirely without any literature worthy of the name. The libraries found at the sacking of the city, which the Roman senate distributed among the petty chiefs that had espoused their cause, were probably the mere ostentatious luxury of wealth affecting *virtù*. At any rate, the only Punic author they are known to have contained was a writer on agriculture. Hanno's curious report of his voyage, interesting as it is to us, evinces neither literary nor scientific cultivation. The great Hannibal wrote the history of a campaign; but so little did he esteem his own language, that he composed it in Greek, although Cicero tells us he was by no means a master of the latter. Neither is there any evidence of a Punic school of art. The mosaics which Dr. Davis has succeeded in removing are, we believe, undoubtedly of the Roman times, as Mr. Franks has shown. That the cement to which they are attached, differs in some respects from that which is found under similar pavements in Italy, seems to prove little or nothing as to the only point at issue,—the state of the arts in the city which Scipio destroyed. But in Punic Carthage

everything was unfavourable to the growth of native art. The continual intercourse with the Greeks of Sicily enabled the African millionnaire easily to ornament his country house in the Dakhul Bashir with the works of foreign artists to any extent he pleased; and when the city was taken, the public buildings were full of statues, and the temples of offerings which had all been carried away from the island, or from the south of Italy. Of course many similar objects of *virtù* would come into the hands of the powerful chiefs, who conducted the campaigns in which they were acquired. But the native mind would be little stimulated by the view of such productions, to imbibe the spirit which had created them. An exclusively commercial community, absorbed in the successful pursuit of material wealth, is incapable of really respecting genius, or of appreciating the value of any qualities but those which contribute to material production. These indeed will be highly developed; and we find accordingly that not only navigation, mining, and works of irrigation were carried to a high pitch, but that the arrangements of commerce which the extended intercourse of modern nations has rendered necessary, were to a considerable extent anticipated by the Carthaginians. They alone, among all the nations of antiquity, possessed a conventional currency. Their 'leather money,' the precursor of modern bills of exchange, their 'tesseræ hospitales,' the letters of credit of an early age, are evidence no less convincing than their widely extended factories, that they possessed the two most important elements of the commercial character, — enterprise and good faith, and that *Fides Punica* were words conveying very different notions to the Cornish miner and the Roman legionary. The former of these qualities set the coasts of the Mediterranean so thick with Carthaginian settlements, that long after the destruction of the metropolis, the best land along the northern coast was still in the hands of cultivators of Punic blood; and perhaps even at this day a rich harvest of Punic words would be reaped by a competent scholar who should be at the pains to search the local dialects of Malta, Corsica, Sardinia, and the Balearic Islands, and even the vulgarisms of Cadiz and Lisbon. But while attaining a material prosperity so enormous that the very spoils of it demoralised its destroyers, Carthage left no single legacy to posterity by which the human family has been enriched, except the moral to be derived from her fate, — that a nation which has no higher aim than that of growing rich, is doomed not only to certain destruction, but to as certain an oblivion.

ART. IV.— *Obras completas de* FERNAN CABALLERO. 13 vols. Madrid: 1856—1859.

OUR northern imaginations are apt to picture the national genius of Spain as a wrinkled female Don Quixote, roaming in a confused and sunstricken state of mind over her boundless plains and rugged mountains, still haunting the wretched *ventas* of La Mancha or Estremadura, or maundering around vast monasteries and magnificent palaces crumbling to decay. This too unfavourable impression is due for the most part to the long silence which literature has observed in the Peninsula. It is long, indeed, since anything new from Spain has called for notice from foreign critics. The enthusiastic chivalry and catholicism which inspired the *Autos* of Calderon, the raptures of Santa Theresa, the Virgins of Murillo, the Saints of Zurbaran, and the gallants of Velasquez, has long since subsided into insignificance in the face of the literary and artistic triumphs of heretic and modern generations. Since the days of Quevedo, Spain has produced nothing worthy of the attention of a more than ordinary student of European literature. Moratin the younger composed some fine comedies in the last century in imitation of Molière; Yriarte wrote some tolerable fables; Balmès, in the present generation, appeared for a time in the lists of religious controversy as a respectable antagonist; the name of the unfortunate Larra passed beyond Spain as a political writer who is compared by his admirers to Paul Louis Courier; but these, with one or two respectable historians like Condé or Toreno, are all the writers that occur to us as noticeable for two centuries, with the exception of a few poets of moderate pretensions.

Since the war of Independence, a band of minor poets has arisen, among whom may be noticed the names of Martinez de la Rosa, the Duke de Rivas, Breton de los Herreros, Hartzenbusch, Ventura de la Vega, Espronceda, Zorrilla, and Trueba. Of these, Espronceda and Zorrilla perhaps claim the most prominent mention; Espronceda died in 1842 at the age of thirty-one, after an agitated and wandering existence, the victim of his own passionate energy of character, as well as of the fury of the political discords of the Peninsula. He was a sort of duodecimo Byron, thoroughly Spanish in his Byronism, and even more unhappy and vehement in his passions. Zorrilla has been a prolific writer; his tales and plays and lyrics unite some of the qualities of Calderon, Lopez de Vega, and the old Roman-

ceros, with the spirit of Lamartine and Victor Hugo, and passages of harmony, power and grace are not unfrequent in his pages.

In all this, however, there was little sign of genuine national inspiration; the appearance therefore of an author like Fernan Caballero, a really original writer of fictions offering vivid delineations of the manners and characters of the living populations of the most poetic province of the Peninsula, is an event in the literary history of Spain, and we may even add, in that of Europe.

Fernan Caballero is indeed but a pseudonym: the author of the novels passing under that name is understood to be a lady—partly of German descent. Her father was Don Juan Nicolas Böhl de Faber, to whose erudition Spain is indebted for a collection of ancient poetry entitled 'Floresta de Rimas antiquas 'castellanas.' Cæcilia, the daughter of Böhl de Faber, was born at Morges in Switzerland in the year 1797, and subsequently married to a Spanish gentleman—indeed, since the death of her first husband, she has successively contracted two other marriages and is now a widow. It is about twelve years since the 'Gaviota,' the first published, but not the first written, of these novels, appeared in the sheets of the 'España,' a daily paper of Madrid. The first work of Fernan Caballero, in manuscript, was the 'Familia de Alvareda.' The authoress first heard the story among the olive-trees on the ground where the events happened. So unpromising did the attempt seem to describe Spanish scenes in Spanish language, that Fernan Caballero, although much impressed with the tale, at first wrote it in German. She then re-wrote it in Spanish, and showed the manuscript to Washington Irving, who encouraged the writer to proceed; after some time the 'Gaviota' was produced, written in French as well as in Spanish, and it has slowly won its way to notice. Indeed there seems to have existed in Spain a common prejudice that neither Spanish manners nor Spanish life were fitted for that novel-literature which was prosecuted in every other part of Europe with signal success. With the exception of a few indifferent historical romances, the country of Cervantes has in modern times produced no novelist who was not a wearisome imitator of foreign models, and the few novel readers of Spain found sufficient entertainment in the translations of Sue and Dumas in the *feuilletons* of the newspapers.

These novels of Fernan Caballero are a great step in advance, and their merit has been more than sufficiently recognised by the literary authorities of Madrid and Seville, and received a due share of recognition at Paris and Berlin. We trust they may inaugurate a new birth of Spanish literature; but the

resuscitation of literary excellence in a country which has long been so dead to art and literature as Spain, will require a long period of time. Where there is no taste for literature, of course literature is unremunerative. That a country should be enabled to enjoy a few books in a year, it must be content some how or other to pay for a great many bad ones, and to be able to offer a fair reward to meritorious writers. This is very far from being the case in Spain, where for the most part nobody reads and therefore nobody buys. The bookseller's shop in Spain is usually crammed with old folios which the proprietor as a rule does not care to part with; his shop is a kind of unpaid sinecure, and his books are, like the teacups in the 'Deserted 'Village,' kept principally for show. The deluded writers of new poems and new novels find their manuscripts thrown back on their hands, or growing musty on the shelves of the publishers. Did we seek for any confirmation of these views, we find it in the volumes before us, of which, notwithstanding their intrinsic merits, and the prologues of recommendation with which every volume is furnished by some literary authority, the complete edition is published at the expense of the Queen!

It needs a very slight acquaintance with the history of the literature of Europe, to know that such was not formerly the case. That the spirit of romance was, in the early ages of chivalry, as active in Spain as in any part of Europe, and that the prose romances of Spain exceeded in influence those of any other country, in forming the characters of the chevaliers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Hence it might have been foretold, that of the various kinds of novels the romantic and descriptive was the least repugnant to the old Spanish spirit; and that in order for a writer successfully to undertake such a novel, it would be necessary for him to have a passionate attachment to the national manners and characteristics, and a corresponding dislike to the foreign and the new—such are the qualities we find united in Fernan Caballero. Our surprise at the appearance of such a novelist in Spain, is lessened by the fact that the author is partly of German extraction, and that the writer shows abundant evidence of being deeply tinctured with the study of heretical romance; for quotations from Schiller and Goëthe, from Walter Scott and Bulwer, as well as Balzac, Lamartine, Dumas, Octave Feuillet and Leon Gozlan are of great frequency in her pages.

The whole collection of these tales may be divided into three classes: those which represent Andalusian life as it exists among the *labradores* and *campesinos* of the country, which are thoroughly rustic and natural in their character; those which give

delineations of society as it exists in Seville, where the scenes for the most part pass in the *patios* and *tertulias* of the palaces of the Sevillian aristocracy; and those of a shorter kind, in which the interest lies not in the characters of the persons and the description of scenery or manners, but in the brief selection of incidents, which are intended to point a moral or adorn a proverb. There are one or two tales, such as 'La Gaviota' and 'Una en Otra,' which unite our first two classifications, but we class 'La Gaviota' with the first for the sake of the heroine. The first class, then, comprising 'La Gaviota,' 'La Familia de 'Alvareda,' and 'Simon Verde,' are brilliant and fascinating pictures of Andalusian life, vivid with local colour, rapid in movement, and flavoured delightfully with that 'Sal Andaluz,' which is as proverbial in Spain as Attic wit was in the classic world; and these we intend to review somewhat fully.

Fernan Caballero's pictures of town life are by no means so attractive; although they will have much interest for those who wish to get a correct view of the present state of society among the upper and middle classes, drawn by a writer of the old Spanish school, whose prejudices Fernan Caballero shares to an amusing degree; but her digressions of continual recurrence against the spirit of the age intrude upon the current of the story, and her incessant laudations of the most intolerant abuses and childish superstitions of Spanish Catholicism are both wearisome and ridiculous. Personages are introduced to caricature modern ideas, like Don Narciso Delgado, the Spanish encyclopædist and adorer of a *Ser Supremo*, and Sir George Percy, the representative of the *blasé* and heretic Englishman; these are weakly conceived, untrue to nature, and fit only to figure in a farce. The heroines are *fades* from extreme goodness and convent innocence of character; yet the novels are redeemed from insipidity by some good portraits of old Spanish characters, and by here and there the graceful figure of a young, natural, lively and high-spirited girl of true Spanish physiognomy.

Of the last order of stories, many are written with power and contain fine descriptive passages, but the nature of the subjects is such as rather to please an uncultivated taste: their interest is the interest of crime; they principally treat of murder, assassinations, miracles, changed and supposititious children, and those grosser sources of fiction which we now leave to our theatres of the East and the students of the Newgate Calendar; but the attraction of this class of subjects for Fernan Caballero may be explained by her ultra-catholic tendencies.*

* In 'El ultimo Consuelo,' a son of a widow, after a career of crime, is sent to the galleys; he attempts to escape, and is smothered in a

To pass to Fernan Caballero's best tales: it must be allowed that she has been fortunate in obtaining Andalusia for her province as a novelist; where the brilliancy of the skies, the transparency of the atmosphere, and the fertility of the soil are rivalled by the never-failing gaiety, the quick perceptions, the poetic vivacity, the graceful manners and gay costume of the inhabitants. After passing through the Sierra Morena, on the route from Madrid to Seville, the traveller finds himself at once under a sky, whose sapphire depths have a lustrous transparency; and where the Flora of Africa rises gigantically among the familiar rosemary and cistus and wild thyme of the North. The *adelfas*, rose-laurels, hang their pink blossoms over the streams, the dark green hedges of aloes divide the richly cultivated fields of the *vegas;* the palm tree towers above the olive around the old monasteries and farms. The red flower of the pomegranate, the orange and lemon groves, become more and more abundant, and when in blossom load the air with perfume, mixed at sunset and sunrise with the dewy odours of a thousand aromatic plants. Even in mid-summer the sultry winds of Africa are delightfully cooled by the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, from whose peaks are to be seen enchanting panoramas, extending along the shores of the Mediterranean. Nature is not the harsh stepmother and mistress which she is in the North; here her hands are always full of gifts for her favoured children. The Andalusian confides in her beauty, and lives a life free from care; he takes no thought for the morrow —he expects the morrow will be no worse than to-day, and no better; and he lives content. He does his labour cheerfully, for his labour is light; and little as are his gains, they are sufficient to provide him with all the luxuries of life and all the pleasures he requires. It is impossible, perhaps, to imagine a semi-sensual felicity more perfect than that of the Andalusian; his daily life is precisely such a life as we see, in northern countries, alone on the stage. Music, dancing, singing, and the continuous exchange of smart dialogue, are things

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marsh. *El ultimo consuelo* (the last consolation) is that he leaves his hand sticking above the mud, *with the fingers in the form of a cross,* to inform his mother that he died a true Catholic. In 'Callar in Vida 'y Perdonar en Muerte' (silence in life and pardon in death), a man of the middle class murders the mother of his wife for money; he escapes detection from all but his wife, who lives with the murderer of her mother till her death, and pardons her husband on her death-bed. Nothing can be more Catholic than these two stories, and nothing more grossly immoral than their tendency, which is to familiarise the conscience with crimes of the very darkest dye.

of which he never tires. When two Andalusians meet together, their tongues are never still: it is said that you could sooner stop the golden light of the sun, than the flow of speech of an Andalusian. As long as the Andalusian has anybody to listen to him he talks, when he is alone he sings. With his bread and his orange, his roasted *piñones* (pine kernels) and a little wine of the country for his daily food, he is as happy in the sun as a butterfly in the summer heat. Give him his song, his *cigarro de papel*, and his *morena* to talk to at nightfall at the *reja*, he would not exchange his lot for a principality. Nor is his mind unstored, if not with useful knowledge, yet with knowledge of a very pleasurable kind. This incessant conversation is a means of keeping alive an immense quantity of legendary lore; the great names of Spain are constantly rolling from his tongue. In legend, at least, he knows the history of his province; often in a romantic form transformed by the poetic instincts of popular imagination. Every ruined castle has its story of the Moors. The Moors are as common in their talk, as though the flight of Boabdil happened in the last generation. Women, when they wake at night amid the thunderstorm, cry to the lightning, *à los Moros*, 'To the Moors! to the Moors! 'and let them be converted at the sight of the anger of 'God!' But the most distinctive thing of all in the Andalusians, is their wit and their humour — the rapid thought, the sparkling eye, and the flashing speech — the good-humoured irony, the pleasant gossip and joke and merry saying, which is always capped by another and another, and which never gives offence.

Some notion of their conversation may be formed from the passages we shall presently translate from Fernan Caballero; but one quality which distinguishes their talk, it is impossible to give any notion of in translation, and that is, the enormous quantity of proverbs, in rhyme or in assonance, with which they intersperse their speech; and even when they are not actually quoting a proverb, their expressions have all the terseness of proverbial language. Spain is, everywhere, rich in proverbs: a huge magazine may be gathered from the speeches of Sancho Panza alone. Those in principal use in Andalusia are illustrative of the kindly, trustful nature of the people: such are *Haz lo bien, y no mira à quien;* 'Do good, and don't look to whom.' *Quien no es agradecido no es bien nacido;* 'Who is not complaisant 'is not well born.' *Quand Dios no quiere, Santos no pueden;* 'When 'God wills not, saints have no power,' is a reason for their contentment, as well as often an excuse for their indolence. Nor must we pass by the infinite number of Andalusian *coplas*

or rhymed stanzas, so numerous that there is hardly an accident in life, or a mood of mind, for which the Andalusian has not some ready *copla* for quotation. Not the least interesting of Fernan Caballero's volumes is one in which she has made a collection of Andalusian *coplas* and popular tales. Some of these are religious, some moral, some quaint, jocose, and burlesque, but the greater part amatory.

Moreover, in the imagination of this quick-witted people religion blossoms out into new flowers of pious legend and poetic sentiment. Everything which strikes the senses is embellished by some poetic invention, which flies from mouth to mouth, and passes into the legendary lore of the country. Seeing nothing about them but a smiling fertility, the hierarchy of the Catholic Heaven are to them beneficent beings to be approached with trust and confidence, and the familiarity with which they speak of God, the Saviour, the Virgin, and the Saints, must not be mistaken for irreverence; on the contrary, it springs from the belief that they are really the favoured sons of the faith, and from the vividness with which they realise the existence and beneficent watchfulness of their Divine protectors. There is hardly a bird, or a shrub, or an odour about which the Andalusians have not some pious and simple legend. The white poplar was the first tree the Creator made, and therefore it is hoary, as being the oldest. San Joseph told the serpent to go on its belly, because it attempted to bite the Infant Saviour in the flight into Egypt; and the reason of the existence of toads and serpents is to absorb into themselves the poison of the earth. The trees which are evergreen enjoy this privilege because they covered with their shade the Virgin Mother and the Infant Saviour in their flight into Egypt. Rosemary has its sweetest perfume and its brightest blossoms on Fridays, the day of the Passion, because the Virgin hung on a rosemary bush the clothes of the Infant Christ. Everybody loves the swallows, because they plucked out some of the thorns of our Saviour's crown on the cross; while the owl, who dared to look impassively on the Crucifixion, has been sick and afflicted ever since, and can utter nothing but *Cruz! Cruz!* The rose of Jericho was once white, but a drop of the wounded Saviour fell on it, and it has been red ever since. Children smile in their sleep because angels visit them. When there is a buzzing noise in the ears, it is because a leaf of the tree of life has fallen. Catholicism, indeed, with these people, is not a mere holiday form of worship, but a part and parcel of their daily life: every house has its crucifix, Virgin, or saint in the porch, with a light burning before it, and every morn and eve does the peasant uncover himself in the

fields or on the road at the sound of the Angelus or the Ave Maria.

It is curious to learn under what transformations our own heretical land appears to these people. An Andalusian tells the story of a countryman of his going to a land in the North,

'"Where the earth is covered with so thick a mantle of snow, that sometimes people are buried in it." "Maria santisima!" said Maria, trembling. "But they are quiet people, and do not wear the stiletto!" "God bless them!" exclaimed Maria. "In that land there are no olives, and they eat black bread." "A bad land for me," observed Ana, "for I must have the best bread, if I can't have anything else." "What *gazpachos* could they make without olive oil and with black bread?" cried Maria, horrified. "They don't eat *gazpachos*." "What do they eat?" "Potatoes and milk." "*Bien provecho y salud para el pecho*." (Much good may it do them.) "But the worst is this, Maria, that in all that land there are no monks or nuns." "What do you say, son?" said she. "What you hear—there are few churches, and these look like unfurnished hospitals, without chapels, altars, or *Santisimo*." "Jesus Maria!" exclaimed all but Maria, who with terror had become like a statue. Then after a while she crossed her hands with joyful fervour, and exclaimed: "Ay, my sun! ay, my white bread! my church, my most blessed Virgin, my land, my faith, and my *Dios Sacramentado*. A thousand times happier I, who was born here, and by grace divine will die here. Thanks to God you did not go to that land, my son! A land of heretics!—how horrible!"'

The following description from the 'Familia de Alvareda,' will make us acquainted with the habitation of an Andalusian *campesino*:—

'The house of the family of Alvareda was spacious and scrupulously white-washed without and within; on each side the door, built against the wall, was a bench of stone and mortar. In the porch hung a lamp before an image of our Saviour, placed over the door, according to the Catholic custom of preparing all things by a religious sentiment, and of placing all under a holy protection. In the middle of the spacious court "*patio*," an enormous, orange-tree raised its leafy head from its robust and clean trunk. A circular trellis protected its base like a breast-plate. For an infinity of generations had this beautiful tree been a source of delight for that family. The deceased, Juan Alvareda, the father of Perico, had a traditional pride in making its existence mount up to the epoch of the expulsion of the Moors, after which, according to his assertion, an Alvareda, who had been a soldier of the holy King Ferdinand, had planted it; and when the *cura*, the brother of his wife, jested, and called in question the antiquity, and uninterrupted filiation of his line, he answered imperturbably, and without hesitating in his conviction for a moment, that all the families in the world were old, and that the direct descents and pedigrees of the rich were to be traced clear enough, but that the poor were only not so fortunate. The women of this family made of the

leaves of the orange-tree tonic concoctions, good for the stomach and calming to the nerves. The little daughters adorned themselves with its flowers, and made sweets of them. The boys regaled their palates and cooled their blood with its fruits. The birds took free quarters among its leaves, and sang to it a thousand joyful songs, while its masters and mistresses, who had grown up under its shade, watered it unweariedly in summer, and in winter plucked from it its withered boughs, as children pluck the grey hairs from the beloved head of a father, which they would never desire to see grow older.'

'To the right and left of the entrance the house was divided into two parts, or habitations, of equal size, consisting each of a *sala*, with two windows with iron gratings (*rejas*) adjoining the street, and two bed-rooms at right angles to the *sala*, and taking light from the court (*patio*). At the bottom of the court was a door which opened into a large farm-yard, where was the kitchen, the wash-house, the out-houses, and which had in its centre a large fig-tree, with so little pretensions and self-respect that it allowed itself at night, without a murmur to be the roosting-place of the fowls.'

In 'Simon Verde,' the house of the hero of the tale is smaller, and here the vine takes the place of the orange-tree as the friend of the family:—

'As the house was small, it had no *patio*, but since the *patio* is almost a necessity for the Andalusian, a space roofed over with a vine-trellis in front of the house answered the purpose,—a magnificent roof of fresh and moveable tiles, so well put on, that only violence and death remove them from their place,—the paternal roof of the poor, which renews itself spontaneously every spring, whose mission it is to soften the light without impeding it, to take their burning heat from the rays of the sun without destroying their cheerfulness, to refresh the air with a thousand fans, to proclaim loudly the fall of a shower, and to withhold its torrents, while the family gathers together the objects of its occupation and seeks protection. This graceful guardian fulfils his task without any retribution on the part of the protected, not even that of being watered; and in the autumn, as a parting gift, it hangs down for the children, who have made it glad with their songs and sports the summer long, enormous branches of its beautiful fruit. And then giving its leaves, now useless, to the wind, it gathers itself up and hybernates like a marmot, having well deserved of its master, and without having in its meritorious career given any other cause for reproof than its excessive intimacy with the uncongenial wasps.'

Nor in reckoning up the members of the household of an Andalusian family, must the *burra* (the donkey) be forgotten:—

'No sight is more pleasing to the eye, or more joyful to the heart, than that of the peasants returning home from the fields. Every one comes mounted on his *burra*, which is generally followed by a foal, who runs and leaps, in the enjoyment of his short youth, as if he had a prophetic instinct that this joy and exhilaration, these pleasant leaps,

would be the first and the last, of a stern life of labour. The peasants bring their baskets full of fruit and vegetables, crowned with juicy stalks of maize, which are to be the supper of their good companions, the *burras;* and these quicken their patient step at the sight of the approach of children, who have come out to meet their fathers. The cavalcade is completed with a large, ugly, but humble and faithful, dog, who is counted as of the family, and who would not leave the sop of bread of his master for all the delicacies of the palace. Some fathers nurse the smallest of their children, and seat them before themselves, while the big ones embrace and play with the foal. Others dismount and put the bigger children on the "*burra*," and carry the little ones in their arms, and each of the various groups proceed homewards, where the mother and happy wife is awaiting them.'

Of the tales characteristic of this fortunate land in these volumes 'Simon Verde' alone comes to a happy close. Strangely enough, for a writer who advocates so passionately the happy effects of Catholicism and the old Spanish spirit, nearly all Fernan Caballero's tales end in a tragic and sinister manner; perhaps, however, the author might reply to us with the proverb, *Cosa cumplida solo en la otra vida.* 'Simon Verde,' however, though it is a touching picture of an honest, simple, and open-hearted *campesino* contending with adverse destiny, and finally being rewarded, is not so well adapted to display Fernan Caballero's peculiar powers as the 'Gaviota' or 'La Familia de Alvareda.' 'La Gaviota' is perhaps the finest story in the volumes. An objection may indeed be made to the choice of the heroine, as her character cannot enlist deeply the sympathies of the reader; but the truth of the descriptions and of the personages of the novel are so vividly wrought out, that we forget the fault, if any, of the subject in that intense realism which is the real charm of the story.

Gaviota (sea-gull) is the *sobriquet* which Andalusians give to harsh-tongued, flighty women of unsympathetic mien and manners; and such an appellation was affixed to Maria, the heroine of our tale, by a youthful, malicious tormentor (Momo). Both dwelt in the neighbourhood of Villamar, a village in the district of Niebla, on the coast of Andalusia. Maria, however, was known among the rest of the neighbours as Marisalada (witty Maria), according to their usual custom of affixing nicknames to their acquaintance, but it appears from the issue of the tale that Momo's appellation more truly suited her real character. Marisalada, or Maria, was the daughter of a fisherman. Her eyes were large and bright, her person well formed, and under some circumstances she looked beautiful. Her principal charm, however, was a surpassing voice, and great aptitude for music; yet the darker side of her character was, that she was unim-

pressionable; that, in her nature, there was somewhat of the coldness and the stoicism of the Indian, mixed with the scepticism of an evil spirit. She had been on the point of death, and was restored again to health by the skill of Stein, a young German surgeon, whose simple, tender, and affectionate, almost innocent nature forms a pleasant contrast with his German melancholy and tenderness to the joyous and fierce Andalusian temperament. Stein had served as a surgeon in the Carlist ranks, and after the war was ended had arrived at Villamar, in the last stage of exhaustion, at the door of an abandoned monastery. The family of the *labrador* Manuel, who inhabited part of the gigantic and deserted edifice, had taken him in and nursed him affectionately. On his recovery, he settled in the neighbourhood, his skill was appreciated by the humble inhabitants of Villamar, and moreover, after having restored the health of Marisalada, he was captivated with her musical talents and beautiful voice; she became his pupil after having been his patient, and finally, the object of his love. From the country life of this secluded Spanish village, Fernan Caballero delineates a series of attractive scenes, and brings forward many most truly original characters. Nor are the descriptions of the neighbourhood less characteristic.

'Stein was one day walking in front of the monastery, from which was to be seen an immense and uniform panorama: to the right a sea without limit, to the left a plain (*dehesa*) without bounds. Between the two the ruins of the fort of San Cristobal reared their dark outlines below the clear horizon. The sea, unrippled by the lightest breeze, balanced itself gently, raising its waves without violence, which the rays of the sun steeped in gold, like the golden robe which a queen lets float behind her. The convent, with its huge, severe, and angular lineaments, was in harmony with the grave and monotonous landscape; its mass obscured the only point of the horizon intercepted in that uniform panorama.

'At that point was the village of Villamar, situated close to a river as abundant and turbulent in winter as poor and withered in summer. The adjacent parts were well cultivated, and presented from afar the aspect of a chess-board, whose squares were filled with a thousand variations of green. Here was the tawny stem of the vine, still covered with foliage; there the ashy grey of the olive grove, or the emerald green of wheat which the autumn rains had caused to shoot forth; there was the dark green of the fig-trees, which were divided again by the blue green of the aloes of the fences. At the mouth of the river some fishing-boats were cruising; at the side of the convent, on an eminence, stood a chapel, before it a cross, whose base was a pyramidal heap of rough white stones; behind it was an enclosure covered with crosses painted black. This was the *Campo Santo*.

'Before the cross hung a lantern, always alight, and the cross,

emblem of salvation, served as a beacon to mariners; as though our Lord would make his parables palpable to those simple country-folk in the same way as he himself becomes palpable day by day to those of robust and submissive *faith*, who are worthy of that grace. The day was so beautiful that it could only be compared to a diamond of exquisite water, of most brilliant lustre, whose price is not diminished by the slightest defect. The soul and the hearing enjoyed a sweet repose in the middle of the profound silence of nature. In the blue turquoise of the sky there was to be seen but one white cloud, whose motionless languor was like that of an odalisque veiled in her snowy gauze, and softly reclining on her blue divan.'

Such was the neighbourhood in which Stein became a settler. The solicitude of the people of the deserted convent, especially of the *tia** Maria, the mother of Manuel, to keep Stein in the neighbourhood, helped to bring about the match between Stein and Marisalada. Stein on his side was passionately attached, and Maria, without any definite love, had a certain attraction to him arising from continued social intercourse and her admiration for Stein's own proficiency in the science of music, to which she herself was much indebted for her power of execution. All Maria's accomplishments failed to conciliate the good will of her irreconcileable enemy, the boy Momo, the son of Manuel, who never failed to meet her with '*Gaviota fuesti, Gaviota eres, Gaviota seras.*' Nor was Marisalada slow to return his animosity, and on one occasion she not only chastised him smartly with her tongue, but pulled his ears and left the tia Maria's house in high indignation.

'"Thou art a shameless fellow," said the tia Maria to her grandson; "thou hast more gall in thy heart than good blood in thy body; thou oughtest to respect a woman — blockhead! But in all the parish there is not a ruder and more graceless boy than thou!'

'"The devil only knows," replied Momo, with his ears tingling, "what charm this salt-water sting-nettle has made use of to get the better of your Worship (Usted) and Don Federico (Stein). Look you, Usted, a *Gaviota* who reads and writes! — who ever saw the like? And so it is that this great do-nothing (*jaragana*), who cares for nothing else all day but making noises in her throat like water on the fire, and doesn't cook her father's meals, who has to cook them himself, nor mend his clothes, so that your Worship has to mend them. But her father and Don Federico and Usted won't make anything of her, and will live to want the blessing of his Holiness for her. She'll repay you, she'll repay you in time."'

Nevertheless the marriage of Stein and Marisalada took place

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* *Tia* and *tio*, appellations meaning much the same as Gossip and Goodman.

in the church of Villamar, and all the celebrities of the village attended in gala costume. The marriage feast was celebrated, in a house, in the village belonging to the tia Maria, since the cabin of the fisherman, the father of Marisalada, was too small to hold all the guests. Stein had saved a little money, and wished to celebrate the festival *en grande*, so that all the world might enjoy themselves. Thus, with three guitars and plenty of wine, and other beverages, cakes, and fruit, they sang, and danced, and drank, and shouted till late in the night. The tia Maria came and went, and served the beverages, and took on herself the part of the mother of the feast, and kept on saying: 'I am 'happy as if I were the bride.' Brother Gabriel, the poor relict of the convent, who was nothing more than a sort of echo to the tia Maria, without any ideas of his own, always followed her with 'I am as happy as though I were the bridegroom.' 'Mother,' said Manuel, who was getting very merry, as she passed by, 'this dress of yours is too gay a colour for a widow.' (The dress was Stein's gift.) 'Silence, evil tongue!' said the mother. 'Everything must be gay on a day like this; besides, 'one doesn't look at the teeth of a gift horse. Brother Gabriel, 'try a cup of this mixture and a toast before you go back to the 'convent.' 'I drink a health to the couple before going back to 'the convent,' said Brother Gabriel (after which he crept away without having been noticed by anybody but the tia Maria). Then came on the *fandango* with its graceful movements, the artistic balancing of the body, and merry clinking of the castanets. The Andalusian *coplas* and the *brindis* were repeated as one couple of dancers made way for another, until at length a *copla* was repeated *que verdeaba;* then said the tia Maria to Stein; 'Don Federico, the wine begins to have its way; it is 'twelve o'clock, the little ones are alone in the convent with 'Momo and Fray Gabriel, and I fear that Manuel will lift his 'elbow a little too much. Tia Pedro is gone to sleep in a corner, 'and I think we may as well beat the retreat. The donkeys are 'ready. Is *Usted* willing that we should take French leave?'

Three years pass by. The married couple lived in the fisherman's cabin. For Stein the years were years of happiness, when one morning the monotony of his existence was interrupted by the arrival of Momo, running in a state of excitement to his door, and crying for him to go without delay to the convent, for a nobleman, while hunting in the neighbourhood, had fallen with his horse, and been brought in, Momo said, 'with as many bones broken as he had in his body.' This nobleman was the Duke of Almansa, who now became the instrument by which Stein and his wife were removed

from among the simple inhabitants of Villamar and brought within the great vortices of existence at Seville and Madrid. The Duke was restored from the effects of his accident by the skill of Stein; and during the long time which his illness obliged him to remain a prisoner in one of the large apartments of the deserted edifice, he had become attached to his physician, and discovered the astonishing voice of his wife: he was urgent that the talents of both Stein and his wife were gifts of Providence, which they were bound to use, not for the benefit of themselves alone, but of society at large, and for this purpose, it was necessary that they should remove from the secluded village of Villamar to a more extended sphere, where he undertook to assure them his protection.

These reasons prevailed upon Stein. The day arrived for the Duke's departure. This nobleman, whom Fernan Caballero has created after a true Spanish ideal, a modern *hidalgo*, uniting all the sentiment of the present epoch with a heart such as beat under the cuirasses of the fifteenth century, after delicately and carefully satisfying all the claims on his generosity, took his departure from Villamar, in company with Stein and Marisalada. Stein at the hour of parting felt all that depression which a man of nice sentiment was likely to feel on such an occasion, but Marisalada cried to those in tears about her: 'One would 'think I was going to China, and that we were never to see 'each other again in life;' and as she passed through the *plaza*, riding by the side of the Duke, Rosa Mistica, her old schoolmistress, never so much as got a look from her, nor did she salute the *Cura* until the Duke set her the example, so much was she absorbed in her new prospects.

The scene is now removed to Seville, and we soon find ourselves among the *tertulias* of that delightful capital, held in the open air in the Moresque courts (*patios*) of her marble palaces, —courts surrounded by corridors resting on marble pillars, with chandeliers of brilliant light depending from the arcades, with never resting fountains gushing in the middle behind a rich breastwork of the brilliant flowers of the South, where the elders play at *tressillo* beneath the lamps, while the rest recline on the rich divans and converse to the murmur of the rushing waters. Among the portraits which Fernan Caballero gives us of Sevillian society many are happily touched, though not with the same force and truth as the people of her rustic scenes. We have the General Santa Maria, with his *españolismo exagerado*, his hatred of all new and foreign ways; Elvira, with her contrary affectation of everything foreign; Rita, the true Spanish type of young lady, witty, lively, provocative and determined;

the young, unprejudiced, and generally amiable Countess of Algar, all bearing witness to the various ways in which the different members of Spanish society are affected by the ideas of the age. Before, however, Maria was introduced into this society, she was taken by the Duke of Almansa, together with Stein, to a *corrida de toros*. Fernan Caballero's description of this festival is fine if not new*; there was the same bursting of people to and fro in the streets, like the waves of the sea before the tempest, by way of prelude to the *funcion*, the same display of the rich Andalusian costume in the benches of the amphitheatre, the same breathless pause when the alcalde caused the trumpets to be sounded, and the bull rushed into the arena, as we find in every bull-fight. Stein sickened when he saw the unfortunate and mangled horses trailing across the arena, and went out; but his wife refused to accompany him with an expression of contempt, and showed unusual animation Indeed it was partly to see the effect of a bull-fight upon her that the Duke had taken her to the *corrida*. Hitherto she had met every new subject for admiration or surprise with coolness and disdain.

'The rude organisation of La Gaviota was too vulgar to admit of the exquisite sentiment of admiration, and too indifferent and disdainful to exhibit surprise: to impress anything on, to make any use of, that hard metal, there was need of the fire and the hammer.'

Thus it happened, that at the time in which her whole nature was for the first time thoroughly roused, she saw before her the man who was to be the master of her destiny. For now, after the bull had despatched several horses,—while the *chulos*, in their brilliant costume, were dancing like meteors round the infuriated animal,—Pepe Vera, the pupil of Montes, at the sound of trumpets, walked towards the balcony of the *Ayuntamiento*, and saluting the president, demanded permission to slay the bull. Already on that day had Pepe Vera, the favourite of the *aficionados* of the arena, performed an act of daring which had called forth the plaudits of that vast assemblage. When the *chulos* were in vain endeavouring to draw the infuriated bull away from a wounded *picador*, Pepe Vera suddenly

* On this, and on all other occasions, Fernan Caballero protests with extreme fervour against that barbarity to animals which is a shocking and degrading part of the Spanish character. She abhors the bull-fight, and refuses to travel in Spain lest she should cause fresh sufferings to the unhappy mules. This consideration might render even so good a Spaniard as Fernan Caballero rather more indulgent to railways.

appeared, and, seizing the brute by the tail, had drawn it away like an angry mastiff, and effected his retreat from the repeated charges of the pursuing animal with consummate coolness and playful agility. Pepe Vera was, indeed, the most dexterous of all the pupils of Montes, whose chief lesson consisted in placing his disciples with folded arms before the bull, and telling them to have no fear. His dress was of cherry-coloured cloth, with epaulettes and trimmings of silver. From the small pockets of his waistcoat appeared the ends of two handkerchiefs of cambric. The *chaleco* of rich silver tissue, the small and graceful cap of velvet, completed the rich and jaunty costume of the Andalusian *majo*. His form was delicately moulded, his step light, and his features fine. Pepe Vera had noticed the presence of the Duke, who was known for his love of the sport, and, after saluting the president, he advanced to the Duke, and, taking off his cap and throwing it to the ground with inconceivable *abandon*, said: '*Brindo* * 'to your Excellency and the princess (*la real moza*) at your 'side.' Pepe Vera, with the red cloak on his left arm and his sword in his right hand, proceeded to the spot in the arena which he had chosen for the fatal conflict; and dexterously avoiding the animal's first attack, at the second plunged the sword behind the shoulder-blade up to the hilt. Bowing to the right and left amid repeated thunders of applause, with the coolness of a Roman emperor, Pepe Vera crossed the arena and saluted the Duke and *la real moza*. The Duke thrust a purse of gold, unseen, into the hands of Marisalada, who enveloped it in her handkerchief and threw it into the arena. As Pepe Vera bowed again in recognition, their eyes met, and that was the first interview of La Gaviota and Pepe Vera.

Maria continued with unremitting industry to apply herself to the study of her art. Under the patronage of the Duke, she took lessons of the best masters of Seville, and the *prima donna* of the theatre herself was induced to instruct her in the artifices of the stage. But notwithstanding that Maria, fully sensible of the career of fame now open to her, made astonishing progress in those accomplishments which she saw would lead her to a summit where she would be able, illimitably, to gratify at once her self-love and her desire of luxury; yet, amid the novel scenes into which she was introduced, and amid all the enthusiasm which her perfect voice and execution created, she remained as cold and impassive as ever. Her *début* was at the house of the Condesa de Algar. 'Do you like Seville?' asked the Countess. 'Pretty well.' 'And what do you think of

* *Brindo*, I offer the honour of the bull.

'the cathedral?' 'Too large.' 'And our beautiful walks?' 'Too small.' 'Then what have you liked the best?' '*Los toros.*' And there the conversation ended. At the theatre, in consequence of a sudden illness of the *prima donna,* Maria was enabled to make an unexpected and first appearance. Her success was beyond precedent; as from the tumult of applause she stepped unmoved and calmly behind the scenes, she found herself face to face with Pepe Vera and some other young men in the robing room.

'"Bendita sea!" said the famous *torero,* throwing down on the ground and extending his cloak as a carpet for the successful singer; "blessed be that throat of crystal, fit to kill with envy all the nightingales of the month of May." "And those eyes," added another, "which kill more Christians than all the daggers of Albacete." But Maria passed on fearless and disdainful as ever. "She won't give us a look!" cried Pepe Vera. "Hear you, Usted, my love, a king will look at a cat. Mark ye, *caballeros,* the girl is a fine girl, in spite of ——." "In spite of what?" said one of his companions. "In spite of her squinting," said Pepe. When Maria heard these words, she could not contain an involuntary movement, and she fixed on the group eyes of astonishment. The young men laughed, and Pepe Vera sent her a kiss on the tips of his fingers. Maria immediately understood that the taunt was thrown out only to make her turn her head. She could do no less than laugh, and as she went off, let fall her handkerchief. Pepe hastily took it up and approached her, as though to give it back. "I will deliver it to you this evening, at the *reja* of your window," he said in a low voice and with precipitation. At the point of twelve, Maria crept out of her bed-room with cautious steps, after having assured herself that her husband lay in a profound slumber. Stein was dreaming, in truth, with a smile on his lips, intoxicated with the success which that night Maria, his wife, the beloved of his heart, had received. Meanwhile, a black form approached to one of the *rejas* of the lower floor of the house which Maria inhabited, and which was in one of the narrow streets of the city. It was impossible to discover the features of the individual, since an officious hand had previously put out the lights of the street.

'But now Seville was already too small a stage for the ambitious views and for the thirst of applause which devoured the heart of Maria. The Duke, besides, obliged to return to the capital, desired to present himself there that prodigy whose fame had already preceded her. Pepe Vera, on the other side, engaged to contend in the arena at Madrid, desired that Maria should undertake the voyage, which thus was put into execution.'

The enthusiasm of Seville was surpassed by the frenzy of approbation with which Maria was received at Madrid, and the measure of her glory was made full when she appeared in the same piece with Tenorini, whose reputation was then at its

greatest height of European celebrity; but meanwhile, the ascendancy of Pepe Vera over Maria was becoming more and more absolute. This brutal passion alone could inflame a heart as cold as marble, and awake all the latent demoniac energies of Maria's nature. And imperiously did Pepe Vera make use of his influence. Maria was obliged to obey every whim which his caprice or his jealousy dictated; at an instant's notice, to refuse to go on the boards, to accompany him, even when seriously indisposed, to suppers among his friends and admirers, and to sing songs amid the noise of glasses and the drinking of toasts. The amour had hitherto remained a secret from Stein, her husband, and the Duke her benefactor, when one evening, in consequence of an anonymous letter, Stein directed his steps to a tavern, where he himself saw his wife and Pepe Vera seated as recognised lovers among their friends, and heard his own name bandied among the guests in terms of contempt. Stein fled to the Duke, informed him of all, and of his intention to go to the Havanna, and to leave the guilty pair to their destiny. The Duke, who himself had felt of late the increase of a passion for the depraved woman, which had endangered seriously his own domestic peace, was thus delivered from an infatuation which might have become criminal, and Stein departed to the Havanna, where he subsequently died of yellow fever.

But on the very day of Stein's departure, retribution descended on the heads of Maria and Pepe Vera. Although the non-appearance of her husband caused Maria no uneasiness, as she imagined him to be absent in attendance on some sick person, yet she was seriously indisposed. She had gone to the supper at which Stein had seen her in a state of fever, which had seriously been aggravated by excitement and exposure, and her burning cheeks and inflamed eyes announced a serious illness. But a fit of jealousy had seized Pepe Vera; and moreover, he had that morning seen the bulls with whom he had to combat in the evening, and one of the bulls, called *Medianoche*, especially attracted his attention as the most dangerous adversary he had yet encountered. His jealousy had been excited by the malicious jokes of his comrades, and the usual imperiousness of his nature was rendered doubly tyrannical by the sense of the danger he was about to undergo. He thus laughed at the illness of Maria as a pretence, and threatened her with abandonment and a more fortunate rival, and insisted that she should be present at the *corrida*. Maria, after a vain dispute, wept and obeyed.

'Trembling with fever and agitation, she took her seat in the place which Pepe Vera had reserved for her. The noise, the heat, the

confusion, increased the tumult of her fevered brain. Her cheeks, ordinarily pale, were flaming, a febrile fury burned in her black eyes. But neither rage, indignation, jealousy, injured pride, anxiety, terror, or physical pain could draw a complaint or a sigh from lips as locked and as closed as a sepulchre.'

Pepa Vera saw her, and smiled without effect. After one bull had been despatched by another hand, the trumpet was blown, the *toril* opened its large and sombre mouth, and a black bull bounded into the *plaza*. 'There's *Medianoche!*' cried the people. Medianoche proved himself to be a combatant such as rarely enters the *arena; picador* and horse went down before him again and again; a wounded horseman was only saved by the dexterity and devotion of one of the *chulos*, and the bull stood master of the arena, with his horns and his forehead bathed in blood. There were prodigious shouts in the assembly, and some cried for the *medias lunas*, long partisans, by which sometimes the tendons are cut, and the animals made helpless. But the greater part declared that such a death was unworthy of so noble a beast, and that he should die with all the honours of the ring. The president, after some hesitation, sided with the latter, and Pepe Vera entered armed for the contest; he saluted the president, then placed himself before Maria, and offered her the honour of the bull: —

'He was pale, Maria was burning, and her eyes starting out of her head. Her breath came from her agonising breast like the hoarse gasp of a dying man. She threw her body forward, leaning on the balustrade, and striking her nails into it. Maria loved that brave and beautiful youth, whom she saw stand there serene before death. She felt pleasure in that love which subdued her, which made her tremble, and drew forth her tears; for that brutal and tyrannical passion, that exchange of absorbing, impassioned, exclusive, affection was the love she required: as some men of hardened organisation, in the place of sweet beverages and delicate wines, require the powerful stimulant of alcoholic liquors.'

There was a prolonged and profound silence, as of horrible presentiment, as Pepe Vera took his place in the arena. Many got up and departed from their places, the *chulos* retired at his signal, and left him alone to his fate. The bull attacked so rapidly, that Pepe Vera had barely time to elude his impulse; but strange! the animal, instead of being carried on as his fellows usually are by the momentum of his furious assault, turned suddenly round, rushed on the *matador* with lightning rapidity, caught him on his horns, and pitched him to four paces' distance, where he fell a lifeless mass.

When Maria regained her senses, fifteen days afterwards, she

found herself abandoned by even her domestics, and attended by a sister of charity. She recovered slowly from the effects of the fever and that fatal spectacle, but her voice had left her never to return. Through the charity of the Duke, she received a sum of money; with this she returned to the village of Villamar, where she married the barber whose addresses she had contemptuously rejected in her youth, and who unceasingly excruciated her ears by wretchedly singing to a wretched guitar, while she neglected her household and her children, and had to endure, as before, the taunts of Momo,—'*Gaviota fueste, Gaviota 'eres, Gaviota seras.*'

'The Alvareda Family' comes next to 'La Gaviota' in power, and here we have none but country folk. The scene is placed at the village of Dos Hermanas, about two leagues from Seville, in the middle of a sandy plain, separated from the capital of Andalusia by the hill of Buena-Vista.

'To make of this village, which has the reputation of being very ugly, a picturesque and beautiful place, one must have an imagination capable of inventing and creating, and the writer who now describes it only draws from nature.

'Here is neither river nor lake, nor shady trees, nor country jalousies; no lattices covered with creeping plants, nor peacocks and Guinea-fowls pecking over the green turf; no beautiful lanes of trees formed in right angles, like slaves holding perpetual parasols to give shade to the passengers. All this is wanting. Sad is it to have to confess it! All there is rustic, rough, and without elegance. But nevertheless, there you will meet with good and happy faces, who will prove to you that the lack of all that need not make people unhappy. You will find, besides flowers in the courts of the houses, at their doors, more numerous than the flowers, healthy and merry children; you will find that sweet peace of the country which is engendered by silence and solitude, an atmosphere of Eden, a heaven of paradise. These are the advantages which it enjoys, and they will make up for the lack of others.

'The village is made up of some broad streets, formed of houses of a single floor, laid out in long straight lines, which are not, however, parallel; these all wend towards a great sandy close (*plaza*), extended like a tawny carpet before a handsome church, which lifts up its lofty tower crowned by a cross, like a standard in the hand of a soldier. At the back of the church is the *oasis* of this sterile locality. To the right and left of the village extend those interminable olive grounds which are the chief branch of the agriculture of Andalusia. These trees stand planted at a distance the one from the other, which makes the plantations look cheerful, though the soil, when levelled and bare from the plough, has a weary and monotonous aspect. From time to time the factory of each plantation is visible. They are built without taste or symmetry, so that you may go round them without discovering which is the front. These large buildings or

fabrics have nothing grand about them but the towers of their mills, which rise above the olive trees as though to count them. The plantations belong in general to the aristocracy of Seville, but, as a rule, are not inhabited, as the *señoras* are not partial to the country; therefore are they ill cared for, and empty as granaries. Thus it is that in these lonely and deserted tracts the silence is uninterrupted but by the crow of the cock, who stands in watchful guard over his *harem*, or by the bray of some ancient donkey, whom the bailiff has turned loose, and who is now tired of his solitude.'

The primary cause of the catastrophe of the House of Alvareda was the marriage of Perico, the son of the late Juan Alvareda, with Rita, a village *coquette*, in opposition to the sage counsels of his mother Ana, who foresaw that the light nature of Rita was unsuited to the quiet, simple, and affectionate character of her son. Rita is a truly Spanish type of character, different altogether from the Gaviota. Rita is vain, wilful, light, petulant, and headstrong, but in the recesses of her nature better qualities lay hidden, which displayed themselves when she was thoroughly sobered by overwhelming disaster. Elvira, the sister of Perico, who partook of his gentle temperament, was engaged to Ventura, the only son of a neighbour Pedro. Ventura was a dashing Andalusian youth, whose Andalusian costume, with the short jacket, the long embroidered gaiters, the *faja* round the waist (the *caftan* of the Moslems), the silken ribbon and tassels at the knees, set off his fine proportions.

The marriages of Perico and Rita, and of Ventura and Elvira, were negociated by their respective parents about the same time. Perico and Ventura were bent on entering the army, and the only way of preventing them appeared to be by settling them in marriage at home. The interview of Pedro with Ana, while the marriage of Ventura and Elvira was arranged, offers an interesting scene of village life. In the interior of the house of the family of Alvareda (of which we have previously given the description)

'Ana was seated at the brazier, the point of gathering for families in the winter. The great fire-vessel of copper shone like gold on its low stool of wood. The room was a spacious one, the floor was covered with reed mats and round shaggy cushions. Around the brazier were dark chairs of rush, low on the seat, and high in the shoulder. A low table of pine, and a great chair of leather, such as are seen in village barber-shops, completed the simple furniture of this room. In the alcove was a lofty bed covered with its white counterpane; a very large coffer of cedar raised up on its little trestles to preserve it from the humidity of the floor; a little table of the same wood, on which was standing, in its frame of mahogany and glass, a beautiful

picture of *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores*, and the *Guirnalda Mística*, or Life of the Saints, by the Padre Baltasar Centellas.

'Ana was sad and cast down, as Pedro entered. "Gossip, (*Comadre*)," he said, "I am come, and here I am." "Welcome, *compadre*." "But I am come to speak to you about a matter." "Speak, *compadre*, and the more the better." "You must know, *comadre*, that that scapegrace Ventura has put it into his hare-brains to go and get his skin punctured by those French savages, whom may God curse." "Jesus! Jesus! *compadre*, let *Usted* kill an enemy in open war, but not curse him. Perico was thinking of that same thing. It is a bitter thing, *compadre*, it is cruel for us, but it is natural." "I don't say no, *comadre* (Heaven confound those villains!); but after all he is my only son, and I would not lose him for all Spain. I have only found one way to bring him to reason, and that I have come to tell you."

'Saying these words, Pedro seated himself comfortably in the great chair of leather, drew in the ends of his cloak, extended his feet to the fire, and placed himself quite at ease in a deliberate manner. "*Comadre*," he said at last, with that profusion of synonymous phrases which talkers possess, "I hate all prefaces, which only make you dry. Things must be discussed with a few words and clear. Keep it to yourself or out with it, that's my way; what you can say in five minutes, why take an hour? what you can do to-day, why leave it till to-morrow? Of all ways the best is the shortest; but now to the point, since I don't like beatings about the bush, nor ——" "In truth, *compadre*," said Ana, interrupting him, you give me reason to think the contrary. But now to the point, for *Usted* keeps me in suspense ever since you came in." "Bit by bit," answered Pedro; "I can't go off like a gun; talk makes reason,—there is no hurry. *Caramba! comadre*, *Usted* is more swift than lightning, and more quick than an explosion. I was saying, *Señora* Gunpowder, that I knew but one way to keep down that firework of a son of mine who wants to go off, and that way is one he would take sooner or later; in a word, and to end quickly, I came to ask for your Elvira for my Ventura, hoping that the son-in-law I offer you will be as acceptable as the daughter-in-law I solicit." Ana did not seek to conceal the satisfaction which such a union would cause, so suitable and adequate in every way, and one as looked for and desired by the parents as by the children.'

Then they set themselves to consider the clauses of the contract, like well-to-do people as they were.

'"*Compadre*," said Ana, "you know as well as I do what we have; we have only to settle the division. This house here the eldest son has always had. The vineyard goes by right to Perico, because he has improved it, and planted a great part fresh. My cows I give to him because he has to keep me as long as I live. *La burra* (the donkey) he has need of." "Will *Usted* tell me, *comadre de mis pecados*" (gossip of my sins), said Pedro, interrupting

her, "what is left for Elvira? Since, according to this arrangement, it seems to me that she will come out of your hands as our mother Eve came (God rest her!) out of the hands of the Creator." "Elvira shall have the olive field," said Ana. "A dowry for a princess!" cried the *tio Pedro.* "*Vaya!* an olive field as big as a pocket-handkerchief, which does not give oil enough for the lamp of the *Santisimo.*" "It used to give more than a hundred *arrobas* twenty years back," said Ana. "*Comadre,*" said Pedro, "that which was, and is not, is the same as if it had never been. Twenty years ago, all the girls were dying for me." "Forty! you might say," replied Ana. "How very nice *Usted* is! *comadre.* Now to the point. The olive ground has about as many olive trees as St. Peter has hairs, and those that are left are so sorry in look, that they are like tapers at the Holy Sepulchre!"'

However, they continue to discuss the matter, and it occurs to the *tio* Pedro that the *tia* Ana sold last year two full-fed pigs.

'"*Vamos claro,*" he says; "I like my bread to be bread, and my wine wine. I don't like bran in the one, nor water in the other. That ground, *comadre,* is poor and used up, and good for nothing but to turn a donkey into. But here, now, let no one overhear us; didn't *Usted* now sell last year two of your best pigs, each one of which weighed fifteen *arrobas?* At a *peseta* the pound, — reckon you, *Usted!* — one hundred bushels of barley at fifteen *reals;* one hundred skins of wine and fifty of vinegar. *Pues,* — well, then this cat which *Usted* keeps shut up in your chest without respiration, what better occasion than to take it out and give it air?"

And so they go on, till Ana has her turn, and revenges herself by crying down every item of Ventura's portion, and they conclude the bargain by remaining after, as before, the best friends in the world.

It was arranged that the two marriages should take place nearly together; in the course of preparation for them, Pedro made a journey with Maria, the mother of Rita, to Alcalá, the nearest town, each on their respective *burra,* when the following scene took place, which illustrates the Andalusian character with its love of ironical and smart jesting (*provaciones burlescas y zumbas*). Half-way was an inn (*venta*), with soldiers and muleteers lying and sitting on the brick benches before the door, as the *tio* Pedro and the *tia* Maria passed by.

'"Tio!" cried one, "where are you going with that Lady Lent (*cuaresma*)?" "Tia!" cried another, "is the church standing in which you were baptized?" "Tia!" said another, "can you remember your wedding-day?" "Tia!" asked a fourth, "is *Usted* going to Alcalá to have your banns put up with this young lady?" "No," answered Pedro, alighting from his donkey with great gravity;

"I am waiting for that till I am of age, and the girl has stopped growing." "Tia!" went on the soldiers, "would *Usted* that we should help you down from your thorough-bred?" "That is the best thing you can do, my sons," answered the good lady. The soldiers approached, and assisted her down in a careful and good-humoured way. Pedro encountered some friends in the *venta* who invited him forthwith to drink. He did not make them ask him twice, and said, after drinking: "Now it's my turn to invite after being the invited. *Ustedes, amigos,* and you, *caballeros,* whom I don't know, except to be your humble servant, will you do me the favour to drink a little glass of *anisete* to my health?" "Tio Pedro," said a young muleteer of Dos Hermanas, "will *Usted* tell us a tale? for I will take care that your glass shall not stand empty, and that your throat shall not get dry."

'"Ay, Jesus!" exclaimed the tia Maria, who after her little glass of *anisete* had seated herself on some sacks of wheat, "*Jesus me vulga!*" (Jesus have care of me), "for if once Pedro lets his tongue loose, we shan't get back to the village to-day, without the miracle of Joshua to help us." But Pedro's tongue went on nevertheless, running through many a story and throwing out many a joke, till the tia Maria rose, saying: "*Ea, Pedro, hablador sempiterno, vamonos.*"'

The marriage of Ventura and Elvira was to take place the first, since Perico and Rita being within the degrees of relationship prohibited by the Romish Church, it was necessary to wait for a *dispensa* from Rome for its celebration. The day of the wedding of Ventura and Elvira had arrived; Ana was pressing for the last time the daughter whom she loved so dearly, the gentle Elvira, to her breast; tio Pedro, more lively than ever he had been in his life, exceeded himself in his quips and jests and merry sayings. They were about to depart for the church, when a dull, confused noise and cries of alarm were heard in the distance, and bands of fugitives came rushing by. The French army was at hand! and in their devastating march had taken the village by surprise. Then ensued scenes of violence and terror. Elvira with her mother and brother were enabled to flee away; and the *tio* Pedro concealed his son in his house, intending to follow them after nightfall. But a French grenadier entered into Pedro's house; Ventura was a witness, from his place of concealment, of a violent assault on his father; he rushed forth to take vengeance on the aggressor, snatched the intruder's own sword from him, and plunged it into his body, and then, after concealing the corpse, leapt over the farm-yard wall and disappeared among the olive trees in the distance.

Six years passed by before Ventura, after service in the ranks of the army, and fighting in the War of Independence, returned

to his home. Perico and Rita had long been united, and two sons were the offspring of the marriage. But Elvira had never recovered the shock which she sustained on the morning of her wedding, and was languid, feeble, and delicate. Military life had been a bad school for Ventura, his love to Elvira grew colder and colder, if it even survived the shock of her first appearance on his return. Rita had grown in form and spirit, and in fearlessness of bearing. Without self-consciousness, these two kindred spirits were daily drawn closer together; in spite of the warnings of Ana, Rita continued to encourage Ventura with all the attractive grace of manner and raillery; until one evening at Christmas, Perico on his return from labour found Rita absent, his suspicions were excited by some innocent prattle of his children, and he went off to a neighbouring *fiesta*, and there found Ventura and Rita dancing together before the crowd, amid the intoxicating voices of popular applause. Matters even then might have been made up, but Perico was exasperated, and Ventura was heated with wine; the crowd sided with Ventura, and Perico was treated with mockery and scorn; he rushed at Ventura, who seized him round the body, threw him to the ground, and clutched his throat with both hands. At this instant Pedro, Ventura's father, entered; his voice in some measure sobered his son; the young man released his adversary, who got up and went out, saying, in a hoarse voice: "He has undone both of us." Ventura on the following day awoke ashamed and sincerely repentant; he came before the remonstrances of his father, and offered to make any amends to Perico, and to marry Elvira immediately. Pedro took him to the house of Ana. Ana was ignorant of what had happened, and all was arranged for the wedding. Ventura and his father went away together, the one to go to the grounds of which he was keeper, the other to look to his wheat-field. When they parted, Pedro watched for a while the fine form of his son: 'A 'son like that,' he said to himself, 'no king possesses. His 'equal is not in all Spain; if his body is handsome, more hand-'some is his soul.' Ventura had, however, taken but a few steps among the olives, when he saw Perico leap from behind with his gun; Ventura did not attempt to use his own, he rushed forward, and cried to Perico to stay,— but the gun was discharged, and Ventura fell mortally wounded.

Perico fled; accident led him among a band of brigands, and with them he lived for some time a life of terror and remorse. We give a forcible scene from this portion of the story of Perico, who is known among the brigands by the name of Pedro. The culminating point of horror in the calendar of Spanish crime is that of *sacrilege*.

'What a spectacle! how loftily sublime and tremendous is that which an empty church presents at the unaccustomed hour of night. Even the purest and most holy souls bury themselves in profound and fearful meditation while they contemplate it. There is no incredulity which is able to give courage to the heart which dares to venture there. How immense and terrible appear those dark naves! How lofty those arches which, sustained by giants of stone, lose themselves in the mysterious obscurity of a heaven without stars! There, from a deep and funereal chapel, the cold statue which sleeps over a sepulchre fascinates and terrifies the observer; and although its outlines are scarcely visible, it appears that the obscurity itself gives it motion. The high altar, still perfumed with the incense and flowers of the morning, from its shadowy form scintillates the darkness; the altar, the universal centre of faith, the throne of charity, the refuge of hope, the prodigal dispenser of the most sweet consolations, the refuge of the weak, drags towards it the eyes, the steps, and the heart! Before the tabernacle burns the solitary lamp, the guardian of the sanctuary, whose only duty is to shine, since light is the knowledge of God: lamp holy and mysterious, a sweet and constant holocaust, a flame permanent as eternal mercy, which burns like love, is silent like respect, and cheerful and tranquil like hope. The flickerings and reflexions of the light fall upon and illuminate the salient projections of the carvings and mouldings of the gilded altar-piece, giving them the fantastic appearance of eyes which watch in religious wakefulness. There nothing distracts the mind; that complete immobility, that uninterrupted silence, form as it were a suspension of life, which is not death, which is not sleep, but which partakes of the solemnity of the one and the sweetness of the other.

'Such was the church of Alcalà when the brigands entered into it, lighted by the lantern of the humble gipsy woman, and bringing Pedro along with them by blows and violence.

'"Let him loose, and close and bar that door," said Diego (the captain). The others answered, "He will cry out and discover us." "Let him loose, I say!" answered the captain. "Who is to hear him? what can he do?" "He can shout," answered Leon, who, aided by the gipsy, was despoiling the high altar of the ornaments of silver which covered it. "Then be on the watch for him," said the captain. And two — without doubt the most timid, who did not wish to lay their hands on holy property — remained near Pedro. He, like all those who habitually restrain themselves, was impetuous and not to be put down when circumstances drew him from himself; thus he burst out, recovering all his energy, "Off with your hats, heretics; you are in the house of God!" "Quick, a gag!" called the captain, furious. And immediately they placed in his mouth a cloth, since resistance was useless. But in spite of the cloth, which was suffocating him, when he saw the gipsy and Leon breaking the door of the sacristy, Pedro made a desperate effort and fell on his knees, calling out, "Sacrilege! sacrilege!" Horrible exclamation! which ran through the chapels and rebounded along the roof like thunder among the clouds, and which awoke the mighty and sonorous

instrument which ordinarily accompanies the mysterious *De Profundis* and the glorious *Te Deum*, and lost itself among its pipes of bronze, like a groan of anguish. These wretches felt an instant of cold terror. Diego himself trembled. But soon, having recovered himself, he approached Perico furiously, dashed him against the stones of the pavement, trampled on him, and ordered the others to put an end to him if he uttered a word. The unhappy man, on the ground, and ill-treated by these bandits, stammered confusedly, "Mercy! O God! mercy!" "Kill him if he mutters a word," repeated Diego, "and let us finish quickly, for the night is getting clearer, and we may be seen on going out of this." Indeed the clouds now opened, and a ray of moonlight entered at this moment through a lofty upper window of the church, and fell and kissed the foot of a miraculous image of the most Immaculate Conception. "Cursed moon!" cried the gipsy woman, with horrible imprecations. And all, frightened to behold each other at the light of that sudden splendour, hurried on the work of spoliation and consummated the sacrilege.'

Perico was at length captured, convicted, and led to the scaffold. Rita, on the morning of the execution, was with her mother in Seville, about to take further steps for the discovery of her husband, whose pardon for the murder of Ventura she had, by incessant application, obtained. On arriving at the place of San Francisco, a multitude of people barred their way, the procession of an *ajusticiado* was about to pass by. A terrible shriek rang through the crowd,—Rita had recognised her husband. She was taken away insensible, for some time she was on the point of death, she wished for it; but the priest who attended Perico in his last moments assured her of his forgiveness, and persuaded her to live for her children. She retired with her mother to the *sierra*, but never recovered cheerfulness or health. The *tio* Pedro died in the same year. Elvira's delicate nature did not survive long the death of Ventura. The mother of Elvira and Perico died, bent with sorrow and age; the family of Alvareda was at an end, their house was deserted,—the very orange tree which stood in the centre of its court, the pride of the Alvaredas for centuries, withered with the fortunes of the family.

'Elia,' 'Clemencia,' 'Lagrimas,' and 'Un verano en Bornos,' are, as we have said, delineations of the more refined Andalusian society. But although many of the characters introduced have a striking reality and skilfully marked characteristics, these novels are not so fascinating nor so well conceived as those which we have analysed. The tales themselves have not the same intrinsic interest, in great measure from the little sympathy inspired by the heroines, who are all girls brought up in convents, full of tears and simplicity, and always ready to fly off to the convent

and the Virgin Mary at the slightest difficulty. We must except, however, Casta, in the story 'Una en Otra,' whose lively and determined character forms a pleasing contrast with the insipid goodness of Elia or the lachrymose inanity of Lagrimas. Neither in 'Elia' nor in 'Clemencia' is there much invention as to story. Elia is the foster-child of the Countess of Calatrava, the widow of the *corregidor* of Seville. After being educated in a convent, Elia returns to the house of the Señora de Calatrava. There the nephew of the Countess, the son of her sister-in-law, the Marquesa de Val de Jara, engaged himself to her in secret. His mother, however, discovers the engagement, and is furious, the more so as it is discovered that Elia, a child brought up by charity, is the daughter of a bandit. In vain does the Señora de Calatrava endeavour to shield the child of her affection with her love, in vain does she on her death-bed leave Elia the possessor of immense revenues. The Marquesa de Val de Jara would rather that heaven and earth should come together than her son form so dreadful a *mésalliance*. During one violent scene in which the Marquesa went to Elia in a state of indisposition, and overwhelmed her with rebuke and reproaches, the poor 'flower of the convent' determined to withdraw for ever from the world. Her lover, who had been obliged to fly from the wrath of his mother, returns in time to see Elia take the vows; in an interview with him, Elia persuaded the young man that earthly felicity was an illusion, and was so eloquent on the subject of convent life, that Carlos, fascinated and enraptured with her holy tears and divine language, looked on her as an 'apparition descended from lofty regions and ready 'to mount up to them again.' He prostrated himself before her, and leaning his head against the iron bars of the grating, exclaimed: 'There are beings who stand so elevated that an 'earthly passion profanes them, and they ought only to be 'loved as above the world, like angels in heaven.' Thus the story is brought to a truly Catholic conclusion. We are informed in an epilogue that Carlos died fighting in the Trocadero; that the Marquesa de Val de Jara died inconsolable, for Carlos was the last son of the great House of the Orreas; that Esperanza, her daughter, saw all the idols of her heart depart, and leave her one by one; and that Elia alone remained in the convent serene and resigned, and capable of giving her consolation.

The main interest of the story, however, is involved in the characters of the Señora de Calatrava and the Marquesa de Val de Jara, both different, and both of the old Spanish type. The former attached to her old palace, its old Spanish furniture and pictures of Velasquez, to her *mantilla* and Spanish costume,

to all old Spanish customs, with plenty of wit and an ever ready tongue, charitable, religious, generous, and full of tolerance for her niece, the Condesa de Palma, and her extreme love of French innovations, while quietly opposing them, beloved by her people, kind and considerate to all, yet with a firmness of purpose on all occasions never to be broken. The Marquesa de Jara is, on the other hand, a harder and more vehement nature, haughty with the pride of the House of Orrea and giving way at times to outbursts of passion which are only to be overcome by her confessor. The difference of the two ladies is marked in the first chapter, at the dinner which is given in the house of the Señora de Calatrava in honour of the return of Ferdinand VII. to the throne of his ancestors. The Marquesa de Val de Jara cried in exultation: —

'"Let us drink to the extermination of all the enemies of the altar and throne, the two holy and eternal bases of society." "No," replied the Señora de Calatrava; "on a day so happy let us have good toasts and no exterminations. Let us drink to all the brave defenders of our country, and the happy return of your brave sons, my sister."'

The story of 'Clemencia' is of less interest than that of 'Elia,' though Clemencia herself is a better character; and as it displays no new characteristic of Fernan Caballero, and indeed is in many portions unworthy of the authoress, we mention it merely for the sake of presenting to our readers one of its characters. This is a Spanish country gentleman, an untutored *hidalgo*,— *Español rancio, cristiano viejo.*

'Don Martin Ladeon de Guevara was a nobleman of great revenue and ancient descent; he was one of those larger proprietors of the inland so attached to their localities and houses, that they appear, so to speak, incorporated, as if they were figures of bas-relief sculptured upon them. Gentlemen who have never occupied themselves in their lives with other things than their horses, their bulls, their agriculture, and the affairs of the district; of those who, in their infinite longing to make for themselves an occupation, spend with pleasure enormous sums in getting up and pursuing a ridiculous law-suit, to gain or lose which, in the end, is a matter of indifference, answering to those who reprove them for their folly, "that it is not for the egg, but for the shell." Don Martin had received no kind of instruction except in religion, according to the rule, Why — if he is the eldest son, why should he study? What use is learning to him? In consequence he had never opened a book in his life, yet that did not hinder him from being instinctively and traditionally a gentleman, and from having, as Andalusians generally have, talent and a fine expression, with the privilege which magnates have of sharpening them up, and making them shine, in saying whatever comes into their minds, as a man who knows that he is always listened to with silence and respect. Don Martin spoke loudly, readily, and decidedly, with the same tone to

the king as to the beggar; that is, in a natural, straightforward, and decided tone. He held in his memory, and continually made use of, an inexhaustible quantity of sayings and rhymes, which he called little gospels. Don Martin was as charitable as religious, he gave with full hands, and without ostentation. He was generous, like a real *caballero*, placing so little price on his good deeds, and forgetting them so completely, that he was offended if they were remembered or praised in his presence, since he simply and Christianly held that it was not a virtue but a duty for the rich to give to the poor.'

But of this last class of novels, 'Una en Otra,' in spite of the sinister nature of one portion of its story, contains the most entertaining and characteristic situations. One of its scenes is sufficiently amusing to tempt us to put it before our readers as a last specimen of Fernan Caballero in her comic vein. Casta is bent on getting rid somehow or other of a tiresome elderly lover, by name Don Judas Taddeo Barbo, and she endeavours to effect her purpose by the assumption of gigantic literary achievements.

'"Very well," said Casta; "but I would reply that if ever I went to America it would not be to seek for dollars; if it should happen, it would be to seek for woods, flowers, rivers, and such superb natural beauties." "Ta! ta! ta! ta!" said Don Judas; "what a string of talk. Is *Usted* a poet like the rest?" "My heart is," replied she; and then following up, as though inspired by a sudden idea, she went on, "Yes, yes, I am; but do not tell anybody. I have no wish that my name should go abroad till I have obtained all the triumphs I aim at. I have caused already some of my works to be printed, but under feigned names, which my friends have been willing to lend me. Thus it is that the poems of Martinez de la Rosa are not his, but mine." The most complete and stupid state of terror was depicted on the countenance of Don Judas. "*Usted* has composed and printed books!" he exclaimed. Casta, enchanted with the good result of her venture, went on. "I have also made pieces for the theatre, dramatic works which have been enjoyed and applauded to the highest pitch, and which pass as being the best of our modern repertory. Thus the 'Consolations of a Prisoner,' which are attributed to the Duke de Rivas, are not his but mine."

'"A literary woman! Ave Maria! A woman who writes and prints! *El piendo sen sordo!* Do you know, Castilo, that this is a thing against nature? that for a woman to bring forth a book is as if a man were to bring forth a child? Who would have thought it, to see you so young and pretty, so womanly and attractive? For a woman who writes ought to be necessarily old, ugly, and slovenly, a man-woman."

'"These are prejudices, Don Judas. Believe me, genius has no sex. This Buffon has said, and the Father Nunden has repeated it.

'Don Judas made a gesture as if he would desire to stop his ears. "Hear now, Don Judas," went on Casta; "hear me. Do you know my Tell?" "Miguel? what Miguel? Miguel the

treasurer?" "No, my Tell; my historical novel; my master-work." "I never read," said Don Judas, "for that injures the eyes." "Then let *Usted* hear an extract from it and he will admire my erudition." "I am like Napoleon; the great Napoleon only admired women for their fecundity," said Don Judas, sententiously. "The same thing which you esteem in your cows and your mares," went on Casta; "but listen you, *Usted*, to an extract of my work." Casta wished to irritate him, to weary him, to put him out of patience, so as to make him get up and go off. "William Tell was a noble mountaineer of Scotland, who refused to salute the beaver hat of the English general, Marlborough Malbrun, nailed to a pole for that purpose. From thence came the insurrection and war of Thirty Years, in which, at the end, my hero came out a victor and was proclaimed King of England by the name of William the Conqueror. He tarnished his laurels by causing his wife, the beautiful Ann Boleyn, to be decapitated. To expiate this crime he sent his son, Richard Cœur de Lion, to Palestine. When Richard returned he was imprisoned on account of his religious zeal for Luther, Calvin, Voltaire, and Rousseau, who formed the directory in France, the revolutionary directory which condemned to death the holy king, Louis XIV., and caused him to be executed. Then it was that the king, Don Pedro the Cruel, established the Inquisition in Spain to avoid similar acts, and in that way he got his name." Don Judas was struck aghast, not at the nonsense, but at the erudition of Casta."

To conclude with a general notice of the volumes we have passed in review: although we cannot help wishing that the authoress had abstained from disfiguring her works by incongruous assaults on modern ideas, which are out of place in a well-conceived work of the imagination, yet we do not fail to recognise the novels of Fernan Caballero as an important addition to the most valued products of modern fiction. Her descriptive powers are of the highest order, as our readers may infer from some of the extracts we have translated, which are far more striking in the picturesque and energetic language of Spain. Here and there we light upon those touches of human nature, in the prattle of childhood, the garrulity of age, or the associations of domestic life, which make the whole world kin. And although these tales are perhaps too essentially Spanish ever to attain a great popularity in foreign countries, they are well calculated to revive the interest of cultivated minds in that noble language and that romantic people. Fernan Caballero has been hailed, in the enthusiastic panegyrics of her countrymen, as the Walter Scott of Spain; and although that title may be the exaggeration of national partiality, it is certain that no living writer has shed so bright a lustre on Spanish literature.

ART. V.— *The Life of Richard Porson, M. A., Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge from* 1792 *to* 1808. By the Rev. JOHN SELBY WATSON, M.A. London: 1861.

THE age is past for the public in general to take a strong interest in the labours of classical scholars. Modern literature has, in the present century, inevitably, and perhaps rightfully, supplanted its elder brother. We still pronounce with reverence the names of the orators, poets, and philosophers of Greece and Rome, but our sympathy is with the moderns, who, being of the time, speak directly to it upon subjects that concern us more nearly than the woes of 'Thebes and Pelops' line,' or the peril of Athens from the Macedonian. We use the classical writers as the Roman soldiers used the weapons assigned them for drill; modern writers as the same soldiers used their actual weapons in battle. The former are the more massive, and therefore the better suited for bracing and making pliant the sinews, but the latter are the effective instruments for combat, easier to lift, lighter to handle, and better adapted for offence and defence.

The time, however, is not remote from us, in which to be a first-rate Greek or Latin scholar was also a first-rate testimonial for employment in church and state. The man who could write Ovidian elegies on the birth, the marriage, or death of kings, or treat in Ciceronian prose of what the Turk or what the Pope intended, or correct the text of Æschylus or Polybius, was deemed to have passed his competitive examination. The great Henry angled for Joseph Scaliger and caught Isaac Casaubon for his Royal Library at Paris, after negotiations nearly as prolix as would now suffice for a commercial treaty. Queen Christina appointed Hugo Grotius her envoy to France and drew to her arctic zone that master of erudition Claudius Salmasius, and that professor of ancient graces Meibomius — even him who professed to understand what nobody before or since has understood, the music of the Greeks, and who performed, in the presence of the Queen and courtiers, the Pyrrhic dance, attired in a Spartan kilt and cuirass, with the thermometer probably below zero. But the Astræa of scholarship, no less than of justice, has now quitted the earth. Even to have edited a Greek play no longer leads up to the episcopal bench; indeed, if we may judge by some recent appointments, barbarians have a better chance than Greeks of wearing aprons and lawn sleeves. The graceful Iambics of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the

classical accomplishments of the Home Secretary, still attest the vitality of English scholarship, and do honour to our Universities; but these statesmen owe their political eminence to parliamentary oratory and modern political science.

Had learning in his day been considered the proper discipline for a cabinet minister, no man would have had a better chance of office than Richard Bentley. He had not indeed the spirit of wisdom or of meekness, but he possessed beyond his fellows the spirit of government. 'We must send Bentley,' Bishop Stillingfleet is reported to have said, 'to rule the turbulent fellows of 'Trinity. If anybody can do it he is the man, for I am sure that 'he has ruled my family ever since he entered it.' However this may have been, Bentley, when he came to his realm in Trinity College, showed no prentice hand in winning the humble and bending the necks of the proud. Nor were Miller and Colbatch, or 'fiddling Conyers'—with which title Bentley saddled no less a person than Dr. Conyers Middleton, the biographer of Cicero,—by any means contemptible adversaries. To Bentley — though Miller was an expert lawyer, and Colbatch and Middleton were well-trained casuists — they and the 'turbulent fellows' of Trinity, though doubly exasperated by the master's attacks on their purses and their privileges, succumbed. He was really invincible, and 'the gods fought on his side.' Fortune, it may be said, highly favoured him, inasmuch as obstacles vanished at the very moment when it was most important for Bentley that they should do so. Yet although ministers changed, and the Bishop of Ely and Queen Anne were even obliging enough to die at the most critical moment of the contest, and by so changing or dying released Bentley from the toils into which, after repeatedly breaking the nets, he had been at last forced by the hunters, yet not to Fortune entirely belongs the credit of his escape or of his final triumph. Indeed he was never so dangerous as when he was apparently defeated. His plans were so skilfully laid; his vigilance was so unceasing; his activity was so portentous — a very *τέρας* of activity, as Cicero said of Cæsar —his *vis inertiæ*, when sullen resistance was needed, so strong; he was so complete a bully, he was so adroit a courtier, that he might justly attribute to his own right hand his final victory.

But for the community of their pursuits, Richard Porson, whose history we are now briefly to survey, belonged to a different order of men from this the elder brood of scholastic Titans. Neither king nor minister made, or hearkened to proposals to make, him even a gentleman-usher or a poor knight of Windsor. Yet Porson fairly earned, and fully deserved, the reputation he had in life, and holds to the present moment; and

that he was by universal consent, as well as by Dr. Parr's admission, 'the first Greek scholar in Europe,' was not his only nor his most conspicuous merit. Why we esteem him so highly, in spite of one notorious vice and some coarseness of nature, we shall attempt to show in the following sketch of him.

There have been many sketches, contemporary and posthumous, of Richard Porson; and he has been attacked and defended by more than one bishop, and by several continental and English scholars. The book now before us

'throws into some kind of order the several particulars concerning him which have hitherto been suffered, for the most part, to lie scattered and unconnected, and to combine with them any additional information regarding him that might be discoverable.'

Mr. Watson has performed his task, on the whole, carefully and conscientiously; and, though he is neither a graceful nor a lively writer, he has perhaps told us all that can or need be told of one whose life was almost as incoherent as Horace's imaginary picture of a human head set on a horse's shoulders.

Mr. Watson needed some judicious friend to counsel him in more than one chapter of his book. He is prone to indulge in solemn platitudes and the 'genre ennuyeux' of writing, — that style which Voltaire pronounced the only one that was entirely bad. He opens his narrative with remarks on biography which seem inspired by the spirit of Sir John Hawkins himself. Even the Tract Society, in its memoirs of pattern men, does not prose more tediously than our biographer in his prefatory remarks.

We have also to complain that Mr. Watson has done Porson a two-fold wrong: first, by translating some of his excellent Latin into indifferent English, and then by doing or having done into indifferent Latin some of his excellent English. Now no one, we imagine, who is not to some extent clerkly, will take up this book for amusement; and every one who is clerkly will be able to construe easily a few pages of as perspicuous Latin as was ever penned by a modern hand. For transposing a few lines from the Orgies of Bacchus under 'the 'obscurity of a learned language,' we can see no possible pretext. Out of a pulpit, the passage is as free from objection as a paragraph from the Whole Duty of Man.

We now come to a graver offence. If the anathema against those who have been beforehand with us in the utterance of a jest or maxim be just, much more should those who mar a tale in telling it be abominable and excommunicate. Now this is Mr. Watson's crime in the following striking, and in some less grave instances:—

'On the eve of the publication of the *Diatribe*,' [Gilbert Wakefield's Diatribe extemporalis in Euripidis Hecubam Londini nuper publicatam 1797,], 'Porson is said to have been at a club to which he belonged, consisting of seven members and a president: when, in the course of the evening, the president proposed that each of the members should toast a friend, accompanying his name with a suitable quotation from Shakspeare. When Porson's turn came, he said, "I'll give you my friend, Gilbert Wakefield. 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba.'"'

'Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?' Yes, good sir, we can hardly afford you even a well-bred simper for this version of the story. In the main, your account of the Lex Convivalis of the evening is correct. A name was to be given and a quotation from Shakspeare tacked to it by each of the guests. But even 'an ordinary man and a Christian,' such man having recently edited the 'Hecuba of Euripides,' might without any cudgelling of his brain have hit upon a passage familiar, 'lippis tonsoribus atque,'—might, we say, provided only he were there and then commonly sober, or, at least, not particularly drunk. But Porson in that place and hour *was* particularly drunk, and what is more, he was prostrate, and his friends esteemed him as one dead. So the president was passing on to the next member of this jovial octad, when Porson exclaimed, 'It is my turn,—Gilbert Wakefield.' 'Good, Mr. Professor, but 'not enough: quote, if you please, as well as name: our law, 'like that of the Medes and Persians, altereth not.' 'What's 'Hic, hic, huc—Hecuba to him or he to Hic, hic, huc Hecuba,' roared the indignant Professor—'Bacchi plenus,' indeed, but not so full as to be emptied of his ever-ready wit and faithful memory.

It is no reproach to Mr. Watson to have known nothing personally of Walter Whiter, whom he twice mentions in his book. But it is some reproach to him, while collecting old things and new on such a theme, not to have been more curious about this individual. Mr. Watson leads no one to suppose that Whiter was more than a common acquaintance of Porson's,—the fact being that he was Porson's most intimate friend, and a scholar whom he, usually so chary of praise, marked and noted as a ripe and good one. Among the persons to whom Mr. Watson expresses his acknowledgments for assistance in his work is the Rev. C. W. Whiter, rector of Clown, Derbyshire, nephew of Walter. From him, unless we are mistaken, the biographer might have heard anecdotes of Porson that would have greatly benefited and enlivened his pages. As Mr. Watson has been incurious about this fidus Achates of his hero, we will take the freedom to enlighten

the reader on this matter: more especially as Porson's friend and gossip had very substantial merits of his own.

First, let us hear what Mr. Watson is good enough to tell,—'One fellow-collegian of Porson's, with whom he was very 'intimate, was Walter Whiter, afterwards rector of Harding-'ham, and well known to classical scholars. He would go into 'Whiter's rooms, open whatever book Whiter would allow him 'to take, and, with any pen he could find on the table, write 'notes on the margin in the neatest of hands.' These annotations, by the way, were made years after Mr. Watson's apparent chronology of them; for in 1778–9–80 Whiter and Porson were reading for their degrees, whereas the notes were written after the one had become Fellow of Clare Hall, and the other of Trinity College. 'Mr. Whiter's nephew possesses a copy of '"Athenæus" that belonged to his uncle, in which are many 'annotations written by Porson with the greatest distinctness, 'though the paper is porous.'

Porson 'opened' much beside 'the books which Whiter would 'allow him to take' in his friend's garret,—his heart, his wallet of learning, and bottles without number. For although Whiter avoided the excesses of his friend, he was one of those who love to hear the chimes at midnight, and could imbibe old Greek and old wine in as full measure as Dr. Parr himself. His and Porson's studies for a while ran parallel; and some of the articles contributed by Whiter to the Monthly Review, one especially, on Plutarch's 'Moralia,' in which he defends Euripides against all maligners, ancient or modern, have a Porsonian flavour both in scholarship and style. Like Porson also, he was deeply read in English and French literature, and, had he kept within these bounds or remained constant to Greek, his first love, the friends might have been described as 'similes' if not as 'pares.' But Whiter, we think, in an evil hour for the permanence of his reputation, wandered into the devious tracts of Comparative Philology, formed crude theories about the origin of language, and scattered over three quarto volumes—the new Etymologicon Magnum—powers which, if concentrated on Euripides or Shakspeare, might have seated him, if a little below Porson, far above Steevens, Farmer, and Malone. His specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare is a 'liber aureus,' and fully entitled him to the epithet of Dorceus, the sharp-sighted, conferred on him by the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature.' Among the quantity of rubbish shot by the commentators upon the unhappy bard, this thin octavo shines like the gem which the cock found and spurned. He was less happy in a later attempt to prove that doctors and nurses slay more people than pestilence

or famine, and abandon their patients to the undertaker at the very moment when disease has quitted them, and hope as well as the sick man might revive. Yet, if few men could have conceived such a craze as the 'Disorder of Death,' fewer still could have argued the case more plausibly, or maintained it with so much learning.

As must often happen with intimacies formed at the University, the current of life severed Porson from Whiter, bearing the one to London, and the other, in the first instance, to France, and afterwards to a Norfolk parsonage. Each of this remarkable pair had been profoundly stirred by the opinions which heralded, and the events which marked, the first French Revolution. Porson would toast Jack Cade at the Cider Cellar, and lampoon Pitt in the Morning Chronicle, at a time when such effervescences were not quite safe; and Whiter would harangue the farmers of Ely Fen upon such perilous themes as the taxes, the misery of a realm that has a *boy* for its ruler, and the glories of the virgin republic then united and unvexed, and starting on the race-course of nations. At Caen in Normandy, Whiter, among other companions, became intimate with Brissot and Collot d'Herbois: the 'idem velle' and the 'idem nolle' in politics brought and kept them together; as for Collot, his claws were then sheathed in velvet, and Whiter set him down for the most humane of men, who, like Cowper, would not set his foot knowingly on a worm, or, like Uncle Toby, would spare an importunate fly thirsting for his blood.

When in due time the rectory of Hardingham became vacant, Whiter went down to inspect his future flock and sheep-fold. Porson accompanied him. The prospect of rural felicity was not at first attractive. The parsonage, which the late incumbent had shunned as if it had been a pest-house, was battered and decayed; the garden was like that of the sluggard; and the parish was just then in high dudgeon about some inclosure or tithe matter, which it ascribed, very wisely, to the grasping spirit of the parsons. These, however, were merely general calamities; for Porson there was desolation beyond them all in that ruinous rectory. *There was nothing to drink!* The only ale-house was then a mile off the parsonage; he would gladly have debased himself to water, but the well was dry, and neither of the pilgrims to this Norfolk Sahara had thought to arm himself with even a flask of brandy. Porson was 'in extremis:' he would not be left to perish alone; he could not stir a foot in quest of any living stream in wood or bottle; he was for a wonder *ὀδοιπορῶν — νήφων ἀοίνοις* — a traveller, extremely

sober, among people who had no wine. He was saved, after long and desperate search, by the discovery, in a rat-tenanted closet, of some mixture which had been meant originally for a sick groom or horse, but which, fortunately for them, and as it proved for Porson also, had been forgotten. 'Impiger hausit:' and, in the strength infused by this hideous decoction, he dragged his weary limbs to the village tap-room, where 'Richard' presently became 'himself again.'

Whether he ever again visited Hardingham, after such an adventure, we do not know. Had he done so, he would have found, besides a most limpid stream of water, fresh and bright as the Bandusian fount, abundance of good wine and good books, and such discourse on learning and literature as his soul loved. Whiter, in all these respects the very antithesis of his friend, now regulated his hours literally by the clock. He 'burnt daylight;' rising very early and retiring seasonably to rest; allotting so many hours to reading, and so many to diet and exercise, and punctual in his ablutions and potations of water. Much more we could say of Whiter: of his intercourse with the Shakspeare commentators, of the progress of the New Etymologicon Magnum, of his intimacy with J. Hookham Frere, and other matters and persons. But enough has been recorded to show that Mr. Watson should not have passed over this name cursorily; and we must turn to Porson himself.

We begin with, in order that we may the sooner be rid of, his crowning vice of drunkenness. We cannot accept Mr. Watson's hint that everybody drank hard in those days. That most indubitable fact will not meet Porson's case: inasmuch as, at a time when to drink deep was common, he was noted and censured for excess. Pitt, Dundas, and Sheridan were notorious for their potations; the Duke of Norfolk was accustomed to proclaim beforehand that 'by the blessing of —— he would be 'drunk on the next Friday;' Kemble, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'drank claret by the pailful;' Dr. Parr often lost his temper, and more than once his wig, through too swift passage of the decanters; and to be 'sober as a judge' perplexed many worthy persons — was it a maxim of the law, or was it profane irony? But upon none of these, from the 'Prince Hal' of the day to the stately enactor of kings and consuls, was the brand of drunkenness so indelibly stamped as on Porson. Whence this uneven-handed justice? Partly, we believe, because his excesses were abnormal, and partly because they were combined with coarseness of manners. The quantity of alcoholic fluids which Porson could imbibe rests on credible and numerous vouchers, yet is 'portentous, unexampled, unexplained,'

except on the supposition that some exceptional condition of the absorbents may have been at the root of his chronic thirst.

That he could, when he so willed it, practise rigid abstinence is apparent from two anecdotes related by Mr. Watson. In the interval between the resignation of his fellowship and his election to the Regius Professorship of Greek

'he lived for six weeks on a guinea, which, at sixpence a day would leave him with sixpence only on the last day. He used to dine on milk, or bread and cheese and porter. He told his nephew Mr. Hawes, that for a month he took only two extremely frugal meals in the twenty-four hours.'

'In his eating,' says Mr. Watson, 'as to the quality of his food he was easily satisfied. He went once to the Bodleian to collate a manuscript; and, as the work would occupy him several days, Routh, the President of Magdalen, who was leaving home for the long vacation, said to him at his departure: "Make my house your home, Mr. Porson, during my absence; for my servants will have orders to be quite at your command, and to procure you whatever you please." When he returned, he asked for the account of what the Professor had had during his stay. The servant brought the bill, and the Doctor, glancing at it, observed a fowl entered in it every day. "What," said he, "did you provide for Mr. Porson no better than this, but oblige him to dine every day on fowl?"—"No, sir," replied the servant, "but we asked the gentleman the first day what he would have for dinner, and as he did not seem to know very well what to order, we suggested a fowl. When we went to him about dinner every day afterwards, he always said, 'The same as yesterday,' and this was the only answer we could get from him."'

One constant source of temptation to evil habits is the ambition to be 'king of the company,' and to this we attribute much of Porson's infirmity. He was at his ease in his inn and at the Cider Cellar, and is said to have considered the following the highest compliment he ever received. 'Dick,' said some tavern Bardolph, 'can beat us all: he can drink all night and spout all 'day.' But he was shy and constrained, 'until after the opera-'tion of the second' bottle, at more civilised tables; and when he could not usurp, often disdained or rudely interrupted, conversation.

That Porson was a coarse man, in an age not remarkable for refinement, appears from the anecdotes and bon-mots ascribed to him; from the general character of his humorous writings, which his biographer strangely compares to those of Gray; and from occasional samples of rudeness in return for well meant, if not always well-timed, kindness. Take the following example of his shunning society which was ready to welcome him, and which he, but for his besetting infirmity, would have adorned.

'He was once dining with Mackintosh, who expressed a wish that he should accompany him on the following day to Holland House, to meet Fox. Porson made some reply that sounded like consent; and Mackintosh, meeting Mr. Maltby the next morning, told him that Porson was going to Lord Holland's. Maltby, coming in contact with Porson shortly after, observed to him: "I hear that you are to dine at Holland House to-day."—"Who told you so?"—"Mackintosh."—"But I certainly shall not go," rejoined Porson; "they invite me merely out of curiosity, and, after they have satisfied it, would like to kick me downstairs."—"But," said Maltby, "Fox is coming expressly from St. Ann's Hill to be introduced to you." The attraction, however, was ineffective; Porson persisted in staying away.'

They who best remember the exquisite urbanity of the host and the society at Holland House will best understand the absurdity of Porson's fears, and will also be the readiest to deplore the infatuation that banished him from circles in which he would have learnt more than he could have imparted. But Holland House offered him no solitary throne, and he thought it better to reign in the Cider Cellar than to encounter his equals at good men's tables.

We now turn to the more agreeable portions of Mr. Watson's volume — those in which Porson's virtues may be separated from his faults. To the latter we should not have allotted so much space, had there not appeared to us compensation for them in his striking and singular merits.

First, by universal consent, and this tribute is paid him by some who loved him not, he was a perfectly honest man; and, if to be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand, to be so in scholarship is no less rare a distinction. Rough antagonist as he proved himself, Porson was never, properly speaking, the challenger. It was Hermann who began the war: it was Wakefield who nettled and stung with pismires the greatest scholar of the day. He descended voluntarily into the arena on the side of Gibbon, not because strife was dear to him, but because a sciolist in theology was helping the public to defame the great historian and to keep in their eyes the dust already there. In his reviews he dealt smashing blows, but he did no more than his duty. In the complete armour of Greek learning it was his office to touch the weak joints in the mail of less well accoutred scholars. But his honesty was not negative. He meted to himself according to the measure which he dealt to others. From the ceremonies and compliments of scholarship he was indeed averse. He desired in his notes to be simply instructive: his motto was Sancho's wholesome proverb, 'Ni 'quito rey ni pongo rey,' — he neither marred nor made repu-

tations for learning, provided they came to his hands in tolerable repair. In his 'Notæ breves ad Toupii Emendationes in Suidam' —in which he gave the first tokens of his mastery in the critical art — he states: 'Semper ab eorum consuetudine valde abhorrui, 'qui nihil aliud quam *pulchre, bene, recte,* tertio quoque verbo 'gerunt;' adding, at the same time, that had not he had the highest opinion of Toup's genius and learning, he never would have written anything upon him. Wakefield — of whom Mr. Watson has a very mean, and therefore a very just, opinion, both as a man and a scholar — had recommended Porson, after the appearance of his 'Hecuba,' to make his notes less dry and formal, 'to render them entertaining by the interspersion of 'amœnitates and *lepores,* and disquisitions on any matters that 'might occur to him in the course of his reading,' — in short to edit Euripides as Wakefield himself had edited Lucretius. Had Porson followed this worshipful advice, his name would long since have sunk as low as Wakefield's, and the 'par nobile,' if not quite forgotten, have been remembered like Pope's 'two 'brother-serjeants,' who deemed each other oracles of law.'

> '"'Twas, Sir, your law"— and "Sir, your eloquence,"
> "Yours Cowper's manner"—and "yours Talbot's sense."'

And if he abstained from trading in 'euge' and 'belle,' he was no less abstinent in such self-laudations as Bentley too often indulges in. Porson magnified his office, not his name. He knew, he could not help knowing, that he possessed more of the science of the Greek language than any scholar then living, and that among English scholars Bentley alone stood on an equal eminence. A conjecture—for conjecture's sake—from him would have been hailed by half the Grecians in Europe as sound exposition. His frugality, accordingly, in altering and amending was a virtue. He could see better than any man when matters were well: and he could let well alone. Another proof of his self-denial under strong temptations to play the annotator is, that he rigidly confined himself to verbal and metrical criticism. Yet that Schlegel himself had not a finer perception of the laws of composition, and the theory of the beautiful in poetry, is shown in the Prælectio which he delivered on his election to the Professorship.

But his honesty was not limited to scholarship. It was no less conspicuous in his life. Before we attempt to gauge or describe it, let us consider his position and the urgent temptations to amend it which he resisted. He was a poor weaver's son: he had wrought at his father's loom: he had helped his mother to glean in the corn-fields. He was educated at a village

school: his remarkable abilities brought him to the notice of a poor curate who educated him with his own sons: he was sent by subscription to Eton: by subscription he was supported at Cambridge until he could obtain a fellowship. The yearly income of his fellowship was all that he could call his own, and this was rendered precarious by the Statutes of Trinity College. By those Statutes all Fellows, with two exceptions, are required to be in priest's orders within seven years after taking their Master's degree. One of the two lay fellowships became vacant just as Porson needed it, and from that haven he was shut out by the nepotism of the master, Dr. Postlethwaite, who bestowed what would have been bread to Porson upon a kinsman whom that dignitary might have fed with other crumbs from his table. Here then was the wolf at the door: poverty, on the one hand, with no small blame for admitting her, from prudent respectable men: competence and a living, perhaps a deanery or even lawn sleeves, and no small applause, from the same 'spectatissimi' on the other. It was a choice less poetical in form, but quite as arduous in substance, as the choice of Hercules. Dr. Postlethwaite thought, at least he said, that he should do the church service by forcing Porson into it. The church needed scholars, and Porson needed bread; so far we agree with the Doctor: short and easy the passage from lay to clerical fellowship; short and easy, doubtless, good Doctor, it was to you, and to your nephew, and will be to myriads of sons and nephews of Masters and Doctors besides. But as to the matter in hand — this recusant Porson. 'My Lord,' said counsellor Pollexfen to Jeffreys, 'his late Majesty offered a 'bishopric to Mr. Baxter.' 'And what ailed the old blockhead 'not to take it?' was the Chief-Justice's reply. Dr. Postlethwaite could as little understand what Porson ailed in declining to take orders. Let us hear what Porson said as he stood between compliance and conscience on this occasion.

'"I found," said he, "that I should require about fifty years' reading to make myself thoroughly acquainted with divinity — to satisfy my mind on all points — and therefore I gave it up. There are fellows who go into the pulpit assuming everything, and knowing nothing: but I would not do so."'

One item more remains to be carried to Porson's account. Long after his path was chosen, Gibbon could write, with scarcely a sarcasm, of 'the fat slumbers of the church': and Paley declared without reproach that he was 'too poor to keep 'a conscience.' At that time, indeed, very little account was made of the duties and responsibilities of the clerical profession.

Open scandal was avoided, and truisms were sedulously preached; and if the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed, it was their own fault. Accordingly Dr. Postlethwaite, and respectable men generally, regarded Porson as Timon of Athens regarded his steward Flavius, but with this difference, they were astonished but did not applaud. They said, with Timon, —

'Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise.'

It, must, however, be added in justice to Dr. Postlethwaite, that when the Greek Professorship became vacant, he at once encouraged Porson to offer himself as a candidate for the office. Porson's objection to take orders rested not merely on the consciousness of his own unfitness for clerical duties; his theological opinions led him to regard subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles as an insurmountable barrier to his entering the Church; and the same scruples would have hindered him from accepting the Greek Professorship (as he expressly states in his answer to Postlethwaite) if subscription had been necessary. Fortunately no such test was required of him, and he no longer felt himself 'an outcast from Alma Mater,' resolved to have no further connexion with Cambridge.

The only controversy in which Porson engaged, at all commensurate with the famous controversy of Bentley with the fellows of Christchurch, was his 'Letters to Travis.' Mr. Watson has given an able and accurate analysis of this question, as well as of the Ireland forgeries, in which matter however Porson did not interfere, though he evidently showed, by his discreet refusal to sign articles of faith, that he thought Dr. Parr a dupe, and Boswell, what all the world thought him, a fool. The part taken indirectly by Porson, in relation to Dr. Frend's trial, was unimportant. His Letters on the 'Orgies of Bacchus,' having lost their contemporary point and venom, will now scarcely excite a smile; and it is indeed the misfortune of much of Porson's humorous writing, that the wit could not survive the occasion. Mr. Watson has preserved to us a few specimens of his rough and ready colloquial and convivial drollery, and of his taste for epigrammatic rhyme. One night, when Perry came back from the House of Commons with a story that Pitt was too drunk to speak, and that Dundas was equally dumb, because he was equally drunk, Porson knocked off one hundred and one epigrams over his tankard before the day dawned, but of these (as might be expected) not one now deserves quotation.

Yet between the permanent results of Porson's 'Letters to 'Travis' and of Bentley's 'Dissertation on the Epistles of Pha-'laris,' there is an important difference. The direct argument

and the indirect suggestions of the earlier and far greater work threw open and settled for ever the entire question of the Athenian drama, the date and extent to a certain period of the art of writing in Greece, while it laid down the principles by which the genuine works of the ancients may be discriminated from direct forgeries or erroneous imputations. From hints thrown down by Bentley have sprung Wolf's 'Prole-'gomena in Homerum,' the discovery of the true lineage of the Esopian fable, and the germs of the vast contributions of Niebuhr, Hermann, and Ottfried Mueller to classical philology. Bentley's Dissertation, indeed, has been to ancient learning what Newton's Principia have been to physical and mathematical science. Its influence has percolated through a thousand channels; and many a reader of recent German contributions to Greek or Roman archæology is indebted to the great scholar of the eighteenth century for the lights he ascribes to living writers in the nineteenth.

Again: not even the justly famous 'Letters to Travis' are comparable in value, in relation to theology, to Bentley's 'Boyle 'Lectures.' The forms of controversy are fleeting; but as long as the Anglican church requires a well-furnished armoury against her Romish opponents, these lectures will supply both keen invective and polished irony; whereas, although the 'Letters to Travis' demolished a presumptuous and superficial meddler, they have not effected their proper result — the removal of a spurious passage, or an intrusive marginal note, from the text of St. John. Gibbon, while he applauds the acute and accurate criticism of Porson, admits that it has failed to expunge the intruder.

'"Mr. Porson's strictures," he says, "are founded on arguments enriched with learning and enlivened with wit; and his adversary neither deserves nor finds any quarter at his hands. The evidence of the three heavenly witnesses would now be rejected in any court of justice; but prejudice is blind, authority is deaf, and our vulgar bibles will ever be polluted by this spurious text, 'sedet æternumque sedebit.' The more learned ecclesiastics will indeed have the secret satisfaction of reprobating in the closet what they read in the church."'

To what then, it may be asked, do we ascribe the rank among scholars which we have more than once assigned to Richard Porson? First, to his acknowledged and consummate mastery of the most difficult of languages: secondly, to the rays of light which he threw into the chaos of Greek metres: and thirdly, to the school which he formed, and which still flourishes in this country.

We are no advocates for the universal teaching of Greek to English boys. At least a moiety of those who are painfully dragged up this ancient Parnassus would be better employed in learning French and German. Not every boy can or needs to go to Corinth. But for the few who are capable of education, compact and complete in all its departments, Greek we hold to be an indispensable discipline. Our space forbids us to enter upon the æsthetic grounds for this assertion. One motive for the study of it is, therefore, all that we can afford to press — namely, that no other study, not even that of mathematics themselves, demands more accuracy, more attention or more constant reference to severe laws of thought. And, inasmuch as these properties of the mind are the roof and crown, the goal and the prize, of more than Pythagorean periods of probation, they are also among the most rare of acquisitions. Without them no one has ever scaled the steep ascent of Greek learning, and consequently, they who, like Bentley and Porson, stand on its very summit are the rightful owners and heirs of whatsoever fame is accorded to them.

We must ask our readers to take for granted what we have not space to prove by example, — that Porson attained, in a measure beyond his contemporaries, 'the vision and faculty 'divine' of comprehending the very soul and substance of the Greek language. Bentley possessed in an equal degree the power of deciphering manuscripts and detecting the errors of copyists and editors. But the far wider round and compass of his reading caused him to pay less particular attention to the laws of Greek metre, and this, accordingly, came nearly a virgin province into Porson's hands. How complete a discovery was his 'Metrical Canons,' contained in his Preface and Supplement to the four plays edited by him, may be seen by any one who will take the trouble to compare Hermann's *first* edition of the 'Elementa Doctrinæ Metricæ,' with the later one of that work; or the text of any edition of 'Euripides' earlier than Porson's first 'Hecuba.' To compare great things with less, the light thrown upon the order and operations of the solar system by Copernicus and Newton, was not more intense than the light thrown upon the three principal measures of the Greek dramatic poets by Porson. Next in order, though not in merit, is the precision with which he detects the wrong and supplies the right reading, the word that alone responds to the need of the passage in order to convert doubt into certainty, what was obscure into what is clear, what was weak into what is strong.

The powers which he acquired he has transmitted. We have frequently cause to regret that England is surpassed by Germany

in its contributions to the study of ancient history and literature; that our divines and civil lawyers have been, comparatively with such writers as Schleiermacher, Ewald, and Savigny, inert and unproductive in their respective fields. But when we compare the compositions that under the title of Porson Prize Exercises annually vouch for the Greek scholarship of Cambridge, or the Latin compositions of English scholars, with similar exhibitions of German ones, the interval between them is nearly as wide as the space between a school-boy's exercise and a first-rate Prælectio Academica. German Latin is often as barbarous as the Greek of the Triballian god in the comedy of the Birds; while German Greek is, if possible, often more Triballian than even German Latin. In the hands of Porson and his school we feel the presence of a vital power informing the language; in those of two thirds of German commentators we feel as Virgil might be imagined to feel on reading Cowley's 'Davideis,' or Cicero on hearing a chapter or two from the Vulgate. Porson's epigram on Hermann, indeed, has not quite lost its savour, so far as regards the modern-antique compositions of German 'Academes.'

Porson's works bear unfortunately no proportion to his genius and learning. Though capable of intense application, though gifted with a prodigious memory, and though constantly urged to explain and correct one or more of the cardinal poets or philosophers of Greece, his habits were averse to regular study, and he lavished in 'spouting' to unworthy and unappreciating hearers, often the watchman of the night or the waiter at the tavern, treasures that were meant for mankind.

We conclude with the fine saying of Addison, applied by De Quincey to another mind equally gifted and equally prodigal of its gifts, 'that Babylon in ruins is not so affecting a spectacle, 'or so solemn, as a human mind overthrown by lunacy. How 'much more awful, then,' he adds, 'when a mind so regal is 'overthrown or threatened with overthrow, not by a visitation 'of Providence, but by the treachery of its own will, and by 'the conspiracy, as it were, of himself against himself!'

ART. VI. — *Die Gräfin von Albany.* Von ALFRED VON REUMONT. Two Volumes. Berlin: 1860.

SOME forty years since, the sister of an Irish peeress astonished a party of English at Florence, by announcing that she had been to see the house in which Ariosto lived with the Countess of Albany, widow of Charles the First. She meant the house in which Alfieri lived with the Countess after the death of her husband, Charles Edward, popularly known as the Pretender.* It is to be feared that the name of the Countess of Albany, although it may not again mislead to this extent, will recall few clear or definite impressions to the mass of the reading public. Yet that name is imperishably blended with the royalty of race and the prouder royalty of genius, — with the expiring glories of an illustrious house, and with the rising glories of an author, who, thanks to Ristori, has at length obtained, in European estimation, the place which the most discriminating of his countrymen were prepared from the first to claim for him.

In allusion to the monument in Santa Croce and the many spots in Florence associated with their history, M. de Reumont exclaims: 'Thus in the capital of Tuscany are united the 'names and memories of a descendant of the most unfortunate 'kingly line of modern times, of a German princess, and an 'Italian poet.' It will not be this accomplished writer's fault if their union ever again fails to attract attention. The object of his book is to make the German princess not only the connecting link between the exiled prince and the poet, but the central figure of a group, or rather of several successive groups, of learned and accomplished persons more or less known to fame. These in turn serve as an apology for introducing sketches of Italian society at different epochs, interspersed with remarks on manners and criticisms on art. M. de Reumont was many years Prussian Minister at Florence; he is the author of a valuable work, in six volumes, entitled 'Contri-'butions to Italian History;' he is full to overflowing of anti-

* This story is rather diffusely told in 'The Idler in Italy' (vol. ii. p. 146.), by the Countess of Blessington, who, in the very act of triumphing over her countrywoman, falls into the not less palpable mistake of calling the Countess the widow of *James* Stuart, the Chevalier St. George.

quarian, artistic, and architectural lore; and he pours out his stores, whenever he can find or simulate an opportunity, without mercy or restraint. This is the most exhaustive and also the most conscientiously written book we ever remember to have read. Indeed, its excessive conscientiousness is its fault. There is no denying that, if we wish to convey a complete image and perfectly just estimate of a man and woman, everything that contributes directly or indirectly to the formation of their characters falls strictly within the province of the biographer. But a line of demarcation must be drawn somewhere. In the speech assigned to David Hartley in 'Anticipation,' he is made to argue that the right of Great Britain to tax a colony depends upon the constitution of colonies in general; that colonies cannot be considered without reference to mother countries, nor mother countries without reference to the partition and population of the world. By an analogous train of reasoning, M. de Reumont insists on tracing the influence perceptibly or imperceptibly exercised on Charles Edward by his paternal and maternal connections in the ascending line to the third or fourth degree, as well as by his father, mother, brother, and mistress, singly or conjointly; and the result is that we are not introduced to the lady whose name exclusively occupies the title-page, till we arrive at the third chapter and 133rd page of the book.

Foreign readers, however, who are less conversant with the errors and misfortunes of the Stuarts, may not be sorry to learn more of the last of them; and it must be admitted that the illustrative traits and incidents brought together by the author are extremely well chosen and well adapted to his purpose.* But we could not find room for many of them without excluding newer matter; and we pass at once to the marriage of the Chevalier St. George in 1718 with Marie Clementine Sobieski, the granddaughter of the heroic King of Poland. Amongst the valuables which formed part of her dowry, were the rubies of the Polish crown, now in the treasury of St. Peter's; the golden shield, presented by the Emperor Leopold

* The most interesting and curious of the anecdotes relating to the Stuarts in Italy are taken from 'The Decline of the Last Stuarts. 'Extracts from the Despatches of British Envoys to the Secretary 'of State. Printed for the Roxburghe Club by Lord Mahon. 'London: 1843.' M. de Reumont's work is appropriately dedicated to 'Anna Cæcilia, Countess of Bernstorff, the German woman who 'in the society of England represents her native country with grace, 'tact, and kindliness; who, in a similar position in Italy, has left a 'willingly cherished remembrance.'

to the deliverer of Vienna; and the cover, of gold brocade adorned with verses of the Koran in turquoise, in which the standard of the Prophet was kept during the siege.

The theory that men of mark are commonly more indebted to their mothers than their fathers, has been illustrated by long lists of instances; and it is a fair subject of speculation whether the transient dashes of heroism exhibited by Charles are to be set down to the credit of the Sobieski blood, or were any way owing to maternal training or encouragement. Pollnitz, indeed, says that Marie Clementine was a princess who deserved to be a queen. 'Without possessing the lustre of a great beauty, she 'unites endless attractions in her person. She is obliging, 'compassionate, beneficent; her piety is deep seated, and she 'leads in truth the life of a saint.' This was more than could be said for her husband, whose undisguised attentions to the Duchess of Inverness at length produced an open rupture, which was made up with difficulty through the intervention of Alberoni, after causing great scandal.

Charles Edward was born at Rome on the 31st December, 1720. Seven cardinals were present at his birth, and the Pope, Clement XI., caused a Te Deum to be sung. As he grew up, he gave decided signs of future eminence. From early childhood he was imbued with the loftiest and most aspiring notions, and his training was adapted to his assumed prospects. Very little is popularly known of him either before or after his exploits and adventures in 1745; and M. de Reumont has been at considerable pains to bring together the leading indications of his character at each of the comparatively unknown or obscure periods. His personal advantages in youth were undeniable. He was fair, like his mother, and unlike his father, who was dark. He was fond of active exercise, and devoted to field sports. He was a good rider and a good shot. But his body was not improved and strengthened at the expense of his mind, for he spoke Latin, Italian, French, and English, and was well versed in ancient and modern history. He was the observed of all observers at more than one splendid entertainment given at Rome in honour of his family; and when he entered a ball-room, the same fluttering anxiety to secure a royal partner was visible amongst the Roman beauties as was betrayed by the American maidens during the Prince of Wales' progress through the (then) United States. But he was in no danger of degenerating into a mere carpet-knight. When he was only fourteen years old he served in the short and dashing campaign which ended (1735) in placing a Spanish Bourbon on the throne of Naples. He was on board one of the Spanish vessels

employed against Gaeta, when his hat blew off into the sea. As his attendants were hurrying to recover it, he stopped them, exclaiming: 'Let it go, let it go; give yourselves no trouble. 'One day or another I will follow the same course as this hat.' The Lord Marshal Keith checked one meditated display of his military ardour which would not have added to his popularity in Great Britain. When the expedition to Scotland, projected in concert with France in 1744, was postponed, he was with difficulty prevented from placing himself under the command of Marshal Saxe, who was to have made an attempt on the English coast about the same time.

Romance has combined with history to familiarise all classes of readers in all civilised countries with the leading events of 1745. After fourteen months of chivalrous adventure he returned to France, where his reception by the people as well as by the Court was enthusiastic. His undertaking, although 'abortive,' says M. de Reumont, 'had surrounded his head 'as with a halo. But when he began to talk of assistance 'for another, the tone changed apace. During a negotiation 'with this view, Cardinal Tencin threw out a hint that the 'effective help of France might be bought by the surrender of 'Ireland. "No, Monsieur le Cardinal. All or nothing; no '"halving (Non, Monsieur le Cardinal. Tout ou rien; point de '"partage)." ' This recalls one of the few redeeming traits recorded of his grandfather, James II., who, when he witnessed from the shore at La Hogue the reckless intrepidity of the seamen under Rooke, cried out: '*My brave English!—My brave* '*English!*' in entire forgetfulness that they were completing the ruin of his cause.

Scheme after scheme was formed and thrown aside; and the sickening pang of hope deferred had been endured in all its bitterness by the exile, when a crushing blow fell upon him. It was made a condition in the Treaty of Peace signed at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, that Charles Edward should be expelled from the French territory. An intimation was accordingly conveyed to him through the Duc de Gèvres and M. de Maurepas, that a fitting retreat had been prepared for him at Freiburg. He positively refused to quit France. 'Above all,' he said, 'I grieve for Louis; I can only lose 'life, but Louis loses honour.' Like Charles XII. of Sweden at Bender, he armed his servants, barricaded his house, and determined to repel force by force. The Dauphin and many of the principal nobility sympathised with him, and used all their influence to avoid coming to extremities; but the Government had gone too far to recede, and the result is thus

concisely and indignantly summed up by Chateaubriand: 'The 'Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle drove Charles Edward from France. 'Seized in the Opera House on the 11th December, 1748, 'shamefully bound, he was brought to Vincennes. He was 'carried to the frontiers; Louis Quatorze was no longer on 'the throne. Charles Edward learnt the hard lesson which 'the great are wont to learn in adversity. He was abandoned. 'He had his good right on his side; but legitimacy is no pro-'tection. It was decreed that the time would come when the 'descendants of Louis XV. would be wandering about Europe 'like the Pretender, — would read on the corners of streets in 'Germany: *All beggars, vagabonds, and emigrants are for-'bidden to tarry longer than twenty-four hours here.*' Cotemporary opinion was little less severe. The Duc de Biron, who commanded the French guards employed in the seizure, was very generally regarded as a dishonoured man, and the popular sentiment was well expressed by Desforges in some verses ending —

> 'Peuple jadis si fier, aujourd'hui si servile,
> Des princes malheureux vous n'êtes plus d'asile.'

Severe blows were yet to come which should have been felt the more from being provoked or invited by folly, weakness, vicious indulgence, or misconduct of some sort. The catastrophe in 'Redgauntlet' is made to turn on his connexion with Miss Walkingshaw and his refusal to give her up, although she was more than suspected of conveying intelligence of all his movements to the British Court through her sister, who was lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales. Sir Walter Scott lays the scene in Cumberland in 1760. It took place at an earlier date, and the best authenticated account of the Pretender's secret visit to London represents him as being there in 1750. *Il chassoit de race.* Mary of Modena said of his grandfather, James II.: 'The King was ready to sacrifice his throne to his 'belief; but he had not force of mind to give up a mistress.'

> 'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Are made the whips to scourge us' —

Never was there a more marked exemplification of this aphorism than Charles Edward's irregular connection with Miss Walkingshaw. After ruining him with his friends, she abandoned him under an allegation of ill-treatment which he denied, and fled to Paris, where she contrived to enlist the Archbishop of Paris on her side as well as the old Chevalier St. George, who, glad no doubt to separate her from his son, made her in-

dependent of him by allowing her a pension. For a time the unhappy prince bore up manfully against his destiny. But when all hope seemed over, when every field of active exertion was closed against him, when his ambition and his affection were alike blighted, his spirit and character sank with his fortunes, and in the spring of 1761, we find the British Ambassador, Stanley, writing from Paris, that the son of the Pretender was given to drinking to such excess, as to be often drunk in the morning, and to be carried senseless to bed every evening by his attendants. He became titular King of England by the death of his father in 1766; and Wraxall relates, on what he describes as the highest authority, that in 1770, when the affair of the Falkland Islands threatened war between Great Britain and Spain, the Duc de Choiseul, then Prime Minister of France, thought the time favourable for a fresh effort in favour of the Stuarts. A messenger was despatched to Rome, requesting the immediate presence of the Pretender at Paris. He obeyed the summons, and an interview was arranged for the very day of his arrival. He was to come disguised in a hackney-coach, at midnight, to the Hôtel de Choiseul, where the Duc and the Marshal de Broglie were in attendance to receive him. After waiting an hour, they were on the point of separating, under an impression that some unforeseen accident had occurred, when the carriage drove up, and out of it got, or rather was helped with difficulty, the titular King of England, in a state of drunkenness which rendered the most ordinary communication with him an impossibility. The next day he received a peremptory order to quit France.

When things had come to this pass, it might have been expected that the degraded representative of a fallen dynasty, unfit for action and useless even as a tool, would soon have dropped into insignificance; but in an age of intrigue, and under the corrupt political system which then prevailed in every continental court, no means of weakening or distracting a rival power was to be despised. The House of Hanover might be disquieted, and the approaching period of its uncontested stability might be postponed, if it could not be overthrown; and for this purpose, the competing race must be kept up as long as possible. Charles Edward was childless; his brother was a priest. He must therefore be married, on the chance of his having an heir to his claims, to his disappointments, and not improbably to his shame. In August 1771, he was suddenly summoned again to Paris, and informed by the Duke of Fitzjames, on behalf of the French Court, that if he would take to himself a wife of their choosing, a pension of 240,000 livres would be settled on him.

The chosen subject of this strange proposal was Louise, Princess of Stolberg, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Prince of Stolberg-Gedern, the scion of an ancient and distinguished family raised to princely rank in the person of his father. Her mother was a daughter of the illustrious house of Horn, and she was maternally allied to the Bruces in Scotland, the Montmorencys and Créquis in France, the de Croys and de Lignes in the Low Countries, the Colonnas and Orsinis in Italy, the Gonzagas and Medinacelis in Spain. The circumstances of the family were not on a par with their descent. Her father, a lieutenant-general in the Austrian service, was killed in the bloody battle of December 5th, 1757, fought and gained by Frederick the Great against Marshal Daun; and her mother was left a widow at the age of twenty-four, with four daughters: Louise, the eldest, born September 20th, 1752, being then in her sixth year. The Empress Maria Theresa gave the mother a pension, and undertook to provide for the daughters. At that period there existed in the Austrian Netherlands several well-endowed chapters, exclusively reserved for such of the female nobility as could prove the required number of quarterings. That of Mons was the most distinguished; and the first stall that fell vacant in it was placed at the disposal of the Princess, who nominated Louise. The patent was executed in December 1761, when she was in her tenth year. Her education was completed in a convent, and she first entered upon her full rights as canoness in her seventeenth year, when she also made her *début* in society; for there was little or nothing of an ecclesiastical character about these chapters beyond the name. The Abbess of Ste. Wandru, as her principal was designated, was Charlotte, Princess of Lothringen, sister of Francis I., a lady famed for mundane tastes and accomplishments; and altogether we cannot well conceive a more agreeable life for an orphaned and dowerless girl of quality than lay within the reach of the damsel in question, when she consented, nothing loth, to receive Charles Edward as her bridegroom, she being not yet twenty, and he fifty-two. The difference in age might have been overlooked, and many marriages might be cited where equal or greater disparity has proved no bar to happiness; but Charles Edward was thoroughly 'used up.' All cotemporary accounts describe him as mentally and bodily a wreck. Eighteen years before, when his father pressed him to marry, he replied, that the unworthy conduct of certain ministers, and the troubles of December 1748 (the date of the deportation from Paris) had rendered it impossible for him to settle down anywhere without risk to his honour. 'Were it

'even possible to find a place of refuge, I think our family has 'had misfortune enough. I will not marry so long as I am 'in misery, for such a step would only multiply this misery. 'If a son chanced to resemble the father in character, he too 'would be bound hand and foot, if he refused to obey a vile 'minion of authority.' He did not adhere to this resolution, which was uttered in a moment of pique, and he once meditated an alliance with the Czar in the hope of Russian aid. He fell in with the French project from pecuniary motives.

'For the young canoness of Mons,' says M. de Reumont, 'this marriage might have attractions. It was a crown that 'was offered her, — a crown without true significance, but 'wreathed by the splendour which is lent by centuries of legiti- 'macy and great events,—a crown which had once belonged to 'the glorious race of Robert Bruce, whose blood flowed in her 'veins, — a crown set in rich pearls by the truth of a people, 'by the sanctity of misfortune, by ready courage in danger, 'by cheerfulness in self-sacrifice. *Dieu et mon droit*, and the 'Scottish *Nemo me impune lacessit*, found an echo in the device 'of the Stolbergs' *Spes nescia falli*, — in the *Fuimus* of the 'Bruces.' The mother probably was influenced by more solid considerations. She must have exaggerated the chances of a restoration, and have looked forward to a period when her daughter would be a queen in right earnest; or she would hardly have hurried on the marriage with the view of concealing it from her kind benefactress, the empress, who was deeply offended when she heard of it.

M. de Reumont desires us to observe that both the year and the day were ominous. It was the year (1772) that witnessed the first partition of Poland, the restoration of despotic government in Sweden, the startling drama of Caroline Matilda and Struensee in Denmark, and some minor symptoms of general disturbance in the South. The formal and concluding ceremony of the marriage took place at Macerata, in the private chapel of Cardinal Marefoschi's palace on the 17th April, which fell on a Good Friday. In later years, the Countess of Albany frequently declared that her marriage had 'turned out precisely 'as a marriage solemnised on the lamentation-day of Christen- 'dom might have been expected to turn out.'

> 'Ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
> Causa fuit.'

The honeymoon passed off pleasantly enough. After spending a couple of days at Macerata, the new-married pair left for Terni, and slept at the house of Count Spada, whose

brother had been long attached to the mimic court of the Stuarts. The grace and animation of the bride made the most agreeable impression on the ladies of the house, who, however, were struck by the circumstance that she, despite her youth and freshness, wore rouge, which she also strongly recommended to the Countess Spada, although her cheeks also showed not the smallest want of such an addition. They reached Rome on the 22nd April, when they made their entry with a semblance of royal pomp. Four couriers preceded them; then came the travelling carriage of the Prince, then that of the Princess, in which were the bride and bridegroom, both drawn by six horses; two other carriages with their attendants; two others with the attendants of Cardinal York. Immediately on their arrival, the Cardinal paid the Princess a long visit, and presented her with a rich snuff-box set in diamonds, containing a draft for forty thousand Roman crowns. Charles Edward notified to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Pallavicini, the arrival of 'the King and Queen of England;' but the recognition was politely evaded, and they were obliged to content themselves with the varying amount of reverence that compassionate courtesy, chivalrous loyalty, or interested flattery might produce. Bonstetten, the accomplished patrician of Berne, as M. de Reumont calls him, best known as the friend of Madame de Staël and Sismondi, gives an animated description of their appearance and establishment in the winter of 1773–1774, when they occupied the Palace Muti: —

'The Queen of Hearts, as the Queen of England was called, was of the middle height, *blonde*, with deep blue eyes, a nose slightly turned-up, the complexion dazzlingly fair, like that of an Englishwoman. Her expression was maliciously gay, but naturally not without a dash of raillery; her nature more French than German. She seemed made to turn everybody's head. The Pretender was large, lean, of a kindly disposition, talkative. He delighted to speak English, and spoke much and willingly of his adventures, interesting enough for a stranger, whilst those about him might possibly have been obliged to listen to them a hundred times. His young wife laughed heartily at the history of his having been disguised in woman's clothes, considering his mien and stature.'

At this point, as at several others, M. de Reumont digresses, agreeably and instructively, to portray the society of the period and the place. Although the daily life of the Italian nobles was simple and frugal, the princes of the Church, occasionally, gave entertainments on a scale of grandeur rarely equalled in France; but the equivocal position of the titular King and Queen made public appearances of all sorts disagreeable to

them, and after residing a year in Rome they went to Leghorn, and soon afterwards to Sienna; where the scene is laid of a mysterious adventure, revived in 1847 by two gentlemen named Stuart as the foundation of a claim to the lineal representation of the extinct line. The substance of the story, which was unsparingly exposed by the late Mr. Lockhart, was that Charles Edward had, in 1773, by his wife a son, whose birth was kept secret, and who was carried on board an English frigate, the commander of which, Admiral O'Halloran, brought up the child as his own; that this scion of royalty afterwards appeared on board of a man-of-war among the Western Islands of Scotland, was married to an English lady, and was alive in 1831.*

Towards the end of October 1774, the royal pair took up their abode in Florence. The Grand Duke Peter Leopold followed the example of the Pope, or rather improved upon it, by avoiding any official notice whatever of their arrival; which did not prevent the nobility or courtiers from partaking of the Pretender's hospitality. The ladies held more aloof in consequence of the Countess's refusal to place herself on a footing of equality with them by returning their visits. The evening was commonly passed at the theatre, and on one occasion, Charles Edward happening to engage in an altercation with a French officer, was reminded that he forgot who his adversary was: 'I know that you are a Frenchman,' was the retort, 'and that is enough.' He was half intoxicated at the time, and so inveterate grew the craving for stimulants, that at a somewhat later period he is described as having always a bottle of Cyprus wine in his box. Soon after his arrival in Florence, his health gave way, his appetite failed, he showed symptoms of dropsy, and he became so helpless that he was obliged to be carried from his carriage to a sofa, on which he lay during the performance. The Countess was in constant attendance: whether from jealousy or affection, he never suffered her to be out of his sight in public; and it may be presumed that her attachment to such a helpmate was not heightened by this constant and compelled companionship.

Such was the state of things, when (in the autumn of 1777) Alfieri arrived in Florence. We shall give the commencement and rapid progress of his passion in his own expressive words;

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* See 'Tales of the Century, or Sketches of the Romance of History between the Years 1746 and 1846, by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, Edinburgh, 1847;' and 'The Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxxi. p. 57.

but, fully to appreciate the position, his peculiar genius, temperament, and prior life should be freshly remembered, and these fortunately may all be gathered from his autobiography.* He was born at Asti, in Piedmont, on the 17th January, 1749, of a noble and honourable family of independent fortune,— a circumstance on which he lays considerable stress. His education was that commonly given to young men of his country and station at the time. It was bad, no doubt, but when he complains that, on the completion of his academical studies at Turin, he was lamentably deficient in literature and useful knowledge, he says no more than might have been said by most English lads of the same age on quitting a public school.

The fits and starts by which Alfieri endeavoured to correct the omissions of his tutors, may be inferred from the curious fact, that a window is still shown in the Collobiano Palace at Turin, near which he made his servant tie him to his chair, to save him, Ulysses-like, from the sirens of dissipation. At different times, by dint of volition and as a set task, he read, re-read, collated, analysed, and meditated on Ariosto, Montesquieu, Helvetius, and Machiavelli. *Multum legere non multa*, (to read much, not many books,) is the wise advice of Bacon; and Alfieri, consciously or unconsciously, acted on it. He also applied his whole heart and soul to gain a fitting instrument of expression for his glowing and thronging thoughts and images, by acquiring the pure Tuscan dialect. When, in his seventeenth year, he started on his travels, he spoke no language but his native semi-barbarous dialect, and some very equivocal French. His mind, however, was one of those that are enriched by the mere act of passing amongst scenes and objects deemed barren by the multitude; and the future tragedian was formed by adventures which the scientific or dilettante traveller would avoid, and the strict moralist must condemn. In Holland he fell so desperately in love with a young married woman, that when she left him at the by no means hasty or unreasonable call of conjugal duty, he became speechless, and when brought to his senses by the lancet, was with difficulty prevented from tearing off the bandages and wilfully bleeding to death.

This, though headed *Primo Intoppo Amoroso* (First Love Adventure), was preceded by a slighter attack of the same malady in Italy, and followed by a still graver one in England, which he narrates with all the details, merely suppressing the

* 'Vita di Vittorio Alfieri da Asti. Scritta da Esso (two volumes). 'Firenze, 1822.'

name. The heroine of this romance was the wife of a peer who had a commission in the guards. After the usual amount of preliminary flirtation, Alfieri became her accepted lover, and was clandestinely admitted to her house. The intrigue was betrayed to the husband, who challenged the poet. They fought in the Green Park with swords, and Alfieri, utterly ignorant of the use of the weapon, escaped with a wound in the arm. His generous adversary disdaining to take advantage of his superiority, declared himself satisfied, and intimated at the same time, that he no longer claimed any right to control the movements of the lady, as it was his intention to divorce her without delay. Alfieri was eager to offer her the sole reparation in his power, and she vehemently expatiated on the happiness she anticipated by becoming his wife, although she kept on qualifying her ardent hopes with doubts and fears lest he should eventually draw back. Her tone and manner puzzled him till the third day after the duel, when the mystery was cleared up. She then frankly told him that, prior to the commencement of their acquaintance, she had bestowed her favours on a groom, who was still in the house; that this man, under the influence of jealousy, had revealed both intrigues to her husband: that she was completely in his power, and was irretrievably lost in every sense. Alfieri told her that she judged rightly in supposing that he could not marry her; that it was well she had made a clean breast of it when she did, for, had their marriage preceded the confession or discovery, he would have put her to death with his own hands; but her candour was a redeeming feature, and he was still ready to accompany her to any part of Europe or America, as her friend.

This was on a Friday. The state of mind in which he passed the rest of the day and the next night may be guessed. On Saturday morning, as he casually glanced over a newspaper, his own name caught his eye. 'I snatch it up, read a tolerably long 'article, in which the whole of my misadventure is narrated, 'detailed minutely and accurately, and I learn from it, moreover, 'the melancholy and laughable individuality of my rival the 'groom, including his name, age, figure, and the full confession 'made by him to his master. I was on the point of falling 'dead as I read on; and when at last my lucidity of mind re-'turned, I became aware that the perfidious dame had *spon-'taneously* confessed all, after the newspaper of Friday morn-'ing had already revealed all to the public.' We should have thought that no extent of illusion could hold out against this exposure; yet such was his infatuation, that he still lingered

round his paramour, and actually travelled with her for a period:—

> 'I ask not, I know not, if guilt's in that heart,
> I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.'

He was made the defendant in the subsequent proceedings, and pays a just tribute to the generosity of the injured husband, who, having already spared his life, now spared his pocket by not demanding damages.*

Adventures of this kind formed no bad apprenticeship for the embryo dramatist. Goethe remarked of Balzac that each of his best novels was dug out of a suffering woman's heart. More than one of Alfieri's best tragedies was dug out of his own. The fifth chapter of the second volume of the 'Life' is headed: *Degno amore mi allaccia finalmente per sempre* (worthy love binds me finally for ever). It contains the story of his introduction to the woman who, with all her faults and weaknesses, was destined to be to him what Beatrice was to Dante, or Laura to Petrarch, or Vittoria Colonna to Michel Angelo,—his polestar, his beacon, his inspiration, and his guide. To concentrate the energies and steady the impulsive flights of this irregular genius, two things were essential: a settled object of ambition, an equally settled object of affection; and with her, he acquired both.

In the autumn of 1777 he arrived at Florence, uncertain whether he should winter there or not:—

'At the end of the preceding summer, which I passed at Florence, I had often, without seeking her, met a charming and beautiful lady, who, from her being also a foreigner and of distinction, it was impossible not to see and observe; and still more impossible that, seen and observed, she should not please every one in the highest degree. With all this, although a great part of the gentry of Florence and

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* The case obtained so much publicity, that, especially at this distance of time, there can be no indiscretion in mentioning the names. The lady was Penelope, daughter of George Lord Rivers, and wife of Edward Lord Ligonier. A house at which, when absent from London, she was clandestinely visited by Alfieri, was standing in the park at Strathfieldsaye within living memory, and a tree used to be pointed out, on the bough of which Alfieri hung the bridle of his horse. The house was pulled down by the late Duke of Wellington. We cannot help wishing that his Grace had followed the example of the successive Earls of Chesterfield, who have carefully preserved within the domain of Brotby Park the cottage or outbuilding so amusingly associated with Grammont's night adventure, narrated in the ninth chapter of his Memoirs.

all the foreigners of birth visited her, I, plunged in study and melancholy, retiring and savage by disposition, and always intent on most avoiding those of the fair sex who appeared to me most beautiful and attractive, — I, however, in that preceding summer, did not get introduced at all at her house, but it chanced to me to see her very often in the theatres and promenades. The most pleasing impression of her had remained in my mind. A soft flame in the darkest of eyes, coupled (which rarely happens) with the whitest of skins and light hair, gave her beauty an attraction from which it was no easy matter to escape unwounded or unsubdued. Twenty-five years of age, much tendency to the fine arts and literature, a disposition all gold *, and, notwithstanding her position, painful, disagreeable domestic circumstances that seldom left her happy and contented as she should have been. These were too many charms to be rashly encountered.

'In this autumn, then, an acquaintance having often proposed to take me to her house, thinking myself strong enough, I summoned up courage to wait upon her; nor had I gone many times before I found myself as it were unconsciously caught. But the approach of this, my fourth and last fever of the heart, was fortunately manifested by symptoms different enough from the three first. In those I never found myself agitated by a passion of the mind, which, counter-balancing and mingling with that of the heart, formed (to speak with the poet) an unknown, indistinct combination, the more profound and lasting in proportion as it was less impetuous and fervent. Such was the flame which little by little got the upper hand of my every thought and feeling, and will never be extinguished in me but with life. Becoming aware in two months that my true lady was this one, since instead of finding in her, as in all ordinary women, an obstacle to literary glory, a disturbance to useful occupation, and a lowering of thought, I found in her a spur, a comfort, and an example towards every good work; and recognising and appreciating so rare a treasure, I gave myself up to her beyond recall.'

No Piedmontese could then travel without a licence from the government, which was grudgingly given; and the Piedmontese laws of the press applied indiscriminately to the writings of any subject of Piedmont without reference to the place of publication. Alfieri wished to live entirely abroad, and was meditating works overflowing with denunciations of tyranny, which were sure to give offence. He therefore resolved to expatriate himself completely and permanently, which he practically effected by making over his property to a married sister, upon trust to pay him 1400 sequins (about half the actual value) per annum. He was now legally free to devote himself

* 'Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold.' — *Milton's translation of the Ode to Pyrrha.* Alfieri's expression is *indole d' oro.*

exclusively to literature and the lady. But, as regards the lady, a moral and social difficulty remained. Her husband had so much of the Englishman about him as to object to her unrestrained exercise of a privilege which the wedded dames of Italy then claimed and enjoyed as a right. The attendance of a *cavalier servente* or *cicisbeo* was denied to her, or allowed with so many drawbacks as to cause more pain than pleasure to the parties who are usually expected to benefit by the institution. After mentioning other works planned and partially executed up to the summer of 1778, Alfieri continues:—

'In the August of this same year, at the suggestion and for the satisfaction of my beloved, I imaged forth "Maria Stuarda." In and from September I versified "Oreste," with which ended the excessively occupied year. My days passed in a kind of perfect calm; and it would have been unbroken if I had not frequently been pained to see my adored one teased by continual domestic annoyances brought about by her querulous, unreasonable, and constantly intoxicated old husband. Her sorrows were mine; and I have successively suffered the pangs of death from them. I could only see her in the evening, and sometimes at dinner at her house; but with the spouse always present, or at best in the next room. Not, indeed, that he took umbrage at me more than at others, but such was his system; and in nine years and more that this pair lived together, never, oh! never has he gone out without her, nor she without him: a cohesion which would end by becoming wearisome to two people who were ever so much in love with each other.

'The whole day, then, I remained at home studying, after riding on a hired horse for a couple of hours for mere health. In the evening I had the solace of seeing her, but too much embittered by finding her almost always afflicted and oppressed. If I had not most tenaciously adhered to study, I should have been unable to submit to see her so little and in such a manner. But, on the other hand, if I had not had that solitary solace of her most charming aspect for counterpoison to the bitterness of my solitude, I should never have been able to bear up against a study so continuous and so (I might say) phrensied.'

In the course of the year 1780, he made rapid progress in some of his favourite works, versifying the 'Maria Stuarda,' the 'Rosmunda,' and great part of 'Ottavia,' reversifying the whole of the 'Filippo' for the third time, and developing 'Ottavia' and 'Timoleone;' the one inspired by a recent perusal of Plutarch, and the other by Tacitus, which he says he read and re-read with transport. A curious insight is given by these confessions into his mode of writing, which must have been painful and laborious in the extreme. It would seem that, with him, the process of versification, as well as that of first clothing his thoughts in words, was entirely distinct from that of con-

ception, and that, stranger still, he had commonly five or six works on the stocks at once. Besides his dramas, he was in the habit of composing sonnets, commonly addressed to the Countess, more remarkable for depth of feeling and energy of expression than for fancy or grace.

In December, 1780, his course of life was rudely interrupted by a sudden outburst of brutality on the part of Charles Edward, who in a fit of drunkenness behaved so grossly to the Countess, as to justify her, in the opinion of the Florentine Court and even of his own brother the Cardinal, in throwing him off for ever. The transaction was fully reported to the British Government in a dispatch dated December 12th, 1780, by Sir Horace Mann, who says: —

'Of late the intemperance of his (the Pretender's) behaviour, especially when he was heated with wine and stronger liquors, has been vented against his wife, whom he has for a long time treated in the most indecent and cruel manner. On St. Andrew's Day, which he always celebrated by indulging himself in drinking more than usual, he ill-treated her in the most outrageous manner by the most abusive language, and beating her at night and in bed, and attempting to choke her. Fresh instances of his cruelty inclining her to think herself in danger of her life, she meditated on the means of putting her resolution into effect; for which purpose she made her case privately known to the Grand Duke, and invited a lady of her acquaintance to breakfast with her husband, as she had often done before; after which he proposed to the ladies to take the air in his coach as usual, and they, under the pretence of visiting a sort of convent, not a strict cloister, which is immediately under the Grand Duchess's protection, induced him to go thither, having previously engaged a gentleman of her acquaintance to be there to hand her out of the coach, and to prevent any acts of violence, as the Pretender always carried pistols in his pocket. The ladies getting first into the convent, the door was immediately shut and barred to prevent the Pretender's getting in. He flew into a violent passion, demanding his wife. A lady of the court who has the direction of that place in the name of the Grand Duchess, came to the grate and told him that the Countess Albanie had put herself under the protection of the Grand Duke, and that, being in danger of her life, had resolutely determined never to cohabit with him any more. Upon which he returned home, where he committed the greatest extravagances, and has since declared that he will give a thousand zechins to anybody who will kill the gentleman who assisted his wife on that occasion.'

The gentleman was Alfieri, who, after a brief summary of the affair, states that he will not condescend to vindicate himself against the stupid imputations levelled at him for rescuing an innocent victim. 'Suffice it to say that I saved 'my Lady from the tyranny of an irrational and constantly

'drunken master, without her honour being in any way what-'ever compromised nor the proprieties in the least transgressed.' Considering the total want of opportunity, it requires no great stretch of charity to believe him, although, as in the affair of Bothwell and Queen Mary, their subsequent conduct has thrown a shade of doubt on the purity of their intercourse from the commencement. We also learn from Sir Horace Mann that, in 1783, when the Pretender supposed himself to be dying, he 'convinced his brother the Cardinal of 'many circumstances relating to his wife's conduct and her 'elopement from him, of which the Cardinal was not informed, 'and in which all those who took the part of the Countess had 'likewise been deceived, that the whole was a plot formed by 'Count Alfieri.' What is more, Lord Stanhope, whose information is excellent and whose judgments always lean to mercy's side, compresses the story into one pithy and double-edged sentence: — 'The Count and Countess of Albany '(such was the title they bore) lived together during several 'years at Florence, a harsh husband and a faithless wife; until 'at length, in 1780, weary of constraint, she *eloped* with her 'lover Alfieri.'* If the estrangement of the affections, unaccompanied by what is commonly understood by matrimonial infidelity, amounts to faithlessness, the Countess certainly was faithless; but surely her mode of leaving her husband's roof and taking refuge in a convent under the sanction of the Grand Duchess, cannot fairly be described as an elopement with her lover; and when she quitted it, the arrangements for her departure, her journey, and her reception at her next abode were made by her brother-in-law the Cardinal and the Papal Nuncio, who received especial directions from His Holiness to facilitate them. On the 13th December, the Cardinal writes to her: — 'I have long foreseen what has happened, and 'your proceedings taken in concert with the Court are a gua-'rantee for the rectitude of your motives.'

His Holiness wrote her an autograph letter of the same date fully approving what she had done, and confirming in every particular the promises of protection and countenance already conveyed through the Cardinal. On the 30th December, 1780, Sir Horace Mann reports, that the Countess of Albany had just set out for Rome with all possible secrecy: — 'Besides her own servants she was attended by one of the 'Nuncio's, and other steps were taken by order of the Grand

* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, &c. By Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope), vol. iii. p. 528.

'Duke for her greater security against any molestation, in case 'the Pretender should have got notice of her departure, which 'even as yet does not appear.' M. de Reumont states that besides a mounted escort, Alfieri and a Mr. Gahagan, disguised and well armed, occupied the box of the carriage till it had got a considerable distance from Florence. This incident is suppressed by Alfieri. On January 23. 1781, Sir Horace Mann reports that—'The Countess is treated at Rome with the 'greatest respect. She has obtained leave to go abroad without 'the least restraint. She had a long audience of the Pope in 'the sacristy of the church. Cardinal York treats her with 'the greatest civility, and has made her the most generous 'offers, and she goes frequently to dine with him at Frascati, 'where he commonly resides.'

Alfieri's conduct at this trying epoch corresponded in all outward seeming with his professions of elevated and disinterested attachment. Respect for appearances prevented him from following her to Rome, and Florence had grown intolerable. After a month of utter prostration, he resolved on going to Naples; 'choosing it expressly, as every one may see, because 'the way lies through Rome.' In one of Crabbe's poems ('The 'Lover's Journey'), a young lover, full of hope, is on his way to the home of his beloved; and the road, through a barren and fenny district, seems a succession of sunlit landscapes or smiling valleys. He is out of humour at not finding her, and although his way now lies through a beautiful country, all seems ugly, gloomy, and desolate. Alfieri was affected much in the same manner.

'As I travelled towards Rome, the approximation to *her* made my heart beat. So different from all others is the lover's eye, that a barren noisome region, which three years before appeared to me what it was, presented itself as the most delicious place of sojourn in the world. I arrived: I saw her—(oh, God! the thought of it still cleaves my heart in twain)—I saw her prisoner behind a grating, less vexed, however, than I had seen her in Florence; but, for other reasons, I did not find her less unhappy. We were completely separated; and who could say for how long we were so?'

He goes on to say that he remained only a few days in Rome, and during that time love, he owns, made him resort to an infinity of humiliating expedients, to which he would not have resorted to obtain the empire of the universe: 'ex-'pedients to which I furiously refused to resort afterwards, 'when presenting myself at the threshold of the Temple of 'Glory, still very doubtful whether I should ever obtain ad-'mission: I would neither humour nor flatter those who were,

'or deemed themselves, its guardians. . . . . 'I did 'everything, I resorted to everything, and I remained in Rome, 'tolerated by these charlatans and even aided by those petty 'priests, who had or assumed any influence in the affairs of my 'lady.'

When he had thus fairly or unfairly earned a temporary domicile in the Eternal City, he managed to regulate his life as nearly as possible after the plan which (barring sundry drawbacks) had succeeded so well at Florence. His place of residence was the Villa Strozzi, near the Baths of Dioclesian; 'a 'dwelling,' he says, 'in entire harmony with my temperament, 'my character, my occupations. So long as I live I shall think 'of it with regretful longing.' His literary pursuits and his usual two hours' ride filled the morning and forenoon, and part of every evening was passed with the Countess, from whom he professed to draw inspiration for the resumption of his labours on the morrow. It would seem that the Countess sometimes accompanied him in his rides, for speaking subsequently (1784) of his horses, fourteen of which he had bought in England, he says: 'The fifteenth was my beautiful roan, Fido, the same 'that in Rome had often carried the pleasing burthen of my 'lady, and for that reason was dearer to me then all the rest of 'my stud.' He ranks his fondness for horses as third, for intensity, amongst his passions: the Countess being No. 1. and the Tragic Muse No. 2. There are passages in his 'Life' which anticipate the sentiment of a graceful French poet:—

> 'A ses moindres discours suspendre tout son être,
> Emu d'un doux espoir,
> Et mourir tout le jour, hélas! à se promettre
> Un sourire le soir.'

But although Alfieri may have succeeded in deceiving himself, he will not deceive others. He was rather an example of the Byronic theory: 'Man's love is of man's life a thing 'apart.' When the excitement of positive prohibition or interference was over, he subsided into a regular punctual, habitual lover of the *où passerai-je mes soirées?* school, and versified his tragedies with the steadiness of taskwork. He had resolved to complete a certain number, enough to commence an epoch in Italian dramatic literature, before publishing any. His original plan was not to exceed twelve; but prior to the end of 1782 he had well nigh put the finishing hand to fourteen; the sudden temptation to write 'Merope' and 'Saul' having proved irresistible. 'Saul' was his favourite work, and (what rarely happens in the case of favourite works) it has been generally esteemed his best. He proposed to dedicate

it to Pius VI. in the course of a private interview, during which the Pope had highly complimented him on his 'Antigone'; but the Pope adroitly declined the honour, on the plea that he could not accept the dedication of any theatrical compositions, be they what they might. Alfieri was deeply mortified, first, at having invited what he considered an affront; secondly, at having had 'the meanness, the weakness, the 'duplicity to wish to pay the tribute, in token of respect and 'esteem, of one of my works, to a man whom I deemed in-'ferior enough to myself in true merit.' Knowing what we do of the estimate he had of himself as a poet, and the intensity of his self-consciousness, we suspect that what he goes on to name as his primary motive was at least a secondary one:—

'This reason then was, that I, having for some time become aware of rumours proceeding from the house of the relative of my lady, through which I learnt his discontent, and that of all his circle, at my being too much at her house; and this discontent being constantly on the increase, I sought, by flattering the Sovereign of Rome, to create in him a support against all persecutions, of which I already seemed to have a presentiment in my heart, and which in fact about a month afterwards were let loose against me.'

His presentiments did not deceive him; for the Pretender's assurances, when he thought himself dying, impressed the Cardinal strongly, or, more correctly speaking, opened his eyes to what was already palpable to the commonest observer. It hardly required the solemnity of a death-bed to give weight to the convictions of the deserted husband, the soundness of which may be contested without questioning their good faith; and the permitted intimacy of the suspected lover with the fugitive wife was utterly indefensible in any point of view or on any construction of the facts. Alfieri fairly admits as much:—

'And here I certainly shall not make the apology of the usual life of Rome and all Italy as regards almost all married women. I will say, however, that the conduct of this lady in Rome towards me was much more on the safe side than the other, of the customs most tolerated in this city. But I will end all this, for the love of truth and right, by saying that the husband, and the brother, and their respective priests, had every reason not to approve my great intimacy, although it did not exceed the bounds of honour. I regret at the same time that, as to the priests (who were the sole movers of the whole machine), their zeal in the matter was neither evangelical nor pure from secondary ends; since not a few of them, by their sad examples, pronounced at once the eulogy of my conduct and the satire on their own. The affair was the daughter, not of true religion and virtue, but of revenge and intrigue.'

Sir Horace Mann states that the Cardinal, on his return from hearing his brother's statement, laid the whole before the Pope, and obtained an order to Alfieri to leave Rome within fifteen days. This he denies, and says that on hearing of the plot brewing against him, he intimated to the Sardinian Minister his readiness to save the lady's honour and peace of mind by a voluntary departure; a course which he preferred to the utterly unendurable one of remaining in the same place without seeing her. Accordingly, on the 4th of March, 1783, he started for Sienna: 'like one stupid and deprived of sense, 'leaving my only love, books, town, peace, my very self, in 'Rome.' Of his four or five separations, this was the saddest, because the future was more uncertain, and he declares that he as good as lost two years by reason of it, so great were the disturbance of his mind and the interruption of his pursuits. The effect must have been terrible indeed if, as he states, it made him utterly insensible to the harshest criticisms levelled at the style of his published writings, sprinkled over with *durissimo, oscurissimo, stravagantissimo.* He managed to get through a good deal of work notwithstanding, listened *incognito* with some complacency to a reading of his 'Virginia' in Turin, and undertook an expedition to England to buy horses. The praises lavished on them by connoisseurs pleased him, he admits, little if at all less than those accorded to his verses.

During the whole period of separation he kept up a voluminous correspondence with the Countess, who repaid him in kind; and it would seem that the electric chain of inspiration was not broken by the chilling medium of the post. In one of her letters she spoke of having been highly gratified by the 'Brutus' of Voltaire. On reading this he exclaims: 'I 'who had heard it recited ten years before, and had no recollec- 'tion whatever of it, being instantaneously filled with a wild 'and disdainful emulation of both mind and heart,—said to 'myself: What Brutuses? what Brutuses? I will make 'Brutuses, I will make them in duplicate; time shall show 'then if such subjects for tragedy were better addressed to me, 'or to a Frenchman born a plebeian, and subscribing himself 'for seventy years and more *Voltaire Gentilhomme Ordinaire 'du Roi.*' No sooner said than done. Under the feverish excitement of jealous rivalry, he dashed off the plan of 'Il Bruto 'Primo' and 'Il Bruto Secondo.' But we are anticipating. This occurred in 1786, during another compelled absence; and the prolonged separation beginning with his banishment from Rome, terminated in the summer of 1784, when the Countess,

through the mediation of the King of Sweden, came to an arrangement with her husband. A formal instrument was signed by her, Charles Edward, and the Cardinal, and duly ratified by the Pope, by which, in return for the sacrifice of her pin-money, she obtained an amicable divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, with liberty to reside where she pleased. At least such was the contract as stated by Sir Horace Mann; but it would seem from subsequent occurrences that the Pope retained the power of regulating her movements or directing her place of residence.

The first use the Countess made of her partially recovered freedom was to give Alfieri a meeting at Colmar, where they spent two months together. The bond under which she lay to pass part of her time in the papal territory, obliged them to separate again at the approach of winter, which she passed in Bologna. His place of residence till the following summer was Pisa. They then met again at Colmar, which she soon afterwards quitted for Paris; whither, she having returned to Colmar after a few months' stay, he accompanied her in the autumn of 1786. The papal restriction being apparently taken off or relaxed by this time, she thought of taking up her permanent abode there, and he, much as he disliked both the country and the people, had the strongest inducements to do the same; as besides wishing to be near her, he was carefully revising a French impression of his works.

Whilst they had been thus occupied, Charles Edward had taken a step which is supposed to have excited in the heart and mind of the Countess a feeling of compunction or remorse which she had never experienced from his accusations or reproaches. In July 1784, he formally acknowledged his natural daughter by Miss Walkingshaw, and sent for her from the convent, where she was residing with her mother, to live with him as mistress of his family. Not content with calling her Lady Charlotte Stuart, he insisted on her bearing the title of Duchesse d'Albany, and on St. Andrew's Day, as if determined to celebrate it by some new extravagance, he performed the ceremony of investing her with the Order of St. Andrew, the badge of which she had already assumed.

Wraxall says: 'In 1779, Charles Edward exhibited to the 'world a very humiliating spectacle.' On the margin of her copy, Mrs. Piozzi wrote:—

'Still more so at Florence in 1786. Count Alfieri had taken away his consort, and he was under the dominion and care of a natural daughter, who wore the Garter, and was called Duchess of Albany. She checked him when he drank too much or when he talked too

much. Poor soul! Though one evening he called Mr. Greathead up to him, and said in good English, and in a loud though cracked voice: "I will speak to my own subjects in my own way, *Sare.* Ay, "and I will soon speak to you, Sir, in Westminster Hall." The Duchess shrugged her shoulders.'

A still more curious anecdote is recorded of a conversation with Mr. Greathead, who being left alone with Charles Edward, gradually led him to talk of 1745. At first he shrank from the topic: the reminiscence was evidently sad. But as the visitor persevered, he seemed as it were to cast off a load; his eye lighted up, his demeanour became animated, and he began the narrative of his campaign with youthlike energy, spoke of his marches, his battles, his victories, his escape, and the dangers that surrounded him, of the self-sacrificing fidelity of his Scotch companions, of the dreadful fate that had befallen so many amongst them. The impression that after forty years the recollection of their sufferings made upon him, was so strong, that his strength gave way, his voice failed, and he sank senseless on the ground. On hearing the bustle, his daughter hurried in. 'What means this, Sir?' she exclaimed. 'You have certainly 'been talking of Scotland and the Highlanders to my father. 'No one should touch on these things in his presence.' He has been known to burst into tears on hearing the tune of 'Lochaber no more,' which the condemned Jacobites were reported to have sung in prison.

Another striking illustration of his native spirit and sensibility has been preserved. The Comte de Vandreuil, son of the officer who arrested Charles Edward at Paris in 1748, and a speaking likeness of his father, came to Rome in 1787, with the Duchesse de Polignac, and thoughtlessly requested to be presented to Charles Edward, who was merely informed that a foreigner of distinction desired to pay his respects. The name was not announced by the servant, the Duchess herself having undertaken the introduction; but the moment Vandreuil entered the room, the degrading scene with which his features were indelibly associated came back upon the unhappy exile like a flash. He dropped down in a fainting fit, and Vandreuil was hurried from the room.

On August 8th, 1786, Sir Horace Mann reports that 'he (the 'Pretender) has lately assumed the folly practised by his father 'and grandfather to touch people who are afflicted with scro-'fulous disorders: many old women and children have been 'presented to him for that purpose, to whom, after some cere-'mony, he gives a small silver medal, which they wear about 'their necks.' This was Sir Horace Mann's last letter on the

subject. He died in November 1786, having been British Minister at Florence since 1740, 'perhaps (remarks Lord Stan-'hope) the longest diplomatic service of the same post that is 'anywhere recorded.'* He was succeeded by Lord Hervey, who on the 29th January, 1788, informs the Secretary of State that some days before the Pretender had been seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of his body. Two days later (January 31st) Lord Hervey writes: 'This morning, between the hours of nine and ten, the Preten-'der departed this life.' Cardinal Caccia-Piatti informed Earl Stanhope, on the authority of some members of Count Albany's household, that he had in truth expired on the evening of the 30th January, but that the date was altered in the public announcement, on account of the evil omen which, notwithstanding the difference of the Old and New Style, was supposed to attend the anniversary of King Charles's execution. Surely a century and a half of home truths might have enabled this fated family to dispense with omens. After lying in state, his remains were buried at Frascati, and the Cardinal assumed the title of Henry the Ninth. He seems to have been an honest and well-intentioned man, although his bigotry and asceticism rendered him unpopular with the lower classes, whose amusements he curtailed, whilst his dullness wearied his accomplished and pleasure-loving colleagues of the Conclave. At the end of a long conference with him, Pius VI. laughingly remarked, he no longer wondered at the eagerness of the English to get rid of so tiresome a race.

The Duchess of Albany did not long survive her father. She died at Bologna in 1789, of the effects of an operation which she was compelled to undergo. An original miniature (formerly belonging to the Cardinal and now in the possession of the Countess of Seafield) gives a highly favourable impression of her. The features are good and the expression animated. Mann says: 'she is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well 'made, but the features of her face resemble too much those of 'her father to be handsome.'

The news of the Pretender's death reached the Countess in Paris in February 1788, and she was much affected by it. 'Her 'grief,' says Alfieri, 'was neither factitious nor forced, for every 'untruth was alien to this upright, incomparable soul; and not-'withstanding the great disparity of years, her husband would 'have found in her an excellent companion and a friend, if not a 'loving wife, had he not thrust her from him by his constantly

* Mann and Walpole had not met for forty-two years.

'unfriendly, rough, unaccountable behaviour. I owe pure truth 'this testimony.' M. Saint René Taillandier says that her grief was rendered intensely poignant by the reflection that the duty from which she had shrunk and fled had been readily undertaken and effectively performed by another: —

'The Duchess Charlotte entering the house of Charles Edward, the deserted child coming to the rescue of the deserted spouse, the natural child replacing the lawful wife and exercising her pious and salutary influence over the old man, these were contrasts which could not but painfully affect the proud Countess. We are making no idle conjectures; Madame D'Albany had too elevated a soul not to feel the painfulness of the situation. It was still worse when the Duchess Charlotte, after having rekindled a spark in the extinct heart of the hero, so gently closed his eyes and followed him to the tomb.' *

It is difficult to believe that she viewed her successor in this light. The natural daughter, taken from a convent to preside at a *soi-disant* royal table and receive homage as a *quasi* princess, underwent no sacrifice, and she was subjected to none of the restraints or insults which revolted the wife. The relation in which the two ladies respectively stood to Charles Edward were entirely different; and as to the intense grief of the Countess, nothing is more common than to feel deeply the death of those with whose lives our own have once been closely and cordially blended, however rudely and widely rent asunder at a subsequent period. The softened fancy recalls past hours of tenderness, and refuses to dwell on past causes of complaint; we forgive the wrongs we have suffered, and weep bitter tears to think that we can no longer ask pardon or atone for the wrongs we may have done.

The relations of Alfieri and the Countess were not changed by this event. It is now a recognised fact that the tie which bound them to each other was never consecrated by matrimony. Whether they were married or not has been vehemently debated, and the presumptive evidence on the affirmative side was strong. The ceremony was alleged to have taken place at Paris, after the removal of difficulties raised by the Cardinal. In March, 1792, Alfieri's mother wrote to him: 'I do not believe that the 'lady whom you announce as coming with you can feel any liking 'for me, since I have not the happiness to be acquainted with 'her. But if this is so, I would fain flatter myself that it is the

* 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for Feb. 15th, 1861, being the last of three excellent papers principally based on M. de Reumont's work.

'effect of a tie which I hope may be of a nature to forward your 'earthly happiness as well as the salvation of your soul. This 'would be my greatest comfort, as it is my only longing desire.' He calls her in his 'Life,' *la mia donna* and *la dolce metà di me stesso:* she speaks of him as *cet ami incomparable.* During the latter part of their stay at Paris they occupied the same house: they travelled together: they were together in 1791, and subsequently whilst living with the connexions of the Countess. Wherever they went—whether in France, England, or Italy—they were received in the best society, as if there was nothing conventionally wrong in their connexion. The belief in a private marriage may have had something to do with this indulgence; and theirs was by no means an exceptional case at a period when morals and manners, as well as dynasties and forms of government, were more or less shaken by revolutionary notions.

Why they did not marry is still a problem. M. Saint René Taillandier says that she could not make up her mind to abdicate her royalty; whilst Alfieri, independently of a poetic dislike to a prosaic termination of his romance, preferred remaining the lover of a queen. The tenacity with which she clung to her assumed state, struck all who had an opportunity of observing it. Wraxall, who visited her at Paris, says that in one of the rooms there was a throne emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain; that all the plate, including the spoons, was engraved with the same arms; that her servants always addressed her as 'Your Majesty;' and that royal honours were paid to her by the nuns of the convents which she was wont to visit on Sundays and feast-days. The friends who wished to gratify her made no scruple of humouring her in this particular. Thus we find Madame de Staël constantly writing to her as *Chère Souveraine,* and in letters of introduction requesting permission to add to the number of her subjects. The Duchess of Devonshire adopts the same tone; and the flattery which the writers probably regarded as polite *badinage* was accepted as rightful homage by the Countess.

Like Byron and many other liberal or democratic poets, Alfieri was a genuine aristocrat at heart, and neither he nor the Countess could so regulate their society in Paris as to avoid hearing language which disgusted them. It was at their own table, on the day after the forced and terrible procession of the King and Queen from Versailles to Paris, that the painter David broke out: 'It is a great misfortune that this Megæra '(Marie Antoinette) was not torn to pieces or had not her throat 'cut by the women, for there will be no peace during her life.'

In the autumn of 1790, they quitted Paris for Normandy, and in the following spring they visited England. They remained there some months, partly in London and partly in the country. The Countess kept a journal of her impressions, especially of those made on her by the picture galleries and objects of art which fell under her observation during the tour. Those relating to society were far from favourable :—

'Although I knew that the English were melancholy (*tristes*), I could not imagine that their capital was so to the point at which I found it. No kind of society, plenty of crowds. . . . . As they pass nine months of the year with their families or with a limited circle, they wish, when they are in town, to be lost in the whirl. The women, therefore, are never at home. All the morning, which begins at two (for they do not get up before midday, going to bed at four in the morning), is passed in visits and *promenades;* for the English find it necessary, and the climate requires, to take a great deal of exercise. The coal smoke, the absence of sun, the heavy meal, and the drink, require one to be constantly on the move. After all, this exertion does not save them from fits of gout, which nails them to their beds for months, and sometimes for years. The only good which England enjoys, and which is inappreciable, is political liberty.' . . If England had an oppressive government, this country, together with its people, would be the last in the universe; bad climate, bad soil, and consequently tasteless productions. It is only the excellence of its government that makes it habitable. The English are fond of women, but know not the necessity of living in society with them. They are severe and exacting husbands, and the women are generally better behaved than in other countries, because they have more to risk. The arrangement of the houses prevents them from receiving at home without the privity of the husband and the servants. They are in general good mothers and good wives; but they are fond of play, and the great ladies are very fond of dissipation. Intimate society, and the charm of this society, are unknown in London. One lives with one's family, that is, with one's husband and one's children, for one makes no account of one's father or mother, at least in the class I visited. The English are incapable of feeling any of the fine arts, and still less of executing them; they buy a great many pictures and know nothing about them.'

The strangest of her adventures in London is narrated by Horace Walpole, in a letter to Miss Berry of May 19th, 1791 :—

'The Countess of Albany is not only in England, in London, but at this very moment, I believe, in the palace of St. James; not restored by as rapid a revolution as the French, but, as was observed at supper at Lady Mount Edgecumbe's, by that topsy-turvihood that characterises the present age. Within these two days the Pope has been burnt at Paris; Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor of London (Boydell); and the Pre-

tender's widow is presented to the Queen of Great Britain. She is to be introduced by her great-grandfather's niece, the young Countess of Aylesbury. That curiosity should bring her here, I don't quite wonder, still less that she abhorred her husband; but methinks it is not very well-bred to his family nor very sensible, but a new way of *passing eldest.*'

In a postscript dated the night of the 19th May, he adds:—

'Well! I have had an exact account of the interview of the two Queens from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well dressed, and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a good deal, but about her passage, the sea, and general topics; the Queen in the same way, but less. Then she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former, who perhaps may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the Princesses; nor did I hear of the Prince, but he was there and probably spoke to her. The Queen looked at her earnestly. To add to the singularity of the day, it is the Queen's birthday. Another odd accident: at the opera at the Pantheon, Madame d'Albany was carried into the King's box and sate there. It is not of a piece with her going to Court that she seals with the royal arms.'

Another incident of the journey, mentioned by Walpole, is thus described by Hannah More, in her 'Memoirs': —

'The Bishop of London carried me to hear the King make his speech in the House of Lords. As it was quite new to me, I was very well entertained; but the thing that was most amusing was to see, among the ladies, the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife to the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne which she might once have expected to have mounted; and what diverted the party when I put them in mind of it, was, that it happened to be the tenth of June, the Pretender's birthday. I have the honour to be very much like her; and this opinion was confirmed yesterday when we met again.'

We collect from a letter from Lord Camelford, of Dec. 14th, 1792, to Mr. Pitt, that one of her objects in visiting England was more fatal to her dignity than being seen at Court, namely, to procure pecuniary relief from the House of Hanover. 'It 'does not appear,' remarks Lord Stanhope, 'that any present 'aid was afforded to her. But when, in 1806, Cardinal York, 'in consequence of the French invasion, had found it requisite 'to leave Rome, and to forego his ecclesiastical revenues, the 'King, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt, granted a yearly 'pension of 4000*l.* to the last of the Stuarts. The Cardinal 'died in 1807. Then Lord Hawkesbury wrote, announcing that

'a part of this pension, 1600*l.* a year, would be continued by 'His Majesty to the Countess of Albany!'*

Alfieri is silent as to this episode, and both M. de Reumont and M. Saint René Taillandier revert to it with an expression of regret, as wanting in self-respect and derogatory to the widow of the rival claimant of the crown. It appears from her journal, that the pair meditated an expedition to Scotland, where she wished to see the spots consecrated by the heroism or misfortunes of the Stuarts and their adherents, and that the intention was abandoned in consequence of the bad weather. Alfieri attributes the abridgment of their tour to pecuniary difficulties. Two-thirds of their revenue was derived from French investments, paid in *assignats*, the current value of which was rapidly dropping down to zero. 'In August, there-'fore, before quitting England, we made a tour to Bath, 'Bristol, and Oxford, and returning to London a few days 'afterwards, we re-embarked at Dover.' Wherever they went, the Countess made a point of seeing the picture galleries, statues, monuments, and remarkable objects of all sorts; and her recorded impressions of these show that she was endowed with a genuine love of art and a highly cultivated taste.

This was Alfieri's fourth visit to England. During the third he made diligent inquiries for the heroine of the second, but could learn nothing of her. As he was on the point of quitting the country for the last time, accident brought about what he had long desired and sought in vain. The first object that met his eye on the strand at Dover was this very woman, 'still 'most beautiful.' On arriving at Calais, he wrote to her to express the sentiments of regard he still entertained, and his regret to hear that her way of life was not in accordance with her birth and connexions, deepened by the fear that he had been in some respect the cause. Her answer reached him in Brussels, and he prints it to give an idea of her 'original, and 'obstinate, evilly-inclined character, rare enough in that class, 'especially in the fair sex. But everything contributes to the 'grand study of the bizarre species of mankind.' The letter, which is in French, comforts him by the avowal that the writer is not unhappy, and feels rather grateful to him than the contrary, for delivering her from a world which never suited her. She says she is happy with her books, her drawings, her music, and the affection of the best of brothers. She concludes thus:—

'I have often, during the last two years, been pleased to hear you spoken of both at London and Paris, where your writings, which I

* 'Life of Pitt,' vol. ii. p. 182.

have not yet been able to procure, are admired and esteemed. It is said you are attached to the Princess with whom you travel, who, judging from her ingenuous and intellectual physiognomy, seems well fitted to make the happiness of a soul as sensitive and delicate as yours. It is also said that she is afraid of you (I clearly recognise you in that): without desiring it, or perhaps without being aware of it, you have irresistibly this ascendant over all who love you. I wish you, from the bottom of my heart, the continuation of the blessings and real pleasures of this world; and if chance should bring about another meeting, I shall always have the greatest satisfaction in learning thus much from yourself. Adieu! PENELOPE.'

The quondam lover must have been in an unforgiving and uncongenial mood when he discovered traces of original ineradicable sin in this epistle.

After the 10th of August, 1792, Paris became an unsafe as well as a disagreeable place of abode; but it was no easy matter to escape from it. Armed with passports from the Venetian and Danish ministers, the only remaining foreign ministers about the phantom of a court, as well as from the sectional authorities, they made the attempt on the 18th of August. On arriving at the barrier they found four or five soldiers of the national guard with an official who were about to let them pass, when, from a neighbouring pot-house, thirty or forty of the lowest populace rushed out shirtless, drunk, and furious.

'These, at sight of two carriages loaded with trunks and imperials, and a suite of two women-servants and three men, cried out that all the rich wanted to fly from Paris and carry off their treasures, leaving the poor to starve. Then began an altercation between the few and wretched guards, and the many and wretched ragamuffins; those to let us out, these to keep us in. I sprang from the carriage into the crowd, armed with all the seven passports, and set about squabbling, shouting, and gesticulating more than they,—a method by which one always gets the better of the French. Angry and excited to the highest pitch, I three times over took back my passport, and repeated at the pitch of my voice: "Look! hear! my name is Alfieri. Italian, "not French. Tall, lean, pale, red-haired. I am he! look at me: "we have our passports, we have them in full from those who have "a right to give them; we demand to pass, and pass we will, *per* "*Dio.*"'

The row lasted half an hour, at the end of which they got clear, and made the best of their way beyond the frontier. After a month at Brussels, they went by Germany and Switzerland to Florence, where they permanently established themselves, except during three months when the French occupation of the city caused them to abandon their town house for a neighbouring villa. This did not lessen Alfieri's hatred of the

French, so vehemently expressed in his 'Misogallo.' Cornelia Knight relates, that when an order arrived for a stated number of Tuscan youths to be sent to Paris to be educated there with a view to the French service, civil or military, and various expedients for evading the order were discussed, Alfieri suddenly cried out: '*Ammazzarli* (kill them).' A fruitless attempt made by the French Commander-in-Chief gave occasion for another burst of Misogallicism; and the poet's unsociability increased daily. Over the entrance of his house, for days together, hung a tablet inscribed: 'Count Alfieri is not at home,'—a mode of preventing interruption not uncommon in Germany. Maturin (the author of 'Bertram,' &c.) was in the habit of sticking a black wafer on his forehead as a warning to his household not to disturb his meditations; but Alfieri's brow, it is said, intimated clearly enough without the wafer when he was not to be crossed or brought down from his poetic heaven with impunity. A ludicrous instance of his irritability is given by Melchior Delfico, the historian of the Republic of San Marino. In the winter of 1795, he was on his way to be introduced to Alfieri by Pindemonte, when they suddenly fell in with the far-famed dramatist and haughty noble on the quay of the Arno, in the act of hotly pursuing and boxing the ears of a boy who had splashed his stockings by throwing a stone into a puddle. Delfico thanked Pindemonte, and said that the personal knowledge thus obtained of his illustrious friend was enough.

The provocation may have been greater than appeared, for he was commonly busied with composition during his wanderings, and many of his longer poems were composed piecemeal whilst he was walking or riding. Unlike Dr. Johnson,—who ridiculed the notion that the intellectual powers depended on weather or the direction of the wind,—Alfieri, when he committed his verses to paper, made a note of the state of the atmosphere and the precise tone of mind in which they were produced. In 1795, being then in the forty-sixth year of his age and the twentieth of his literary life, he began studying Greek with his characteristic energy; and read through successively, with the aid of Latin translations, Homer, Hesiod, Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Anacreon. He gave up Pindar in despair, disgusted with the literal prose versions of the lyrics from which he had anticipated so much. The 'Alcestes' of Euripides fastened on his imagination to such an extent that, although he had resolved to write no more dramas, he could not resist the temptation of borrowing the plot for a tragedy. He was particularly proud of having

mastered Homer. 'It came into my head that, as every la-'bourer is worthy of his hire, I should bestow a reward on 'myself, and this ought to be a decoration and an honour, not 'a gain.' Accordingly, he dubbed himself Knight of Homer, and adopted as his badge a golden collar to be set with jewels engraved with the names of twenty poets ancient and modern, and a cameo representing Homer hanging from it.

In 1794 he took it into his head to come out as an actor, and, with the aid of some new acquaintances, got up a respectable representation of three or four of his plays. His favourite part was 'Saul,' and his pride in the performance recalls that of Voltaire in the part of the Sultan in 'Zaire.' The rarest of all things is a poet who can read or declaim his own verses without undue or misplaced emphasis, and no man had greater need of Hamlet's advice to the players, to 'use all gently; for in the very tor-'rent, tempest, and I may say whirlwind, of your passion, you 'must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it 'smoothness.' We find, as we expected, that overcharged expression was his fault. Goldsmith envied the puppets for attracting attention from himself; Alfieri coveted the admiration bestowed on an improvvisatrice, Teresa Bandettini, called the Etruscan Amaryllis.

His passion for horses remained undiminished. Till confined by the gout, he drove a kind of tilbury, dressed in black with a scarlet cloak, his red hair parted from the forehead and falling on his neck. His tone and humour for the day are said to have depended on the neigh or whimper of the favourite horse, which he fed every morning with his own hand.

M. de Reumont acknowledges, with marked reluctance, that all the pastimes of this eccentric genius were not equally innocent or excusable. The stretch of his faculties required them to be occasionally unbent in a manner the most opposite to his habitual tastes and studies. Strange to say, we find him seeking relaxation in a club of both sexes of a not very elevated class where one of the amusements was to make burlesque verses. He actually acted as secretary of this 'nameless, and 'worthy to remain nameless, Academy,' as it is called on the title-page of a collection of their 'thoroughly bad poetry.' In one of his own contributions to it, he compares himself, whilst so employed, to Hercules at the distaff. The comparison was true in a double sense. There was an Omphale, perhaps more than one, in the case.

In his verses on 'A Visit to the House where Rousseau 'lived with Madame de Warrens,' Moore breaks into a tone of sorrowing indignation to think how ill the practice of poets,

moralists, and sentimentalists is sometimes found to correspond with their theory: —

> 'How, with the pencil hardly dry
> From colouring up such scenes of love
> And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
> And dream, and think through heav'n they rove,
>
> They who can thus describe and move,
> The very workers of these charms,
> Nor seek, nor know, a joy above
> Some Maman's or Theresa's arms.'

Alfieri was one of these. The lofty idealism of his passion for his *carissima donna* did not prevent him from indulging in caprices of a less ecstatic and more sublunary kind both at Sienna and Florence; and it is difficult to place implicit evidence in his assurance that no crimination or recrimination ever arose between the Countess and himself. She may, indeed, have been kept silent, by the fear to which his friend Penelope alludes; or, like Queen Caroline tolerating 'my good Howard,' she may have come to the philosophical conclusion that masculine infidelity neither implies the loss of influence, nor is necessarily influenced by the imagination or the heart. To risk a less favourable hypothesis, she may have had a lurking consciousness that her own conduct would hardly justify her in calling on her lover for a strict and literal account of his. She was always given to coquetry. In 1774, the third year of her marriage, Walpole writes: 'The young Mr. Coke is 'returned from his Travels in love with the Pretender's queen, 'who has permitted him to have her picture.' Certain it is that, considerably before Alfieri's death, his successor had been designated, although the notion that his image could be displaced or replaced in his adored and adoring Princess's heart never crossed his mind for a moment. That there, if anywhere, he and he only should be enshrined, was the proudest of his living boasts, and the dearest of his dying wishes.

He died on the 7th of October, 1803, without spiritual aid; and it is insinuated as a reproach to the Countess, that she did not encourage or take advantage of sundry religious yearnings which he, a professed freethinker, is reported to have felt. But she herself, unhappily, was an *esprit fort* of the eighteenth century, and their prior relations were not of a nature to qualify her for the austere monitress of his death-bed. Before his remains were committed to the earth, he received a homage which, could he have looked forward a few years, he would

have appreciated highly. Chateaubriand, who was passing through Florence, saw and hung over him in his coffin.

By his last will he left everything, 'moveables and immoveables, gold and silver, books and manuscripts, to the 'Countess Louise D'Albany;' and by a separate testamentary paper he confided to her exclusively the printing of his literary remains and the guardianship of his literary fame. She fully answered his expectations in these respects, by publishing a carefully corrected edition of his posthumous works, and by procuring him a grave in the Church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. Bigotry is of no clime, and the Tuscan clergy started objections almost identical with those which were raised by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster against the claim of Byron to a niche in Poets' Corner. The Italian man of genius was more fortunate than our illustrious countryman. The priestly interference which proved paramount in Protestant England, was summarily set aside in Roman Catholic Tuscany. Alfieri was buried alongside of Machiavelli, and Canova was engaged to construct a monument, which Lord Broughton has pronounced to be one of the heaviest productions of his chisel. On one side of the base is the inscription: 'Victorio Alferio Astensi Aloisia e Principibus Stol-'bergis Alboniæ Comitissa M. P. C., An. MD.CCCX.'

On the 24th November, 1803, the Countess writes thus to Count Baldelli:

'You may judge, my dear Baldelli, of my grief, by the manner in which I lived with the incomparable friend I have lost. It will be seven weeks next Saturday, and it is as if this misfortune had befallen me yesterday. You who have lost an adored wife may conceive what I feel. I have lost all consolation, support, society, all, all! I am alone in this world, which has become a desert for me.'

We should be loth to suppose that much of this alleged grief was simulated; for the human heart is strangely given to self-deceit in such matters, and prone to pronounce itself inconsolable when the means of consolation are in actual use or immediately at hand. 'There are certain tears which often deceive 'ourselves after having deceived others.' It would not be learned from M. de Reumont's polished and over-charitable pages, but the fact is no less plain, says M. St. René Taillandier, that she loved Fabre before Alfieri had descended to the tomb. It is clear also that the constantly increasing misanthropy of the poet had condemned her to a solitude uncongenial to her tastes.

One of the worst consequences of an illicit passion is the habit of self-indulgence engendered by it. The hallowed charm

of authorised affection, necessarily wanting to the tie, is supplied rather than compensated by gallantry and flattery, by a constant succession of excitements which resemble opium-eating or dram-drinking in their ultimate effects. Their sudden cessation leaves a feeling of exhaustion which must be relieved, an aching void which must be filled up in some manner, adequately or inadequately; and the dear deceased is simply paying the posthumous penalty for his own transgression when his pedestal is occupied by the image of another.

A few months after Alfieri's death, Fabre was installed in his place in the hotel of the Lung' Arno, the *Casa di Alfieri* as it is still called. He was a painter of some reputation in his profession, an exquisite judge of art, a man of sense and honour, with a highly cultivated mind; but there was nothing poetic in his appearance or character, nothing to catch the imagination, to fascinate, to charm. He was thirty-seven in 1803, and the Countess fifty-one; a disparity which helps to explain, without excusing, her attachment. '*On ne compte d'ordinaire la 'première galanterie des femmes que lorsqu'elles en ont une seconde.*' If the second ought ever to bear the accumulating responsibility of the first, it is when a Fabre succeeds an Alfieri; but there was no social protest, no outward and visible sign of even conventional repugnance to the change.

When great ladies, separated from their natural protectors by death or exile, were flying from country to country, and constantly on the move, a still wider licence was tacitly accorded to them. At all events, they claimed it, and conceded it to one another, and in too many instances the Countess of Albany would have been prepared with a telling retort, had her female friends ventured to fling her pet painter in her teeth. Far from thinking of such a thing, they made a point of paying him, through her, the prettiest attentions. The Duchess of Devonshire sends him an engraving by way of *souvenir*, or asks anxiously about his gout; and Madame de Staël writes: 'I 'request you to speak of me to M. Fabre, who inspired me 'with a great desire to be made intimately acquainted with 'him.' Indeed, the society at the *Casa Alfieri* was never so brilliant as when, to modern apprehension, it had become unworthy of its name. The most eminent of the Italian nobility were its *habitués;* and all travellers who had any claim to the distinction hastened to inscribe their names on her visiting list. Several have recorded their impressions of her. Lamartine, speaking of her in 1810, says that nothing at this period recalled either the queen of an empire or the queen of hearts: —

'She was a little woman whose figure had lost all lightness and all elegance. The features of her face, too rounded and too obtuse, also preserved no pure lines of ideal beauty. But her eyes had a light, her fair hair a tint, her mouth an attraction, all her physiognomy an intelligence and a grace of expression which made you remember if they no longer made you admire. Her soft manner of speaking, her easy manner, her reassuring familiarity, raised at once those who approached her to her level. You did not know whether she descended to yours or elevated you to hers, there was so much nature in her bearing.'

In Paul Louis Courier's 'Works' is a note of a *Conversation chez la Comtesse D'Albany* in 1812. The subject is the relative superiority of the warrior and the artist; the interlocutors being the Countess, Fabre, and Courier. The controversy is supported with great spirit, but internal evidence justifies a suspicion that much of the conversation is imaginary. Still it proves the estimate formed by the reporter of their respective powers. In this year, 1812, began her acquaintance with Ugo Foscolo, which soon ripened into warm friendship, and would have formed a conspicuous epoch in her biography had it not been thrown into the shade by the more glorious memory of Alfieri. It was notwithstanding more to her lasting honour in one respect. The highly beneficial influence which she exercised, for the second time, over an eccentric genius, was acquired without any unbecoming sacrifice on her part, and the tone and tendency of her correspondence with him may be cited in confirmation of Byron's axiom:

> 'No friend like to a woman man discovers,
> So that they have not been, nor may be, lovers.'

No feminine weakness obliging her to humour his self-love, her advice is uniformly sound:

'You are too much occupied with what is said, and with what is written in the journals. If you make good books, no one will make them bad. Have not people taken it into their heads to write against Racine, who cannot be dethroned? He is more solidly established than the kings of the earth.'

All who knew her are agreed that her conversational powers were of the highest order; and her admirers claim for her the credit of having done more than any woman of her time to centralise and generalise the art and literature of the most enlightened nations, and confer a cosmopolitan character on European thought. It was to the change operated in great

measure through her instrumentality that Sismondi alludes when writing to her from Geneva shortly before her death: — 'Your Florentines are beginning to return the visits we formerly 'paid them; without doubt the mass still slumbers and lives 'from day to day, society lacks interest, but there is notwith-'standing a perceptible progress in men's minds; this mingling 'of nations, this reciprocal sympathy with which they mutually 'watch each other, will end by introducing amongst all what 'is good, by destroying in all what is bad, so far at least as 'enlightenment can triumph in the long run over petty passions 'and petty interests.'

The importance attached to her *salon* is sufficiently established by the flattering persecution it entailed upon her. In May 1809, she received an imperial order to repair to Paris without delay. She came accompanied by Fabre, and at her first audience with the Emperor was thus addressed: 'I know your 'influence over the society of Florence. I know also that you 'employ it in a sense adverse to my policy; you are an ob-'stacle to my projects of fusion between the Tuscans and the 'French. This is why I have summoned you to Paris, where 'you will have full leisure to satisfy your taste for the fine 'arts.' She was not allowed to return to Florence till November 1810.

She died there on the 29th January, 1824. By her will, after leaving, as remembrances, some object or other to each of her relatives and principal friends, — a service of china to one, a cameo to a second, a portrait to a third, and so on, — she constitutes Fabre her universal legatee, as fully and completely as she had been constituted the universal legatee of Alfieri. The result was that all the books, manuscripts, statues, paintings, medals, curiosities, and rarities of all sorts, that had been collected by Charles Edward and Alfieri, became the property of the French painter. After raising a monument to the Countess, he resolved to return to his native country, and after presenting the poet's manuscripts to the city of Florence, he obtained leave from the Grand Duke to carry off the rest of his treasures, the whole of which he subsequently made over to his native city of Montpellier. The municipality caused a building to be constructed for their reception, and that of the donor, who resided in it till his death in 1837. He is described as cold, discreet, disdainful, tormented by the gout, angry at the revolution of July, and though always respectful towards the Countess, avoiding all mention of her name. Such was the foundation of the *Musée Fabre*, from which the most valuable of the materials

for M. de Reumont's work and M. Saint René Taillandier's articles have been derived.

We are not aware that we can add any reflection that will not spontaneously occur to the majority of readers. The Countess's life, with all its crosses and alternations of fortune, is deficient in romantic interest, as well as in moral weight; for her character was essentially prosaic; she preferred the real to the ideal; and we nowhere find that she sacrificed for a passion, or a sentiment, any one solid comfort or advantage that she could command or retain. If she had been endowed with much fancy or imagination, delicacy or sensibility, the notion (carried out by her last will) of making the French painter the personal representative of the royal husband and the poet-lover, would have been rejected with a shudder if suggested to her. Yet she had as much heart and soul as many women who have filled a larger space in history. She was the connecting link of half a century of celebrities. She inspired Alfieri; she controlled Foscolo; she thwarted Napoleon; she gave Italian thought a standing-point; she strengthened it by a rich infusion of foreign elements, and she mingled minds on an admitted footing of equality with the very first spirits of her day.

ART. VII. — *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Volume the Second. London: 1861.

IT must be confessed that Mr. Buckle is not a writer who gains upon us by a further acquaintance with his work. His first volume, published nearly five years ago, excited, and in some degree gratified, the curiosity of the public by a lively and perspicuous style, by a considerable display of reading, by great hardihood of dogmatical speculation, and by a lofty design to 'create the science of history.' It was received with a degree of interest due rather to the apparent courage and ability of the writer, whose name then first appeared in English literature, than to the results at which he had actually arrived. Many errors of detail were pointed out, — a thing not to be wondered at in a disquisition which affected to embrace every section of human knowledge, and to 'accomplish for the history 'of man something equivalent or at all events analogous to 'what has been effected by other inquirers for the different 'branches of physical science.' (Vol. i. p. 6.) Doubts were expressed by ourselves and by other critics as to the possibility of establishing the scientific conclusions promised by Mr. Buckle on what he terms 'the great average of human affairs.' Above all we saw reason to distrust the soundness of his fundamental principles, and we clearly perceived that human life is of far too short a span to embrace the preliminary facts or to reach the result contemplated in so gigantic a plan. Indeed, Mr. Buckle has himself arrived, on this point, at our own conclusion.

'It is, indeed, too true, that such a work requires, not only several minds, but also the successive experience of several generations. Once, I own, I thought otherwise. Once, when I first caught sight of the whole field of knowledge, and seemed, however dimly, to discern its various parts and the relation they bore to each other, I was so entranced with its surpassing beauty, that the judgment was beguiled, and I deemed myself able, not only to cover the surface, but also to master the details. Little did I know how the horizon enlarges as well as recedes, and how vainly we grasp at the fleeting forms, which melt away and elude us in the distance. Of all that I had hoped to do, I now find but too surely how small a part I shall accomplish. In those early aspirations, there was much that was fanciful; perhaps there was much that was foolish. Perhaps, too, they contained a moral defect, and savoured of an arrogance which belongs to a strength that refuses to recognise its own weakness.' (Vol. ii. pp. 327, 328.)

In the space of five years small indeed is the progress made. The General Introduction contained in the first volume is followed in the second by two disquisitions on Spain and Scotland—subjects which have been selected as appropriate illustrations of Mr. Buckle's historical theories, but which bring us not one step nearer to his ultimate object. Indeed, as Mr. Buckle's scheme embraces the 'totality of human affairs,' nothing human is foreign to his task, and however copious his resources may be, it is certain that the portion he leaves untouched must incalculably exceed in amount that which he relates.

It is not our intention, on the present occasion, to resume or to prolong the discussion in which we engaged at the time of the publication of his first volume. But further consideration has satisfied us that if we erred in the estimate we then formed of Mr. Buckle's abilities, we erred on the side of indulgence. The truths which he announced to mankind as the discoveries of genius, are in reality mere fanciful conceits when they are not plagiarisms from the French Encyclopædists of the last century; and if his book retain hereafter any place at all in the literature of this country, it will be remembered chiefly for its misapplied ingenuity and its logical perversity. Claiming to be itself a history of scientific method, and of the process by which civilisation has been evolved by the mind of man in different countries, it is totally deficient in methodical arrangement. No rigorous chain of philosophical reasoning can anywhere be discovered; and if any such plan exists in the mind of the author, it is entirely lost in the profusion of desultory incidents and extracts with which he has embroidered his pages. His original pretensions to lead us to the science of history turn out to be wholly unfounded; for in science Mr. Buckle is without that comprehensive grasp which reduces the intricate skein of causes and events to a single thread; and in history he analyses more than he combines, enlarging to excess on occurrences which fall in with his preconceived notions, and rejecting or passing over in silence events of at least equal importance, which are at variance with them. We shall say nothing more of the absurdity (to use no harsher term) of the attempt to explain the order of the world by reducing the moral government of Providence to a system of averages based on the laws of iron necessity, or of the design to trace the growth of modern civilisation irrespective of, or rather in opposition to, the influence of Christianity. The first of these doctrines is so far from having any novelty to boast of, that it is identical with the theme of the immortal poem of Lucretius; for, like the great Epicurean, Mr. Buckle is of opinion that, after all, reli-

gion, or as he terms it superstition, is the source of the chief evils which afflict society. The motto of his book ought to be

'arctis
Relligionum animos nodis exsolvere pergo.'

But Mr. Buckle's aversion to the doctrines and institutions of Christianity is still more unphilosophical and unjust in a writer professing to trace the modern civilisation of Europe from general causes. Be it for good or for evil, the modern world is what Christianity has made it. Mr. Buckle sees only the dark side of the picture—the shades of superstition, the fires of persecution, the excesses of enthusiasm;—he does not perceive that the same power which he execrates and reviles for its occasional abuses, is the dayspring of the nations, and that wherever the law of Christianity prevails human society rises immeasurably above the limits of the pagan, the heathen, or the Mohammedan world.

In truth, we must be permitted on this and on many other points to express our surprise that Mr. Buckle should have read so many books to so little purpose. He relies too much upon a well-stored common-place book and a rapacious literary appetite. There is nothing so absurd or so untrue that some evidence may not be collected in support of it from the dusty shelves of huge libraries. But what is the worth of such evidence? He who would write history aright must seek to trace its course in the living reality of human action, not merely in the dry records of the dead. Mr. Buckle will produce you a statistical return or a literary authority for every statement in his book. He is indignant at the bare idea that anyone should call his accuracy in question. For everything he has 'ample and irre-'fragable evidence.' We do not doubt it. He has so much evidence that he imposes on himself with it. His statements will bear every test except that of being confronted with reality. He repeats his own paradoxes till he believes them to be truths; and although he is always lauding the blessings of scepticism, there is one kind of scepticism which he is seldom disposed to practise,—that, namely, which consists in a prudent distrust of his own infallibility.

The intention of Mr. Buckle in his second volume is not to pursue the inductive line of argument, to which he says that he is at present unable to add anything new, but to strengthen it by application and verification, showing how his conclusions explain the history of different countries and their various fortunes. For this purpose he has selected the history of Spain

and the history of Scotland (to which that of Germany and the United States of America are hereafter to be added), 'with 'the object of elucidating principles on which the history of 'England supplies inadequate information.' The history of civilisation in England being still Mr. Buckle's chief object, and the title of his book, it is extremely characteristic of his mode of writing that he first devotes two or three octavo volumes to an ample discussion of what his subject does *not* comprise.

However, we are quite ready to follow him on to this ground, and we readily acknowledge that the fairest test of the soundness of his general principles is to be found in their application to the history and condition of particular countries. The question then now before us is, whether Mr. Buckle's theory of general causes, aspects of nations, and invariable laws explains the history and condition of Spain and Scotland better than they have been explained before. To answer this question in Mr. Buckle's favour it must be shown that he has traced the leading facts of their history and condition to the operation of those causes, and that he has not either misapprehended these facts, or suppressed other causes of equal or greater efficacy. This is the test we shall endeavour to apply to his reasoning.

It might be supposed by a cursory observer that in selecting Spain and Scotland as the fields of his inquiries, Mr. Buckle had intended to choose the two countries of modern Europe most unlike in physical character, in race, in their past political history, and in their present condition. The Spanish Peninsula basks in a southern sun and verges on the confines of Africa; Northern Britain partakes of the natural aspect of the Scandinavian kingdoms. The soil and climate of Spain are capable of producing in unlimited abundance all the fruits of the earth, from the finest corn to the vegetation of the tropics, but these splendid gifts are comparatively neglected; the soil and climate of Scotland can in many parts barely ripen wheat, our shocks of oats are not unfrequently garnered in the October snows, our best produce is roots, but the industry, perseverance, and science of our agricultural population have made many an acre of Scottish moorland worth more than five times the same extent of the favoured soil of Spain. Spain owes whatever she has enjoyed of wealth and splendour to the matchless advantages of her position, and to the favours of fortune, but these to a great extent she has thrown away. Scotland owes her slow but constant progress in the scale of civilisation to herself; she has never receded a hair's breadth in her onward course; and she has gradually worked out a destiny

which the proudest nations of the earth may envy. The indolence and wealth of one country are only surpassed by the enterprise and the poverty of the other. Spain has ever been a nation essentially self-contained, hating all foreign innovations; Scotland has borrowed largely from her neighbours. In Spain the aristocracy has for centuries been extremely weak and the authority of the Crown paramount: in Scotland the Crown long maintained an unequal contest with the great houses, and even in modern times the landed aristocracy of the northern kingdom has a larger share of influence than in any other part of Britain. But notwithstanding these and many other salient points of difference, it is by way of comparison rather than of contrast, that Mr. Buckle has directed his attention to these two countries. Whatever their other differences may be, there is, he thinks, 'the most striking similarity be-'tween those countries in regard to *superstition*. Both nations 'have allowed their clergy to exercise an immense sway, and both 'have submitted their actions, as well as their consciences, to the 'authority of the Church.' (Vol. ii. p. 160.) To say nothing at present of the gross misapplication of terms which describes under the same formula the intensely absolute authority of Spanish Catholicism and the intensely democratic constitution of the Scottish Presbytery, we shall here content ourselves with replying to Mr. Buckle, that if this powerful and irresistible general law has been, as he asserts, in equal operation in the two kingdoms—if Scotland is indeed as superstitious and priest-ridden as Spain — the results have, as Mr. Buckle himself admits, been diametrically opposite; for whilst the political strength and intellectual power of Spain have faded away, Scotland has sent forth a host of her sturdy sons, year by year, to reap the harvest of the world; she has given, in one century, Adam Smith to speculative science—James Watt to industrial art—Walter Scott to literature—names so great that we know not what other names can in their respective walks be placed beside them; and she has been foremost in arms, in government, in enterprise, in research, and every form of intelligent labour throughout the globe. Either therefore the parallel which Mr. Buckle has attempted to establish on this point is as false as it is fanciful; or if it be admitted to exist, then this general cause has not the importance which Mr. Buckle attaches to it, since the same principle, in two widely dissimilar countries, is followed and accompanied by opposite results. His entire thesis therefore breaks down at the outset; for while he chooses to assert that the general cause of theological superstition has operated for centuries in Scotland as in Spain, he

is compelled to acknowledge that a multitude of special causes have conspired to produce in the two countries very different effects. Mr. Buckle is singularly unfortunate in the selection of his general principle and of its application; for if the principle were true, and his doctrine of the science of history sound, the results must be similar in the two cases; but the results are absolutely dissimilar; whence it may seem either that his principle is not true, or that general principles are liable to be converted in their application and results by special causes.

Let us now proceed to examine with greater detail some of Mr. Buckle's actual statements with reference to Spain. It will be seen that scarcely one of them is sufficiently accurate and irrefragable to support the large generalisations he rests upon them.

To begin with his physical description of the country.

'If we except the northern extremity of Spain, we may say that the two principal characteristics of the climate are heat and dryness, both of which are favoured by the extreme difficulty which nature has interposed in regard to irrigation. For, the rivers which intersect the land, run mostly in beds too deep to be made available for watering the soil, which consequently is, and always has been, remarkably arid. Owing to this, and to the infrequency of rain, there is no European country as richly endowed in other respects, where droughts and therefore famines have been so frequent and serious. At the same time the vicissitudes of climate, particularly in the central parts, make Spain habitually unhealthy; and this general tendency being strengthened in the middle ages by the constant occurrence of famine, caused the ravages of pestilence to be unusually fatal. When we moreover add that in the Peninsula, including Portugal, earthquakes have been extremely disastrous, and have excited all those superstitious feelings which they naturally provoke, we may form some idea of the insecurity of life, and of the ease with which an artful and ambitious priesthood could turn such insecurity into an engine for the advancement of their own power.

'Another feature of this singular country is the prevalence of a pastoral life, mainly caused by the difficulty of establishing regular habits of agricultural industry. In most parts of Spain, the climate renders it impossible for the labourer to work the whole of the day; and this forced interruption encourages among the people an irregularity and instability of purpose, which makes them choose the wandering avocations of a shepherd, rather than the more fixed pursuits of agriculture.' (Vol. ii. pp. 3–7.)

Mr. Buckle has thought proper in reference to this subject to attempt to answer the criticisms justly called forth by his random assertions. He has collected a great array of authorities, and employed some vehemence of language in defence of his preposterous theory that the superstition of the Spanish people is

attributable to the prevalence of earthquakes and volcanoes in the Peninsula; and he attacks this journal in particular for having held up to ridicule this gross exaggeration. We had stated that 'there is no volcano in the Spanish Peninsula, 'and the only earthquake known to have occurred there was 'that of Lisbon.' Mr. Buckle, on the contrary, does not scruple to assert that 'in Spain *there have been more earthquakes* '*than in all other parts of Europe put together*, Italy excepted.' Let us now see which of these statements 'displays such 'marvellous ignorance, that it deserves to be rescued from 'oblivion and put on record as a literary curiosity.'

In April, 1858, when we reviewed Mr. Buckle's first volume, we had not had the advantage of consulting Professor Mallet's Earthquake Catalogue, which was published complete in that year, though some of the Professor's Reports had been read at previous meetings of the British Association. Fortunately, however, Professor Mallet's volume now supplies us with materials to bring Mr. Buckle's statement to an exact test. No part of Europe, or indeed of the globe, is entirely free from earthquakes, and our assertion clearly meant, not that no earthquakes had ever occurred there, but that they have been less frequent, and (with one exception) of less historic moment than in other countries; whence we argued that it was absurd to attribute to this cause a peculiar effect upon the moral and intellectual condition of the people of Spain. Messrs. Mallet have certainly brought to light some instances of these phenomena, and they state that *more than once* this agency has been displayed in the Peninsula upon the most tremendous scale. But what are the facts as compared with other parts of Europe? The number of recorded earthquakes in the British Isles, since the 11th century, is 234; in the Scandinavian Peninsula and Iceland, since the 12th century, 252; in the basin of the Danube, since the 5th century, 318; in the basin of the Rhine and Switzerland, since the 9th century, 557; in Turkey in Europe, since the 4th century, 570; in France, Belgium, and Holland, since the 4th century, 702; in the Italian Peninsula, since the 4th century, 1085; but *in the Spanish Peninsula*, since the 11th century, 220 *only, being the smallest number in the whole catalogue*, and below the record even of the British Isles: and of these the great majority occurred not in Spain, but in Portugal. Very few of them have been of a very destructive character, as indeed is apparent from the fact, that many of the finest buildings still to be seen in Spain are of great antiquity, yet unshaken by these convulsions of the soil.

The mere scientific question of the number of shocks of

earthquake felt in a given time is of small importance, but Mr. Buckle used this inaccurate statement to build a theory upon it, and he has repeated that statement with Professor Mallet's volume before him. In the teeth of this evidence, that the number of earthquakes, in the whole Peninsula, does not exceed *one sixteenth* of those recorded in other parts of Europe, he deliberately repeats his assertion, 'that in Spain there have 'been more earthquakes than in all other parts of Europe put 'together, Italy excepted.' Mr. Buckle inveighs with scornful compassion against critics, whom he accuses of ignorance and haste, and he challenges his readers 'to give the benefit of the 'doubt to the author of a deliberate and slowly concocted work.' But we submit that in this instance the hasty statement of the reviewer is infinitely nearer to the truth than the deliberate and slowly concocted misstatements of physical facts on which Mr. Buckle has erected his fantastic theory of Spanish superstition.*

But let us now revert to the passage just quoted. Mr. Buckle asserts that except in the *northern extremity* of Spain, the heat and dryness of the soil are favoured by the extreme difficulty of irrigation. Now, it so happens, — and it is inconceivable that Mr. Buckle should be ignorant of the fact,—that the most ancient and the most perfect systems of irrigation to be seen in Europe occur in the *south* of Spain, especially in the Vega of Granada and the Huerta of Valencia, and nothing can surpass the fertility of those favoured regions. But what is the reason? These works were constructed by the Moors. They remain to this

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* Mr. Buckle complains with great bitterness of his anonymous critics, but all his critics are not anonymous: for example, in a letter written by M. de Tocqueville to one of his friends in May, 1858, and published in his Correspondence, we find the following passage:—

'Have you heard of a book which has just come out, and which has suddenly raised its author, previously unknown, to the dimensions of a first class lion? This noble animal is called Mr. Buckle. His book is an introduction, in 800 pages, to a history of mankind (that is all), which he proposes successively to publish. The spirit of the work seems to me to merit especial attention. *It is illiberal and passionately anti-Christian.* Is it not strange that such doctrines as these can lead to a great literary success in England, where I was told the other day that every year the restraint of religious traditions became more strict and almost tyrannical?' (*Tocqueville Correspondence,* vol. ii. p. 438.)

It is not undeserving of remark that Mr. Buckle's first volume called forth these expressions of derision and aversion from one of the most liberal and philosophical thinkers of this age.

day a monument of their ingenuity and industry; and they prove that the deplorable condition of agriculture throughout a great part of Spain arises not from natural and general causes of climate and soil, but from the habits and character of the present inhabitants of the country. Spain has been inhabited in different ages by many different races. Her provinces still bear the stamp of an extreme dissimilarity. A Catalan and an Andalusian—a Castilian and a Gallego are not sons of the same mother. *Quantos payzes, tantos costumbres.* The Spain of Rome, with her Bœtic legion, encamped round the walls of Italica or Cordova, was one dominion; the Spain of the Moorish dynasties, then at the highest pitch of Mohammedan civilisation, wealth, taste, and learning, was another empire; the Spain of Christian faith and Christian chivalry, long pent in the Sierras of the North, and divided among a heptarchy of princes, fought its way through eight centuries of bloodshed, until it culminated in the triumph of the Catholic kings. Under these successive revolutions the face of the country has more than once been entirely transformed. Population has risen and declined—agriculture has been perfected and forsaken—literature, art, architecture, have undergone the same vicissitudes. But if the fate of nations is predetermined by fixed natural causes, these have never varied. It is man, not the soil or the climate, that has changed. And as it is certain that nothing can be more dissimilar than the state of Spain in these different periods of her history, we are led irresistibly to the conclusion, that the fixed natural aspect of a country is but a secondary element in its destiny; and that its history consists not in the fertility or aridity of its soil, but in the character of the race inhabiting it, and the events by which they are affected. Indeed, Mr. Buckle himself is so far aware of these facts that after having spoken at page 7, of the 'difficulty of establishing habits of 'agricultural industry' in Spain, he states, at page 65, that 'the best systems of husbandry then known were practised by 'the Moriscoes, *who tilled and irrigated with indefatigable* 'labour.' These contradictions are not uncommon with Mr. Buckle. In the next page, after describing the pastoral condition of Spain, he adds: —

'Under such circumstances every thing grew *precarious, restless, and unsettled;* thought and inquiry were impossible; doubt was unknown; and the way was prepared for those superstitious habits, and for that *deep-rooted and tenacious belief*, which have always formed a principal feature in the history of the Spanish nation.' (P. 8.)

We are at a loss to conceive how it comes to pass, that when

everything is 'precarious, restless, and unsettled,' 'thought and 'inquiry are impossible,' and the way is prepared for 'deep and 'tenacious belief.' Mr. Buckle's own philosophy is essentially precarious, restless, and unsettled; but we have no apprehension that it will ever lapse into a deep and tenacious belief.

Mr. Buckle has well pointed out that the history of Spain is conspicuously marked by three great contests, all of them partaking of a religious character, and exciting the religious passions of the inhabitants. The first was the contest of the Arian Goths against the Frankish Catholics, in the sixth century, when the war for national independence became a war for national religion, and an intimate alliance was formed between the Arian kings and the Arian clergy. The second was the contest with the Moors; the third was the contest with the Reformation. But in the Arian war Spain was on the side of liberal and national opinions, assailed by the authority of the Roman Church. Late in the sixth century, the Latin clergy converted their Gothic masters, and 'the Spanish government 'becoming orthodox,' says Mr. Buckle, 'naturally conferred 'upon its teachers an authority equal to that wielded by the 'Arian hierarchy.'* The inference is questionable, and the phrase 'Spanish government,' as applied to the 'Reyes Gotos' of the seventh century, still more so; but the fact that great power was early acquired by the Church in Spain is certain. We venture, in spite of Mr. Buckle, to think that it was fortunate for the future existence of the country as a Christian nation that it was so. For what occurred in the following century?

'In 711 the Mohammedans sailed from Africa, landed in the south of Spain, and in the space of three years conquered the whole country, except the almost inaccessible regions of the north-west. The Spaniards, secure in their native mountains, soon recovered heart, rallied their forces, and began in their turn to assail the invaders. A desperate struggle ensued, which lasted nearly eight centuries, and in which, a second time in the history of Spain, a war for independence was also a war for religion; the contest between Arabian Infidels and Spanish Christians, succeeding that formerly carried on between the Trinitarians of France and the Arians of Spain. Slowly, and with infinite difficulty, the Christians fought

* Mr. Buckle is hardly warranted in placing the conversion of the Spanish clergy to Latin orthodoxy in the sixth century. The first mass according to the Roman form was celebrated in Aragon, in the monastery of St. Juan de la Pena, on the 21st of March, 1071, and in Castile, in the Grand Mosque of Toledo, on the 21st of October 1086. (Macrie, 'Reformation in Spain,' vol. iii. p. 13.)

their way. By the middle of the ninth century, they reached the line of the Douro. Before the close of the eleventh century, they conquered as far as the Tagus, and Toledo, their ancient capital, fell into their hands in 1085. Even then much remained to be done. In the south, the struggle assumed its deadliest form, and there it was prolonged with such obstinacy, that it was not until the capture of Malaga in 1487, and of Granada in 1492, that the Christian empire was re-established, and the old Spanish monarchy finally restored.

'The effect of all this on the Spanish character was most remarkable. During eight successive centuries, the whole country was engaged in a religious crusade; and those holy wars which other nations occasionally waged, were, in Spain, prolonged and continued for more than twenty generations. The object being not only to regain a territory, but also to re-establish a creed, it naturally happened that the expounders of that creed assumed a prominent and important position. In the camp and in the council-chamber, the voice of ecclesiastics was heard and obeyed; for as the war aimed at the propagation of Christianity, it seemed right that her ministers should play a conspicuous part in a matter which particularly concerned them.

'Under circumstances like these, the clergy could not fail to extend their influence; or, we may rather say, the course of events extended it for them. The Spanish Christians, pent up for a considerable time in the mountains of Asturias, and deprived of their former resources, quickly degenerated, and soon lost the scanty civilization to which they had attained. Stripped of all their wealth, and confined to what was comparatively a barren region, they relapsed into barbarism, and remained, for at least a century, without arts, or commerce, or literature. As their ignorance increased, so also did their superstition; while this last, in its turn, strengthened the authority of their priests. The order of affairs, therefore, was very natural. The Mohammedan invasion made the Christians poor; poverty caused ignorance; ignorance caused credulity; and credulity, depriving men both of the power and of the desire to investigate for themselves, encouraged a reverential spirit, and confirmed those submissive habits, and that blind obedience to the Church, which form the leading and most unfortunate peculiarity of Spanish history.' (Pp. 13–17.)

But in his anxiety to denounce the two great curses of human society, loyalty and superstition, Mr. Buckle fails to perceive that there may be circumstances, and in Spain there were circumstances, which render even these degrading passions subservient, and indeed essential, to the cause of national existence. What is it that in Eastern Europe has kept alive the spirit of a nation under the detestable yoke of Turkish oppression? The profound attachment of the Greeks to the Eastern Church. What was it that enabled the Spaniard to carry on this tremendous contest of eight centuries? His

enthusiastic—if you will, his fanatical—devotion to the Cross and to the Crown. His existence was a perpetual crusade. The cause of his sovereign was the cause of Heaven. These are high-flown sentiments, which Mr. Buckle views with extreme compassion. But the practical result of them was, that Spain resumed her place amongst the Christian nations of Europe, and that if she had had less of bigotry or less of faith, she might have remained subject to a Moorish Khalifate, and have sunk into the condition of those once flourishing Christian provinces which still bear the burden of Mohammedan rulers. Indeed, Mr. Buckle himself acknowledges the force of this argument in another place, where he says that, 'nothing but the strictest 'discipline and the most unhesitating obedience could have 'enabled the Spaniards to make head against their enemies. '*Loyalty to their princes became not only expedient, but neces-* '*sary*' (p. 28.). And in another place: 'the Church and the 'Crown, making common cause with each other, and being 'inspirited by the cordial support of the people, threw their 'whole soul into their enterprises, and displayed an ardour which 'could hardly fail to insure success' (p. 34.). Yet he considers these results as only 'apparently beneficial,' and in the end unsound and even pernicious.

Mr. Prescott has related the same events in a far more philosophical spirit; and however we may deplore with him that this religious fervour of the Spanish character, settled in later days into a fierce fanaticism, it bespeaks an illiberal and partial mind not to recognise the glory which encircled the throne of Isabella the Catholic, the statesmanship of Ferdinand, and even the wisdom and benevolence of such a priest as Cardinal Cisneros. It is true that the religious motive predominated over all other motives in their minds. They engaged in the wars of Granada less to acquire territory than to regain the ancient domain of Christendom; and the same spirit animated Isabella when she engaged in that other enterprise which was to give a hemisphere to her descendants. It is equally true that this religious motive was, after the manner of that age, deeply tinged with intolerance and bigotry. But Mr. Buckle's mind is so constituted, that he sees and abhors the intolerance and the bigotry, without acknowledging the elevation of the motive or the grandeur of the result. Intolerance and bigotry are everywhere hateful, and nowhere so hateful as when they taint the purity and contract the range of noble minds. But what shall we say of a historian who, in dealing with the annals of Spain, and such personages as Isabella and Charles V., can find nothing to record of them but their acts of persecution?

Indeed, to such extravagant lengths has Mr. Buckle carried

his one-sided argument, that in discussing the causes of the peculiar condition of Spain, *he has passed over in total silence the discovery and conquest of America.* If there be one event more than another in the history of mankind which has changed the destiny of nations, it is this; and Spain was the first country to feel the full effect of it. That spirit of adventure which had hitherto been consumed in the Moorish wars, was thenceforth, and for another century, poured forth on the New World. The whole economical condition of Spain was powerfully affected by the enormous quantities of the precious metals imported from America, and by the wealth obtained in daring or fortunate enterprises rather than by domestic industry. The powerful attraction of these Eldorados of the West weakened and demoralised the centre of Empire; and whatever may be the influence of Spanish superstition on the destiny of that people, we cannot entertain a doubt that the conquest of America, and the pernicious colonial policy which prevailed for nearly three centuries, had an equally powerful effect in corrupting the true sources of national prosperity. To this subject, however, Mr. Buckle does not allude in his Essay on Spain, because it is a special cause, not apparently falling within the law of general averages.

It is one of Mr. Buckle's favourite doctrines that governments, politicians, and even political institutions, have little or no permanent influence on human affairs — a maxim which, when applied to the course of history in any given country, leads him to very singular results. His entire sketch of the reign of Charles V. is comprised in the following lines: —

'Charles V., who succeeded Ferdinand in 1516, governed Spain for forty years, and the general character of his administration was the same as that of his predecessors. In regard to his foreign policy, his three principal wars were against France, against the German princes, and against Turkey. Of these, the first was secular; but the two last were essentially religious. In the German war, he defended the Church against innovation; and at the battle of Mühlberg, he so completely humbled the Protestant princes, as to retard for some time the progress of the Reformation. In his other great war, he, as the champion of Christianity against Mohammedanism, consummated what his grandfather Ferdinand had begun. *Charles defeated and dislodged the Mohammedans in the East, just as Ferdinand had done in the West;* the repulse of the Turks before Vienna being to the sixteenth century, what the conquest of the Arabs of Granada was to the fifteenth. It was, therefore, with reason that Charles, at the close of his career, could boast that he had always preferred his creed to his country, and that the first object of his ambition had been to maintain the interests of Christianity.' (Pp. 19, 20.)

The passage is scarcely worth quoting, except for the extraordinary statement with which it concludes. Ferdinand and Isabella overthrew the Moorish kingdom of Granada, and the Moors ceased to rule in Spain. Did Charles V. defeat and dislodge the Mohammedans in the East, 'just as Ferdinand had 'done in the West'? The whole statement is a blunder or a fabrication, and may be taken as a signal example of Mr. Buckle's 'irrefragable accuracy.' So far was Charles V. from defeating and dislodging the Mohammedans in the East at any period of his reign, that Solyman the Magnificent was then at the height of his power, and Germany was continually threatened by his arms. Instead of Charles V. 'dislodging' the Turks, the Turks more than once dislodged him. In 1526 the whole of Hungary was overrun, the battle of Mohacs fought, King Louis killed at it, and the Archduke Ferdinand assumed the Hungarian crown; but it was a crown without a kingdom. In 1529 Solyman invaded Austria and besieged Vienna itself; Charles was in Spain at the time, and took no part in the campaign; the defence of Vienna was entirely due to Ferdinand; but to compare the repulse of the Turks on that occasion to the conquest of Granada from the Moors, is a mere romance. So little did the Turks suffer from that repulse, that Solyman merely retired to Buda, and three years later Charles found himself obliged to take the field against the Sultan. Never, at any time, had the terror of the Turkish arms been more extreme. Germany was paralysed by the disunion which the Reformation had caused between the princes and states of the Empire. Charles condescended to send an ambassador to Constantinople, to propose, almost to sue for, peace. Solyman kept him waiting for a fortnight, contemptuously rejected his overture, and boasted that his object was not to attack the King of Hungary but the King of Spain. The Turkish army was again stopped in 1532, not by Charles, or at Vienna, but by the little fortress of Güns, vigorously defended by Nicolas Jurischitsch: and in the following year peace was signed with the Turk, which Charles was anxious to conclude on any terms. 'The Emperor,' says Zinkeisen, in his excellent history of the Ottoman Empire*, 'was never in earnest in this Turkish war. 'He had neither liking nor energy for it.' This is what Mr. Buckle calls the 'other great war' of Charles V., which he conceives to have been carried on with religious enthusiasm, and to have done for Solyman the Magnificent what Ferdinand had done for the feeble and unfortunate Boabdil.

* Zinkeisen, Geschichte der Osmanischen Reichs, vol. ii. p. 734.

Another event of more direct application to the condition of Spain is the destruction of the communeros of Castile, and of the political liberties of the country, in the rebellion of 1521. Mr. Buckle disposes very briefly of this occurrence, by asserting that 'it is quite certain that if the royalists had lost the battle 'of Villalar, instead of gaining it, the ultimate result would 'have been the same;' and further that 'as the spirit of free-'dom never really existed in Spain, therefore the marks and 'forms of freedom were sure sooner or later to be effaced.' With regard to the first of these propositions, we remark that if it be true that 'general causes eventually triumph over every 'obstacle, and are irresistible in the average of affairs,' it is of no consequence whatever whether a battle is lost or won, or indeed whether any given event does or does not occur. But we may retort Mr. Buckle's argument on himself, by observing that those persons who think that the loss or gain of a battle *does* influence the course of human affairs, will reject his theory. In the second of the propositions quoted, he simply begs the whole question. Very different is the judgment of Principal Robertson on those memorable and mournful transactions: 'The grievances complained of and the remedies proposed by 'the English Commons in their contests with the Princes of the 'House of Stuart, particularly resemble those upon which the 'Juntas now insisted. But the Spaniards had already acquired 'ideas of their own liberty and independence, had formed bold 'and generous sentiments concerning government, and discovered 'an extent of political knowledge to which the English did not 'attain till more than a century afterwards.'*

This again is a view of the Spanish character which does not suit Mr. Buckle's theory, and therefore the overthrow of the commons of Castile is omitted in his survey of the decline of Spain. In our judgment it is of all the causes of that decline the most potent and the most deplorable. The destruction of the constitutional rights of the nobles and the burgesses invested the Crown with absolute power: and the Crown of Spain invested with absolute power meant Philip II. in the plenitude of his malignant greatness, until it dwindled to Charles II. in the lowest degradation of human imbecility, or to Charles IV. in the last stages of swinish indulgence. We shall not follow Mr. Buckle through this portion of his Essay. Nothing that even he can say of that race of sanguinary and selfish bigots can exceed our abhorrence of them. But we deny that the Court of Madrid is to be regarded as the sole test of

* Robertson's Charles V., book iii. p. 168.

the spirit of the Spanish people. Mr. Buckle has fixed his attention on the records of a profligate and bigoted Court, but he knows absolutely nothing of the people of Spain. He never alludes to that sense of personal dignity and that spirit of local independence which under the worst of governments have still kept alive the spirit of a great people. We infer from the tenor of his observations that the information he has laboriously accumulated is entirely derived from books. There is not an indication of personal knowledge or original observation in his pages; and if he has ever visited Spain or even Scotland, we must conclude that he is absolutely devoid of the faculty of observing the living realities of the world. The consequence is that his sketch of these countries altogether wants the most essential qualities of truth and expression. It is a portrait drawn after a photograph — with a certain amount of caricature in some of the more prominent features, and an entire failure in the general effect.

We have made but little progress in pointing out Mr. Buckle's blunders and omissions, for our remarks have been confined to the first twenty pages of his volume, and the whole work affords an equally fertile field for criticism. But we have said enough to show the value of this portion of his labours, though we had marked several other passages for comment. A passing allusion to one or two of them must suffice. Thus Mr. Buckle, not content with pointing out the temporary regeneration of Spain by the able and patriotic ministers of Charles III., calls that prince a 'man of great energy,' 'enlightened, indeed, in comparison with his subjects.' If Mr. Buckle will take the trouble to examine the first Lord Auckland's journal of his residence at the court of that prince, he will perceive to what this energy and enlightenment amounted. The reign of Charles III. was, by comparison, a brilliant period in the history of Spain, for she was neither robbed by foreigners nor torn by revolutions; and the consequence was a great and immediate improvement in her condition; but the personal merits of Charles III. himself have been considerably exaggerated by M. Rio and Archdeacon Coxe, who are Mr. Buckle's principal authorities.*

* For example, he speaks after Rio of the agricultural settlements called 'La Carolina,' in the Sierra Morena, and of 6000 Dutch and Flemish invited to settle there. The settlers were not Dutch and Flemish, but German, and more especially Swiss. All the promises made to the settlers were broken; most of them perished miserably; and Don Pablo Olavide, a Peruvian, who was the author of

Mr. Buckle winds up this singular survey of the past history of Spain by some observations on the present condition of that country, which must be imputed to gross misrepresentation if they do not originate in still grosser ignorance. He asserts that 'no ameliorations can possibly be effected in Spain, which 'will penetrate below the surface, until the superstition of the 'people be weakened by the march of physical science' (p. 146.); he believes that 'in Spain there never has been a revolution 'properly so called'; and that 'Spain sleeps on untroubled, 'unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest 'of the world, and making no impressions upon it' (p. 154.). It happens, unluckily for Mr. Buckle's theories and for his accuracy, that these statements are totally at variance with facts. We confidently assert that the progress made by Spain in the last ten years is great and astonishing. Mr. Buckle appears not to be aware that the Church and the ecclesiastical corporations have been divested of their enormous endowments; that the clergy are now paid a moderate stipend by the State; and that religious orders of men no longer exist in the kingdom, whilst those of women are greatly reduced. The operation of the law of Desamortizacion has thrown immense quantities of land into the market, and agriculture is making considerable progress. The finances of the kingdom have recovered their equilibrium; they have been judiciously applied in part to the organisation of a well-quipped and efficient army, and to the creation of a steam navy; a general system of railroads has already opened communication between Madrid and the Mediterranean—it will shortly be extended to the Pyrenees and the Atlantic ports; the press of Spain is liberally conducted and at least as free as that of any continental country; some progress has already been made in the reduction of custom-house duties; and the whole kingdom shows signs of prosperity and activity which have been unknown for centuries. It is true that deplorable traces of religious bigotry still linger in the country; the Queen is under the influence of a crazy nun, and the Government is

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the scheme, narrowly escaped from the fury of the Inquisition. Mr. Buckle quotes from Muriel a passage, speaking of 'the town of 'Almuradiel, in the middle of the *campo nuevo* of Andalusia, for the 'rugged pass of Despeña Perros;' but he evidently misunderstands the passage, for Almuradiel lies *north* of the Sierra, and is not in Andalusia, but in the plain of La Mancha. In the reign of Charles III. he takes the pompous language of the Spanish historiographers for sober reality; but then Charles III. expelled the Jesuits and distrusted the priests, redeeming qualities in a Spanish king.

still thwarted by the bigotry of the Church*; perhaps this spirit has been aggravated among the clergy and at the Court by the evident advance of inquiry and freedom; but Mr. Buckle is totally mistaken if he believes this to be the prevailing disposition of the Spanish people at the present time. The Spaniards are jealous of foreign interference, extravagantly proud of their own importance, attached to the Catholic faith, and weary of revolutions; but they are no longer the priest-ridden and servile race which Mr. Buckle most erroneously and inaccurately describes. The revolution has done its work, and Spain is steadily resuming a considerable position in the family of nations.

It is not our intention, in the few pages that we can devote to the remaining chapters of Mr. Buckle's volume, to engage in a minute discussion of the facts he has collected, or the inferences he has drawn from them, in relation to Scotland. The task would be as wearisome as the endless array of Mr. Buckle's own authorities; for we confidently assert that there is scarcely a statement in his work which is not capable of being modified or explained in a different manner by other facts which he has omitted or suppressed. His mind is so devoid of breadth, and his mode of inquiry so opposed to candour, that he is absolutely incapable of seeing the whole of any subject, and his dogmatism is naturally accounted for by the fact that he discovers nothing but what is consistent with his preconceived opinions.

To point out these misrepresentations and shortcomings in detail would be an easy, if it were not an endless task; but it demands far more space than we are disposed to bestow on Mr. Buckle. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with applying the test of inquiry to three or four of the general principles he has evolved from his study of Scottish history, and leave the details to the appreciation of the reader. But first let us state, in justice to Mr. Buckle, and in his own words for the most part, what his version of the History of Scotland is. He starts from

* Of this the most melancholy proof is the incarceration of Matamoros and Alhama, pious and inoffensive men, who have been consigned for months to the dungeons of Granada, for no other crime than the profession of the faith of the Gospel, because the law of Spain tolerates no dissent from the Catholic Church. These odious acts, resembling the prosecution of the Madiai by the late Grand Duke of Tuscany, are disgraceful to the Spanish government, and strangely at variance with the general spirit of their policy; but it is unjust to impute them to the whole nation.

the proposition that Scotland and Spain are very dissimilar in loyalty, but similar in regard to superstition, and that the Scotch unite liberality in politics with illiberality in religion. He then traces the physical character and the earlier annals of the country, showing that they gave excessive power to the nobles, and that this excessive power of the nobles led before the Reformation to a union between the Church and the Crown. The effect of this combination was that, at the period of the Reformation, the sovereign threw himself entirely into the arms of the Church, whilst the nobles embraced the Protestant movement, but soon afterwards began to quarrel with the Reformed preachers about the wealth of the Church. The nobles and the Crown then upheld episcopacy; the Kirk openly proclaimed democratic principles; and in the long contest which ensued victory finally remained on the popular and presbyterian side: but the immense power acquired by the clergy in the course of this struggle gave birth to an intense religious illiberality and asceticism, the national character was mutilated, and the effects of national superstition are felt to the present time, in spite of the philosophical literature of Scotland in the eighteenth century and the rapid growth of her material prosperity.

Stated in these general terms, there is some ingenuity and some truth in Mr. Buckle's sketch of the History of Scotland. It is scarcely possible to overrate the rude poverty of this kingdom in the Middle Ages. The royal burgh of Dunfermline was a poor village of wooden huts, and the entire population of Glasgow, as late as the middle of the fifteenth century, did not exceed 1500 persons; nay, the inhabitants of the capital, in the reign of Robert II., were about 16,000. Skilled labour was hardly known, and life and property were eminently insecure. Having drawn this gloomy, but probably true picture of the barbarous state of Scotland in the fifteenth century, it would have been no more than just to inquire what it was that, even in that age, gave Scotland a claim to rank among the civilised nations of Europe? We reply, without hesitation, that it was mainly her great ecclesiastical foundations. In those dreadful ages when law had no authority and wealth no protection but the sword, the monasteries and secular clergy kept alive the light of civilisation and learning, and afforded the only asylum of order and peace. Mr. Buckle himself says that 'the Church was the best avenue to wealth, so that it was 'entered by peaceful men for the purpose of security, and by 'ambitious men as the truest means of achieving distinction': but he fails to perceive that such a body, protected from out-

rage by what he calls superstition, was in fact the guardian of civilisation itself in a barbarous age. The more barbarous he makes out the country to have been, the more essential is the service rendered by the Church.

Before, however, we proceed further, it is necessary to show what Mr. Buckle means by the word *superstition*. He applies it indiscriminately to the most brutal forms of idolatry, to the most extravagant legends of Romanism, to the most repulsive tenets of Calvinism; but he applies it, in fact, no less to every form of Christian faith, because he absolutely rejects all belief whatever in supernatural interference (and consequently in any form of revelation) since the dawn of creation, and he even extends it to the faith of the Deist, because he denies with equal scorn the doctrine of the Moral Government of the world. These charges are so grave, that we prefer to leave Mr. Buckle to describe his opinions in his own words: —

'Having once recognised that the condition of the material universe, at any one moment, is simply the result of every thing which has happened at all preceding moments, and that the most trivial disturbance would so violate the general scheme, as to render anarchy inevitable, and that, to sever from the total mass even the minutest fragment, would, by dislocating the structure, bury the whole in one common ruin, we, thus admitting the exquisite adjustment of the different parts, and discerning, too, in the very beauty and completeness of the design, the best proof that it has never been tampered with by the Divine Architect, who called it into being, in whose Omniscience both the plan, and the issue of the plan, resided with such clearness and unerring certainty, that not a stone in that superb and symmetrical edifice has been touched since the foundation of the edifice was laid, are, by ascending to this pitch and elevation of thought, most assuredly advancing towards that far higher step, which it will remain for our posterity to take, and which will raise their view to so commanding a height, as to insure the utter rejection of those old and eminently irreligious dogmas of supernatural interference with the affairs of life, which superstition has invented, and ignorance has bequeathed, and the present acceptance of which betokens the yet early condition of our knowledge, the penury of our intellectual resources, and the inveteracy of the prejudices in which we are still immersed.' (Pp. 489, 490.)

And again: —

'While, however, in regard to the material world, the narrow notions formerly entertained are, in the most enlightened countries, almost extinct, it must be confessed that, in regard to the moral world, the progress of opinion is less rapid. The same men who believe that Nature is undisturbed by miraculous interposition, refuse to believe that Man is equally undisturbed. In the one case, they assert the scientific doctrine of regularity; in the other, they assert

the theological doctrine of irregularity. . . . Science has explained an immense number of physical phenomena, and therefore, even to the vulgar, those phenomena no longer seem supernatural, but are ascribed to natural causes. On the other hand, science has not yet explained the phenomena of history; consequently the theological spirit lays hold of them, and presses them into its own service. In this way, there has arisen that famous and ancient theory, which has received the name of the moral government of the world. It is a high-sounding title, and imposes on many, who, if they examined its pretensions, would never be duped by them. For, like that other notion which we have just considered, it is not only unscientific, but it is eminently irreligious.

'For when you assert what is termed the moral government of the world, you slander Omniscience, inasmuch as you declare that the mechanism of the entire universe, including the actions both of Nature and of Man, planned as it is by Infinite Wisdom, is unequal to its duties, unless that same Wisdom does from time to time interfere with it.' (Pp. 597–600.)

We leave the reader to judge from these passages to what it is that Mr. Buckle limits the sum of human belief, if indeed that term can hold any place in his vocabulary. But it is clear and certain that he rejects every form of supernatural revelation, and the governing power of a Divine Providence, except in as far as the same is exercised in pursuance of established physical laws. That is Mr. Buckle's creed: we shall not pause to point out its moral consequences, or to ask him what would become of his established physical laws, if they were not in reality *forces* impelled and guided by the never-ceasing will of Omnipotence. These questions would lead us too far from our immediate subject.

It follows by strict and legitimate inference that Mr. Buckle ranks under the term superstition, one in kind though different in degree, the Hindú at the wheels of Juggernaut; the Spanish peasant invoking the Virgin and the Saints; men like Pascal, who have allied the highest powers of the intellect to an intense conviction of the Christian verities; and men like Cromwell, who, though endowed with the highest powers of action, lived ever 'in the Great Taskmaster's eye,' and with a reverent sense of the all-pervading presence of the Deity in the moral as in the physical world. Mr. Buckle therefore in effect refuses to discriminate between the dark delusions of heathenism and the temper of an earnest God-fearing people, which walks according to its light, in the faith of the Gospel. If indeed there be no better foundation for the belief of the one than for the belief of the other, and if it be true that 'what remains of the 'domain of theology is hardly worth the struggle to defend it, 'and cannot be defended at all by a chain of inductive reason-

'ing,' Mr. Buckle's philosophy will supersede the religion of the civilised world: but we cannot at present admit the wisdom or the fairness of a writer who affects to describe the character and intellect of a people, when he denies the first elements on which their civilisation and opinions are founded.

Indeed Mr. Buckle himself appears to be so far aware of the weakness of his case that in order to support an overwhelming charge of bigotry and superstition against the people of Scotland for three centuries, he has ransacked the records of mystics and fanatics, he has waded through a course of Presbyterian sermons, and he has collected an enormous mass of extravagant and revolting examples of the abuse of spiritual power. There is, however, less originality in this part of his volume than he appears to imagine. Every one who has a moderate acquaintance with Scottish Church History has heard of the 'Experiences of Mr. Peden,' and 'Satan's Invisible World 'discovered': they are just as well known, and of as much authority on this side the Border, as the Life of William Huntington, S.S., or the Visions of Joanna Southcote may be on the other.* Mr. Buckle's blunder consists in quoting these works and these events as in a peculiar manner characteristic of Scotland; they belong to the history of religious enthusiasm all over the world; they are the very basis of the ascetic practices of the Romish Church, of the monastic orders, and of the celibacy of the clergy; they occur with peculiar force in every country where Calvinistic tenets have been strictly held — they manifested themselves with ridiculous violence in England during the Great Rebellion; they reached their acme in the theocratic commonwealths of New England; and they prevail at this very instant, in spite of the noonday sunshine of modern civilisation and physical science, in the disgusting excesses of Mormonism and the Agapemone. Nay, they prevail not only in the frantic excitement of an American revival, but in the heart of London, in Exeter Hall, and in the practices of a considerable portion of English society. Any writer who may choose to misapply an industry equal to that of Mr. Buckle in ransacking the records of credulity and fanaticism throughout the world, would have no difficulty in accumulating a similar collection of the aberrations of faith from every nation under

* Mr. Robert Chambers's most instructive and entertaining volumes, 'The Domestic Annals of Scotland,' compiled from original sources, afford innumerable examples of the intolerance, superstition, and lawlessness of our ancestors down to the last century, and these are recorded with a thorough knowledge of the country, to which Mr. Buckle certainly cannot aspire.

heaven.* Fanaticism is of no country ; it is an overgrowth of the human mind, but it may sometimes spring from the same root as the noblest and truest aspirations of human nature.

If Mr. Buckle had been so minded, he might with equal truth have limited his researches to the three kingdoms united under the British sceptre and have proved that they are the most benighted portion of Europe, for in no part of Europe does the 'theological' theory prevail with more entire sway. In Ireland, Mr. Buckle would find the Church of Rome wholly unrestrained by the action of the civil power, and enjoying a degree of authority over the mass of the people, which has never been surpassed in any country or in any age; in Scotland he has sufficiently denounced the extremes of Calvinism and Presbyterian Church government; and even in England, if he will candidly pursue his inquiries into the prevailing theological opinions of what are called the Evangelical sects and a large portion of the middle classes, we are afraid that he will find at least as much narrowness and intolerance as in any part of the world. But while, in common with Mr. Buckle, we deplore the extent to which these extravagant opinions exist amongst ourselves, we draw from the fact a totally opposite conclusion. We infer from it, not that men of strong religious sentiments are necessarily the most benighted of mankind, but that intolerance itself is but the excess of the earnestness and deep conviction which produce energetic characters, and that faith, even though it be tinged with superstition, is a far surer foundation of national greatness and of personal virtue, than the destructive agency of scepticism or the vacant creed which denies the Providential attributes of God.

But Mr. Buckle asserts that whatever may have been the fanaticism of other countries and other Churches, Scotland stands on a bad pre-eminence, comparable only to the intense

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* See, for example, Sydney Smith's inimitable article on Methodism in this Journal for 1808, and in his collected works. Some of the instances quoted by Mr. Buckle show a ludicrous ignorance of the subject he is dealing with. Thus he finds in 'Abernethy's Physick 'for the Soul,' the words 'Hell hath enlarged itself,' which he expands into the following sentence: 'Ample, however, as the arrangements 'were (for future punishment), they were insufficient; and hell, not 'being big enough to contain the countless victims incessantly poured 'into it, had, in these latter days, been enlarged. There was now 'sufficient room.' Mr. Buckle is evidently not at all aware that the Scotch divine was merely quoting from an older author, the Prophet Isaiah, chap. v. ver. 14.: 'Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and 'opened her mouth without measure.' Irrefragable evidence!

bigotry of Spain, by reason of the political power the clergy acquired and the social influence they have retained. The following passage expresses with fairness and moderation his view of the chief cause of this domination: —

'For a hundred and twenty years after the establishment of Protestantism, the rulers of Scotland either neglected the Church or persecuted it, thereby driving the clergy into the arms of the people, from whom alone they could obtain sympathy and support. Hence an alliance between the two parties, more intimate than would otherwise have been possible; and hence, too, the rise of that democratic spirit which was the necessary consequence of such an union, and which the clergy encouraged, because they were opposed and thwarted by the upper classes. So far, the result was extremely beneficial, as it produced a love of independence and a hatred of tyranny, which, twice during the seventeenth century, saved the country from the yoke of a cruel despotism. But these very circumstances, which guarded the people against political despotism, exposed them all the more to ecclesiastical despotism. For, having no one to trust except their preachers, they trusted them entirely, and upon all subjects. The clergy gradually became supreme, not only in spiritual matters, but also in temporal ones. Late in the sixteenth century, they had been glad to take refuge among the people; before the middle of the seventeenth century, they ruled the people. How shamefully they abused their power, and how, by encouraging the worst kind of superstition, they prolonged the reign of ignorance, and stopped the march of society, will be related in the course of this chapter; but, in fairness to them, we ought to acknowledge, that the religious servitude into which the Scotch fell during the seventeenth century, was, on the whole, a willing one, and that, mischievous as it was, it had at least a noble origin, inasmuch as the influence of the Protestant clergy is mainly to be ascribed to the fearlessness with which they came forward as leaders of the people, at a period when that post was full of danger, and when the upper classes were ready to unite with the crown in destroying the last vestiges of national liberty.' (Pp. 330, 331.)

It is a remarkable circumstance that in this passage and throughout this Essay, Mr. Buckle appears never to have taken the trouble to inform himself or to explain to his readers, what the constitution of the Church of Scotland really is: had he done so, he would have perceived that the use of the words 'clergy,' 'priest-ridden,' 'ecclesiastical despotism,' and the like, are inapplicable to the subject. The essential condition of the Church of Scotland is, in the words of one of its latest historians *, that from the very first it laid aside the notion of

* 'Cunningham's Church History of Scotland,' vol. i. p. 481., an excellent and liberal book, which Mr. Buckle might have consulted with advantage. We hope to give a more extended notice of it in our next number.

priestly exclusiveness. *The laity were largely admitted into all its courts*, just because it did not recognise the distinction between the laity and the clergy. It never knew a sacerdotal caste. Every man in the nation professing the Reformed faith, who held a high office or an influential position, was invited to attend the General Assembly. In the first General Assembly there were but forty-one members, of whom only six were ministers. The General Assembly was from the first a representative body, and a much more thorough representation of the people at large than the Scottish Parliament. The same condition pervaded all the Church Courts, down to the Kirk Session; and whatever their spirit may have been, it was and is undoubtedly not the spirit of the clergy alone, but the genuine spirit and will of the nation.

Mr. Buckle has correctly described the spirit of the Church of Scotland as democratic, and he acknowledges the services it has rendered in the worst of times to civil liberty. But he entirely fails to perceive that the true cause of the want of enlightenment and tolerance which he deplores in the Scotch clergy is their dependence on the least enlightened and tolerant portion of the people.

Had Mr. Buckle possessed any real knowledge of Scotland, or had he been able to discover in books the true key to her history, he would have perceived that it is not the people who are overridden by the clergy, but the clergy who are overridden by the people. Everything has been done to lower the minister to the rank of the servant of his congregation. The divine commission of the priesthood is fiercely denied; the right of temporal patronage vehemently disputed; the admission of ministers by the call of the Presbyteries rigidly maintained; the control of lay members of the Church is exercised even over the doctrine preached from the pulpit.* This one fact explains the whole maze of events in which Mr. Buckle has lost his way. The revolutions and persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries threw the Reformed ministers of the Church of Scotland on the body of the people. The Church became, what it still is, essentially the Church of the people, and at the same time the principal seat and instrument of popular power.

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* The Presbyteries exercised an equal control over the ministers and the people. Thus, when a committee of the Presbytery of Strathbogie visited the parish of Rhynie, they interrogated the elders as to the efficiency of the minister, who 'all in one voice deponed 'that concerning his literature he was very weak, and gave them 'little or no comfort in his ministry.'

It was the most formidable engine of resistance to the prerogatives of the Crown and the dominion of the great owners of the soil, but it has exercised in its own sphere an authority not less absolute and arbitrary.

The immediate subjects of this democratic authority were the clergy themselves: far from being its masters, they have too often been its slaves. The Reformation, which gave so great an impulse to learning in England and in Germany, lowered the standard of scholarship in Scotland. The parochial schools flourished within certain limits, the high schools and the universities held a humbler position than they ought to have done; though, by the way, Mr. Buckle is again wrong in stating that the Scotch Universities are under the control of the clergy: it is notorious that they have, till lately, been mainly governed by municipal authorities, neither academical nor clerical. Everything conspired to place the ministers at the mercy of the prejudices, and even of the vices, of their flocks *; being compelled to descend to this level, the Church gradually counted in its ministry fewer members of the most highly educated classes of society; it has made up in violence what it lacked in wisdom; it has alienated to a considerable degree the higher classes from its communion; whilst the extreme democracy of the Church chose to throw off even the slight restraint of the law, and seek in a vast schism to exercise a still more paramount authority. If Mr. Buckle is anxious to extend his gloomy catalogue of the misdeeds of ignorant fanaticism, he will find an abundant harvest in those popular sects which have, both in Scotland and in England, been most eager to throw off clerical authority. He will find the Free Kirk of Scotland incomparably more imbued with the doctrines he abhors than the Established Church. He may hear in an English Methodist Meeting, or a Baptist Tabernacle, the superstitions which he conceives to be most adverse to the progress of the human mind. And we hope he will forgive us for asserting our conviction that the safest barrier against the excess of popular fanaticism and intolerance, which we dread and deplore as much

* Even the intensely doctrinal tone of Scotch preaching, and the tendency to Antinomianism which pervades it, are attributable to this cause. It is extremely rare to meet with a Scotch minister who dares to pronounce from the pulpit a searching denunciation of those grosser violations of moral laws to which both sexes are in many parts of Scotland unhappily too prone. The theology of Scotland has so moulded itself to the popular mind, that the habits and prejudices of the people have sensibly affected the importance attached to the truths and the laws of Christianity itself.

as Mr. Buckle, is an enlightened clergy, independent by position, tolerant by reason, and attached to the service of a Church which is not governed by the prejudices of the lower orders.

Mr. Buckle speaks with extreme contempt of the state of literature in Scotland in the seventeenth century, and calls Burnet the only Scotch writer of eminence from the Restoration down to the Union. We should have thought that the eloquence and wisdom of Archbishop Leighton might have exempted him from this sweeping act of oblivion. But Mr. Buckle also forgets that 'the Aberdeen Doctors' of the seventeenth century, as they were called, Bishop Patrick Forbes, Dr. John Forbes, Dr. William Leslie, who defended the moderate Episcopacy of Scotland against the Covenanters, formed as learned and accomplished a society as Scotland has ever known. They were crushed by a visitation of the Presbyterian Assembly of 1640. 'The Assembly's errand,' says Gordon of Rothinsay, 'was thoroughly done; these eminent divines 'of Aberdeen either dead, deposed, or banished; in whom 'fell more learning than was left in all Scotland beside at that 'time.' At this very time when learning was most depressed by revolutionary violence in Scotland, there was hardly a University in Protestant Europe which did not boast of its Scotch Professors; and Scotland was as well known abroad by the men of letters she sent forth, as by the soldiers of fortune who fought the battles of Gustavus.

Mr. Buckle does not appear to be aware (or at least he never adverts to the fact) that for upwards of a century two great parties have existed in the Church of Scotland—the Moderate party, and the Popular party—names which already indicate their respective positions. The Moderate party, which sought to maintain the authority of the higher Church Courts, has been constantly on the side of liberal opinions and toleration. In the last century it reckoned Principal Robertson as its acknowledged head; it counted men like Thomas Reid, John Home, Drs. Beattie, Blair, and George Campbell, the antagonist of David Hume, among its members.* These divines defended patronage because it tended to raise the character of the clergy by making them less dependent on the opinions and the passions of the

* An excellent account of the Moderate party will be found in the interesting book, entitled 'My own Life and Times,' by the late Dr. Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, recently published in Edinburgh. So little is the General Assembly a conclave of fanatical priests, that in the last century Sir Gilbert Elliot, Henry Dundas, and Sir Henry Jardine took a prominent part in its debates.

people. Their opponents, in the name of what they called 'God's people,' appealed to those traditions of the Covenant which cause such infinite surprise and dismay to Mr. Buckle. The same contest has gone on to the present day, and whatever may be the strength of the Popular party in numbers and in intolerance, we deny that they exclusively represent the mind of the Church of Scotland, still less the mind of the Scottish nation.

For there is this contradiction, by which the science of Mr. Buckle is sorely perplexed, that at the very time when he discovers numerous indications of extreme bigotry and superstition in the annals of the Scottish people, he is compelled to acknowledge that no part of Britain, and no country in Europe, could boast of a more splendid array of intellectual gifts—more acute and ingenious philosophers, more accomplished historians, more wise economists, more profound men of science. To these Mr. Buckle has somewhat ungraciously done justice, though he attributes to the deductive method of their reasoning the slender influence exercised by such men in correcting the prejudices of the nation at large.* But this contrast proves that it is not on Scotland or on the Scottish character, that the reproach of these prejudices falls, but on the peculiar institutions which keep them *in viridi observantiâ* among the humbler classes of society; just as the mists of our Scottish hills lie thick upon the valley, long after the mountain top is exulting in the sunshine. The essential difference between the historical phenomena which Mr. Buckle discovers alike in Spain and in Scotland, is, that in Spain an arbitrary and sacerdotal Church has imposed its yoke on the mind of the nation—in Scotland, a democratic Church has blended the religious convictions of the laity with the exercise of spiritual power; in one case the influence came from above; in the other from below.

If there be any truth in these general criticisms, they are fatal to Mr. Buckle's pretensions. He has not founded the science of history; he has not thrown any fresh light or certainty on the objects of historical inquiry by the application of his general principles. Whatever merit or value his book

* With his accustomed proneness to hasty generalisation, Mr. Buckle attempts to show that the Scotch philosophers are all prone to the method of *à priori* reasoning, now called the deductive method. He even quotes John Hunter and Black in proof of this assertion, though their experiments are models of inductive observation. Does not Mr. Buckle perceive that the true progress of science depends on the use of *both* methods, each in its proper place; and that in Scotland, as well as in England, both have been employed?

may possess is due not to its general principles, but to the industry with which he has accumulated a large mass of heterogeneous extracts from many writers. He has applied his system to Spain and Scotland in the volume now before us, but the result is that the peculiar characteristics of the Spanish and Scottish nations are mainly due to special occurrences rather than to general causes. Mr. Buckle's theory utterly fails to explain such events as the invasion and final expulsion of the Moors, the discovery of America, or the democratic form of the Scotch Reformation; and these peculiar events manifestly originated in circumstances, which, if he explains them at all, he must explain by other means. If Mr. Buckle had the faculty of looking with somewhat less of passion on human affairs, he would perceive, that opinions and events which to him appear to be good or evil are in fact so mixed up and interdependent, that evil is often the parent of good, and good sometimes the parent of evil. Nothing in life deserves unqualified abhorrence or unqualified admiration. For, as every individual man now living in the world is the descendant of innumerable progenitors, ascending in geometrical progression from his own parents to their parents, and so on in an extending series, every event is the result of an infinite number of causes, some great, some small, some visible, some imperceptible, but all in their degree contributing to each particular consequence. 'It were infinite,' said Lord Bacon, 'to judge the causes of causes, and their im-'pulsions one of another.' To embrace this infinite series is in the power of Omniscience alone; and, as the omission of a single unit in an intricate calculation disturbs the whole result, so in the great reckoning of human history no positive general knowledge can be reached without faculties far surpassing those of man. In the divine order of the universe, doubtless each particular event, becoming in its turn the cause of innumerable other events, has its appropriate place and object; and the great mystery of creation is that every event conspires to advance the progress of the whole, although the freedom of the will of intelligent beings remains unfettered in all parts. To explain that mystery is the task of a purer philosophy than that of the writer before us, and of a nobler state of being than that of man. Mr. Buckle has yet to learn another lesson. Knowledge and power, as he conceives them, what are they (to use the language of Mr. Tennyson), if they be cut off from reverence and charity, and if no higher hand guide the course of life from a divine commencement to some diviner end?

ART. VIII.—*Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa, with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. London: 1861.

IF the deep interest attaching to the geography of Africa is closely connected with the desire to solve mysterious problems which have given birth to a long series of theories and conjectures, it is bound up yet more closely with practical efforts to atone for past injustice and lessen the amount of human suffering. Each year adds to our store of knowledge by some fresh discovery; and each discovery, while it leads to the abandonment of old conjectures or the modification of previous theories, seems to bring us sensibly nearer to the time when African slavery shall be smitten in its ancient strongholds. The knowledge which is the fruit of long toil and indomitable perseverance has swept away, one after another, almost every popular conception of African geography which even the present generation had inherited. The idea which pictured Africa as one huge waterless desert, divided at its zone of greatest width by a range of sterile mountains, and bounded here and there by coast regions of greater richness, has given way before researches which have displaced it by images of vast inland lakes, and of rivers which may open the very heart of the land to the trader and the missionary. Regions supposed to be without human inhabitants or haunted by the merest savages, have disclosed large societies under some form of law, and connected with the world beyond by a system of regulated commerce. To the north of the equator, the great lake Tsad has been shown to be but one of many lakes and streams watering the fertile lands which extend from Bagírmi to Timbúktu.* The labours of Dr. Barth have proved that from the Bight of Benin the way lies open by the splendid streams of the Kwara and the Bénuwé, to the chief town of Adamawa under the tenth parallel of latitude. Further south, the mountain of Alantika, rising to the height of 8000 feet, reveals probably but the outermost limits of an unknown

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. ccxxii., for April, 1859, art. II.

range. On the eastern side and only a little to the south of the equator, high mountains have been seen which some have asserted to be crowned with snow. From Zanzibar, penetrating westward, Captains Burton and Speke came upon Tanganyika, the great inland sea, which, with a breadth varying from twenty to fifty miles, reaches a length of not less than three hundred miles; and Captain Speke's researches in the regions of the more northerly lake Nyanza, may even now have cleared up the mystery which shrouds the sources of the White Nile.* Further south again, in the vast triangle whose base extends from Loanda to Quilimane, Dr. Livingstone has determined the general character of a country rich with many attractions for European enterprise. The waters of the Zambesi may not afford the same unbroken navigation with the more ample stream of the Bénuwé; and its identity with the Leeambye may still be questionable; but he has fixed the form of the southern half of the continent as a high table-land in trough form, and has thus established Sir R. Murchison's hypothesis, that the surrounding ridges are but the fringe of a primæval inland sea. And if we cannot regard as proved his theory that the little lake of Dilolo (in latitude 11° 30′, longitude 22° 25′) is the watershed of all the great South African rivers, the fact seems to be ascertained that from this lake issues at one end a stream, flowing north-west, which feeds the Kasye, Zaire, or Congo River, and, at the other, one flowing south to meet the Leeba. Again, the Leeambye seems to be connected by a network of streams with Lake Shuia about the thirteenth parallel of latitude south, and this again in a similar way with Lake Tanganyika.

But this great and rapid increase of knowledge still leaves a broad belt of unknown land between Northern and Southern Africa. On some portion of this equatorial zone the volume of M. Du Chaillu sheds a light as clear, we trust, as it is welcome. From him we learn that the physical character of this part of Africa is not less varied or more devoid of beauty and fertility than that of the regions which have been explored by Barth, Livingstone, or Burton. On the first parallel of

* Mr. Petherick, who has been recently appointed British Consul for the Soudan, has already journeyed up the White Nile beyond Khartoun, and found that the river below it widens into a lake, 200 or 300 miles in length, lying at right angles to the course of the river. He is again about to return to Africa; and much may be expected from his great energy, united with the experience of many years of previous travel.

north latitude, the River Muni (rising in the Sierra del Crystal, which consists of three ranges running due north and south, and varying in height from 500 to 5000 feet), finds its way into the Atlantic in Corisco Bay. At nearly the same distance to the south from the equator lies the Delta of the Ogobai, a dreary region of swamps and noisome exhalations, bounded by two streams (the Nazareth and the Npoulounai) which are only the extension of the more important River Ogobai. From this marshy land M. Du Chaillu penetrated eastward across more than five degrees of longitude, through a country as marvellous as any which African explorers have traversed, and not less important in its geographical features and physical resources. The Ogobai, of which he speaks as a noble river, is itself formed by the junction of two streams whose confluence is in latitude 0° 35′ S., longitude 10° 52′ E., on the eastern side of the Sierra del Crystal. The former of these two streams (which is said also by the natives to be much the larger) flows under the name of Rembo Okanda, from the north-east, through a country altogether unknown; the latter, Rembo Ngouyai, waters the region of M. Du Chaillu's most daring exploits and most remarkable discoveries. At the intersection of the first parallel of latitude south with the eleventh degree of east longitude, the great coast range of the Sierra del Crystal makes a sudden turn to the east slightly inclining northward. Close to this bend the mighty mass of N'Koumou Nabouali rises to the height of 12,000 feet; and by its name M. Du Chaillu proposes to distinguish the whole range which he has himself explored for a distance of nearly 400 miles from the sea-coast, and which he believes to extend the whole way across the continent, or to cease abruptly in the neighbourhood of the inland sea of Nyanza. Through this range the Rembo Ngouyai, having previously received the waters of the Louvendji, forces its way near the base of N'Koumou Nabouali, and there has its own course broken by the Samba Nagoshi or Eugénie Falls. These falls, which from the descriptions of the natives would seem to be not less magnificent than those of the Zambesi, M. du Chaillu, in spite of strenous efforts, was unable to visit. From the junction of the Louvendji eastward, the course of the Rembo Ngouyai runs parallel with the great mountain range as far as latitude 0° 40′ S., longitude 12° 15′ E., where it turns suddenly almost due south, under the name Rembo Apingi, from the tribe through whose country it flows. The course of this stream he followed to a distance of forty miles from this curve, where it receives the name of the Apono, a tribe who dwell to the south of the Apingi. At the extreme

point of his journey in this direction, he describes the river as being 300 yards wide, and as containing from three to four fathoms of water in mid channel. From this spot to the sea, a distance of not less than 300 miles, he affirms that, with the one break of the Samba Nagoshi Falls, steamboat navigation is practicable the whole year round.

The importance of these discoveries towards the removal of the darkness which still hangs over the geography of Central Africa can scarcely be exaggerated. The gigantic height of N'Koumou Nabouali may almost justify the hypothesis of equatorial snowy mountains, as they appeared to the sight of the missionaries Krapff and Rebmann*; and their existence may yet leave open for discussion the alternative of melted snows or the saturation of tropical rains through swamps and morasses as the origin of the Nile inundations, even while it must be admitted that the theory of snow seems insufficient to account for all the phenomena. As far as M. Du Chaillu penetrated (and this was beyond the fourteenth degree of longitude east) along this equatorial range, the country was no parched and barren desert. His progress was stopped not by scorched and desolate wastes, but by an impenetrable overgrowth of forest which had hitherto shut out even the wandering native tribes. Yet the accounts of his guides attested the existence of several tribes yet further to the east, on both sides of the great mountain chain.

Here also the idea of total isolation between the tribes is shown to be fallacious. Altogether behind the organised system of caravan trading in Central Africa north of the equator, a species of trade exists, which in spite of wars and forays connects the several tribes. These tribes vary also in their degree of civilisation or barbarism. Mostly nomadic, or practically rendered so by the working of the superstition of witchcraft, they have no idea of property in land, while property in trees is acknowledged by the Apingi tribe alone, which seems to rise in many ways above the other branches of the negro race. With little notion of tillage, they struggle on, not unfrequently half-starved, in a country rich in manifold resources, and loving rather to snatch a precarious plenty by hunting the strange creatures with which their land abounds. In the marvellous fauna of this region M. Du Chaillu found his most exciting pursuit, and amongst them he achieved his most congenial triumphs. While he has acquainted himself with the habits of animals scarcely known before, except through vague

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. ccxxviii., for October, 1860, p. 324.

negro legends, he claims to have added more than twenty new species to those with which naturalists were already acquainted.

M. Du Chaillu's volume is indeed rich with adventures, as wonderful as they are perilous, by flood and field, amongst mountains and torrents, with snakes and beasts and men. He journeys through a land of strange sights and strange doings, where, as in the picture drawn by Herodotus of the old Egyptians, every thing follows some custom or law of which the civilised world, as we term it, knows nothing. If among these strange tribes kings are held in high honour, their election is preceded, or rather announced, by saturnalia of which probably no other country has ever seen the like. The throne of the Mpongwe tribe was vacant: and a friend of M. du Chaillu's was chosen to fill it. As this man was walking on the seashore, ignorant, it would seem, of the honours which awaited him,

'he was suddenly set upon by the entire populace, who proceeded to a ceremony which is preliminary to the crowning, and which must deter any but the most ambitious men from aspiring to the crown. They surrounded him in a dense crowd, and then began to heap upon him every manner of abuse that the worst of mobs could imagine. Some spit in his face, some beat him with their fists, some kicked him, others threw disgusting objects at him, while those unlucky ones who stood on the outside and could reach the poor fellow only with their voices, assiduously cursed him, his father, his mother, his sisters and brothers, and all his ancestors to the remotest generation. A stranger would not have given a cent for the life of him who was presently to be crowned.

'Amid all the noise and struggle I caught the words which explained all this to me: for every few minutes some fellow, administering an especially severe blow or kick, would shout out, "You are not our king yet: for a little while we will do what we please with you; by and by, we shall have to do your will."' (P. 19.)

It requires some little faith to give credit to this singular demonstration of loyalty, which presupposes a readiness to forgive and forget, certainly never afterwards exhibited by these strangely elected rulers. But it is gratifying to learn that the negro rule is more flexible than the law of the Medes and Persians, when in his turn M. Du Chaillu ascended the throne as King of the Apingi tribe, and that at his request the disagreeable ceremony was dispensed with when he

'was formally invested with the Kendo, which is here also the insignia of the head man or chief ruler. Remandji put the Kendo over my shoulder, which gave me like power with himself. It was done in the presence of an immense crowd, who shouted out their approval, and promised to obey me. Remandji said, "You are the

spirit whom we have never seen before. We are but poor people when we see you. You are of those whom we have often heard of, who come from nobody knows where, and whom we never hoped to see. You are our king and ruler. Stay with us always. We love you and will do what you wish." Whereupon ensued shouts and rejoicings. Palm wine was introduced, and a general jollification took place in the orthodox fashion at coronations. From this day therefore I may call myself Du Chaillu the First, King of the Apingi.' (P. 443.)

He had indeed already received more than regal honours from another tribe. The weather had been hot, and

'as my hair was too long for comfort, I told Makondai to cut it for me, giving him a pair of scissors I had in my kit. He did not do it very artistically: but in the interior of Africa one comes to care little for looks or fashions. When he had done, he gathered up the cut hair and threw it out into the street. I was not attending to what was going on, and was surprised presently at a noise of scuffling and fighting in front of my house.

'I looked out and beheld a most laughable scene. The men were busily picking up the scattered hairs; and those who could not get at them were disputing possession with their luckier neighbours. Even the old king Olenda was in the midst, eager for a share. As each got what he could, he would tie them up carefully in the corner of his ndengui and walk off very contentedly.

'I called Olenda and asked what was the use of this hair. He replied, "O Spirit, these hairs are very precious. We shall make mondas (fetiches) of them, and they will bring other white men to us, and bring us great good luck and riches. Since you have come to us, O Spirit, we have wished to have some of your hair: but did not dare to ask for it, not knowing whether it could be cut." I was happy that it had not occurred to them to appropriate violently my whole head, hair and all; and was glad enough to let the old king walk off with his precious lock of a white man's hair.' (P. 428.)

It is not a little curious that the childish gaiety of the negro race should exist side by side with the most gloomy and ferocious superstitions. From laughter and feasting, from tricks of trade or utter inactivity, from tears and sorrow, they pass instantaneously to the most horrible and disgusting cruelties at the beck and call of their witch doctors, of whom we have an inviting picture in the case of one

'who looked literally *like the devil.* I never saw a more ghastly object. He had on a high head-dress of black feathers. His eyelids were painted red; and a red stripe from the nose upward divided his forehead in two parts. Another red stripe passed round his head. The face was painted white, and on each side of the mouth were two round red spots. About his neck hung a necklace of grass, and also

a cord which held a box against his breast. This little box is sacred and contains spirits. A number of strips of leopard and other skins crossed his breast, and were exposed about his person; and all these were charmed and had charms attached to them. From each shoulder down to his hands was a white stripe; and one hand was painted quite white. To complete this horrible array, he wore a string of little bells round his body.' (P. 241.)

With the horrors of the system which is upheld by these loathsome fanatics and execrable knaves, it is difficult to imagine that anything like merriment could be found anywhere. But the working of their superstitions is not always horrible. In a little village called Npopo, M. Du Chaillu found everything

'open and exposed to thieves: chickens and goats were walking about, and I wondered to see such carelessness in the village; but in the centre, looking down on everything, stood the *mbuiti*, or God of Npopo, a copper-eyed divinity, who, I was informed, safely guarded everything. It seemed absurd, but I was assured that no one dared steal, and no one did steal, with the eyes of this mbuiti upon him.

'This uncommonly useful divinity was a rudely-shaped piece of ebony, about two feet high, with a man's face, the nose and eyes of copper, and the body covered with grass.' (P. 279.)

To the advantages arising from extended political connexions these tribes are keenly alive: but their diplomacy sometimes assumes strange forms.

'For instance, two tribes are anxious for a fight; but one needs more force. This weakling sends one of its men secretly to kill a man or woman of some village living near, but having no share in the quarrel. The consequence is, *not*, as would seem most reasonable, that this last village takes its revenge on the murderer, but, strangely enough, that the murderer's people give them to understand that this is done because *another* tribe has insulted them; whereupon, according to African custom, the two villages join and together march upon the enemy. In effect, to gain a village to a certain side in a quarrel, that side murders one of its men or women with the purpose of retaliation on somebody else.' (P. 51.)

But, whatever may be the wonders of other regions, they are all surpassed by the marvels of the Fan country and people. These men are cannibals, eating prisoners taken in war together with those who are condemned to death for crimes, and thus far only like the Feejeans and others who exalt cannibalism into a regulated system, yet, unlike them, in the readiness with which they will feast on bodies of persons who have died from any disease, or even on corpses which they disinter from the reeking burying ground of an African barracoon. A diet so strange cannot diminish our wonder that these Fans are taller

and hardier, more gracefully formed, and more gifted with mental power and moral force, with less of cruelty and treachery, than any other negro tribe. In M. Du Chaillu's eyes they appear to be the most promising people in Western Africa; and, as a climax to their physical differences from most other negroes, they exhibit the peculiarity of beard and of hair long enough to be plaited into queues which hang as low down as their waist.

Thus then, without taking into account his achievements as a hunter with gorillas and leopards, with venomous snakes sometimes thirteen feet long, with alligators and buffaloes, there is enough in the subjects to which we have already referred, to excite the deepest interest and amazement. The value of his book must depend on its general truthfulness; and this unfortunately has been called in question. It may be a hard recompense for years of arduous toil and determined resistance to difficulties and dangers almost overwhelming, that discoveries of the greatest moment in geographical and physical science should be received coldly or with suspicion by those who have never faced the same perils or undergone the same labours. Such a return, in spite of much general favour, it has been M. Du Chaillu's misfortune to experience. He has called forth severe, but not unjust, criticisms from some of the first naturalists in this country, whose motives are above suspicion; his new species have been rejected, or identified with others previously known; his engravings of animals have been pronounced unfaithful or deceptive; and his account of their habits disputed as untrue. From these alleged defects or inconsistencies a general inference has been drawn, which shakes the credibility of his whole narrative, and questions his personal acquaintance with the countries which he professes to describe.

On the purely scientific question involved in this charge we need say but little. M. Du Chaillu has brought to this country certain stuffed specimens, which he asserts that he shot or procured in the course of his several journeys. The question of the novelty of species is therefore simply one of fact, which naturalists must determine from the evidence before them. It would be very difficult to prove from the mere condition of the specimens, whether they were shot by M. Du Chaillu in the interior or obtained by him on the coast. A skin stuffed with the same appliances a hundred miles inland can scarcely differ much from a skin stuffed on the sea-shore; but the question of transport in the case of large animals, stuffed out to their full size, presents a very grave difficulty in a land of crags, and torrents, and impenetrable forests.

Professor Owen has expressed his belief, that the species which M. Du Chaillu claims to have discovered are either new in themselves or new illustrations of the most important and singular species, while Sir R. Murchison to a similar avowal adds his acceptance of M. Du Chaillu's geographical discoveries. The question of new species and of the value of specimens is one which for its decision requires no reference necessarily to M. Du Chaillu's work; and the absence of new species, if proved, can at the utmost detract only from a scientific reputation to which he makes no special claim.

But every other charge brought against his book falls under a single head, which calls his general trustworthiness very seriously into question; and these are charges which must be established or refuted almost wholly from internal evidence. The publication of contradictory or inconsistent narratives cannot be excused or palliated by eulogies on the open countenance and bright eyes of a writer; but, while we are as reluctant as Sir R. Murchison can be, to throw aside as valueless M. Du Chaillu's geographical discoveries, a mere regard for truth requires that what may be said on the other side should also be plainly set forth. The matter falls simply under the general laws of evidence; and the proof of the charge, even if it leaves (as we trust that it may) his general credit unimpaired, may serve as a warning to himself and to others, to be at least scrupulously careful and accurate in the arrangement of their narratives.

Between January 1856 and February 1859, M. Du Chaillu, in six successive journeys, explored the country lying between the parallels of the Muni and Rembo rivers. Up to that time he states, that in this region, 'the power and knowledge of the white 'man extend but a very few miles from the coast, and the interior 'was still a *terra incognita*' (p. 1.); while he adds, that a previous residence of several years on the coast had not only acclimatised him but had given him a knowledge of the languages and habits of the coast tribes (p. 2.). Having reached Africa in December, 1855, he remained for a time at the American Missionary Station, at Baraka, on the Gaboon (p. 3.). But as the banks of this river presented only old and beaten ground (p. 24.), he determined 'to proceed first on an exploration of 'the River Muni,' and sailed for this purpose to the Island of Corisco, in a little bay of the same name, into which the Muni pours itself. Here he made preparations for a long journey (p. 28.), and describes the funeral of a negro, which took place a few days before he left the island (p. 26.) on the 27th of July, 1856 (p. 28.). In this journey he passed from the Muni into

the Ntambounai, and from this into the Noonday River (p. 42.). Thence, passing through the land of the Mbondemo, he had to fight his way across the wild overgrowth of an African forest to the head waters of the Ntambounai, which hurry downwards amongst huge granite boulders, from a height of 5000 feet above the level of the sea (p. 57.). After some hunts in which he shot his first gorilla, he reached the country beyond the third and highest range of the Sierra del Crystal, inhabited by the cannibal tribe of Fans. With this strange people he remained till September, engaged in hunting elephants, gorillas, and other animals; and then returned to Corisco (p. 115.). But before going back to the Gaboon he determined to make a trip up the Moondah; and after the tedious process of preparation, which required him to rent a canoe, buy his masts, make his sails, purchase his paddles, and engage his men, he at last got off on the 30th of October (p. 116.). From this 'disagreeable and unhealthy river,' he passed to the Ikoi Creek, where he shot a bird of a new species, since named Barbatula du Chaillui, and then returned to the Gaboon, where (p. 127.) he says that his stay was only long enough to enable him to secure his specimens and send them on, as well as to prepare for a trip to Cape Lopez. He entered the Nbata Creek at 4 P.M. (p. 127.)*; and thence, passing through Sangatanga, reached Cape Lopez, and on the 30th (*sic*) set out on his return (p. 164.). On the next day, June 1st, he stalked a leopard, and after many other hunts and labours reached King Bango's on the 23rd (p. 176.), whence, having visited Fetiche Point, he returned to the Gaboon, 'and remained there several months 'exploring the course of that river, and the country about its 'borders, and finally set off on his longest and most adventurous journey' (p. 185.). During this stay, he says, that he prepared himself thoroughly for this important tour (p. 186.), and having loaded a schooner of forty-five tons with provisions and ammunition, as well as with the means of making his way up among the unknown tribes of the interior, he set sail on the 5th of February for the Camma country (p. 188.).† At Biagano he built a house wherein to store his specimens and property; and on the 14th of April (p. 198) he set out on an excursion up the Fernand Vas, by which name the Rembo is

* Neither day, month, or year are specified: and indeed through the whole of this journey the name of the year never occurs, nor do we meet with the name of a month for forty pages from the commencement of this part of his story.

† No year date is given before p. 247.

known from the point where, having nearly reached the coast, it is suddenly arrested in its course, and flows in a line parallel to the sea-shore for more than forty miles, until, joining the waters of the Npoulounai, it falls into the Atlantic Ocean. In May he visited the Anengue Lake, from which a small river of the same name runs about fifteen miles to the west and falls into the Ogobai (p. 128.). The remainder of the year was spent in the same region, and was chiefly occupied with hunting, with one interruption from a severe attack of fever in August and September.

Thus far then we have a narrative which it would be impossible for any reader, without other evidence than that which is furnished by the book itself, to compress into less than three years. After stating distinctly that on the 27th of July, 1856, he left Corisco Bay for a journey into the Fan country, and that on his return in September he went on a second trip up the Moondah, he speaks of a short day at Gaboon to prepare for a third expedition to Cape Lopez. The date, June 1st, which occurs in the narrative of this journey, must, if we judge from the book only, be referred to the year 1857, the remainder of which was therefore taken up with the long stay at Gaboon (which he mentions at pp. 184, 185.), in preparation for that journey into the Camma country, the first year of which must, on this supposition be 1858. But when at p. 247, he comes to speak of his journey to Goombi in the following year, we meet with the first definite date of January, 1858; and thus between January 1856, and February 1859 (within which period he asserts positively that all the expeditions narrated in this volume were comprised), the month of July occurs four times.

So strange a contradiction cannot but seriously impair the credit of a writer whose discoveries belong to an unknown land, and who, travelling with negro attendants only, can bring no corroborative testimony for the incidents of his journeys.* In a recent impression of his work, M. Du Chaillu, in order to remove this difficulty, has adopted the apology (which had been previously urged by an anonymous supporter), that the trip to

* For personal adventures and exploits a traveller in such circumstances can bring no collateral proof. Letters and specimens forwarded to other countries at the time will, of course, prove the fact of their transmission: and if any of the specimens sent should belong to new species, the date of their discovery would be approximately determined: but with regard to the writer they could prove nothing more than that at a given time he professed to be engaged in a given way.

Cape Lopez, coming third in the order of narration, was really the first in order of time and belongs to the year 1856. It would follow then that the objection arose from a misapprehension of the 'artificial arrangement of the work;' and it certainly must be admitted that the year 1857 is nowhere mentioned in the story of that expedition. But this defence, even if it removes the paramount difficulty, introduces many more not much less important. Of such an artificial construction not the slightest intimation was given in the original preface or anywhere throughout the volume. There was not the faintest hint that the writer was following a geographical and not a chronological order. Where such is the case, it is the first duty of a writer, distinctly and at the outset, to apprise his readers of the fact; or, if this should be omitted, to affix to every journey and portion of every journey such definite dates of month and year as should render all 'misapprehension' impossible. Instead of this, after a relation of two subsequent journeys, we are told that a previous trip began at 4 P.M., and are left to wonder on what day and in what month or year. But even if we accept this plea, how are we to deal with the statement (p. 24.), that his first journey after his arrival from America was to explore the River Muni? or that his stay at the Gaboon (which in the narrative is unquestionably made to succeed the Muni expedition) was only long enough to enable him to secure his specimens and to prepare for his journey to Cape Lopez? (p. 127.) Yet more, what are we to think of the assertion, that a stay of several months at the Gaboon preceded the longest and most important of his journeys? When did that short stay at the Gaboon take place, which sufficed only to prepare for the trip to Cape Lopez, if this trip was the first, and if he set out for this trip about April 20th, 1856, having arrived in Africa before the close of the preceding year? And where again is the stay of several months at the Gaboon before his longest journey, if, according to M. Du Chaillu's new arrangement, this stay is to fall between the return from the Moondah expedition about November 15th, 1856, and his departure for the Camma country early in February, 1857?*

* It must also be noted that the reason given for the long stay at the Gaboon, which in the narrative is made to follow the trip to Cape Lopez, viz., to explore the course of that river and the country about its border (p. 185.), is quite inconsistent with the statement at p. 24., that, 'the Gaboon, being old and beaten ground, did not need my 'explorations;' and that any subsequent stay there was only to rest and regain health after the fatigues of his expeditions.

By his present defence he maintains that there was no interval of delay between his return from Cape Lopez and his departure for the Fan country; and, therefore, when we are told that on returning from Cape Lopez he stayed for some months at Gaboon, we are to understand that two other journeys were undertaken and ended before he stayed there at all. There is, indeed, one other supposition (which, however, we can scarcely think that M. Du Chaillu would wish to adopt), that this stay of several months included the whole time from July 1856 to January 1857; and that when he speaks of exploring the course of the Gaboon River and the country about its borders during that long stay, he is really including his two expeditions across the Sierra del Crystal and up the River Moondah. To speak thus of rivers and places from seventy to three hundred miles distant, as bordering on a stream whose whole course barely extends fifty miles is, to say the least, an astonishing form of expression which would set all geographical clearness at defiance. What, again, are the specimens which he was busied in securing and transmitting previous to his departure to Cape Lopez? Either they were the fruits of some previous expedition, and the expedition to Cape Lopez was not the first; or they were procured at the sea-coast during a sojourn from December to April, which it seems that we must now regard as only long enough to secure and prepare them.

But yet further, it may be fairly doubted whether it be possible to crowd into a single month the events which he now assigns to July 1856. Even if we transfer to the time after his return from the Moondah the long stay at Gaboon which, (pp. 176. 185.) he says, followed his journey to Cape Lopez, it is difficult to believe that in the middle of July he could be at Fetiche Point, and on the 27th of the same month start on a long and important expedition across the Sierra del Crystal to the country of the Fans. At the end of June, he says that he was so far ill as to be 'obliged to lay up, so that it was July' before he could go anywhere beyond King Bango's village (p. 178.). When he was able to move, we are told (p. 181.) that his old hunting friend, Fasiko, got together a party of about forty men, to accompany him to Fetiche Point and the end of Cape Lopez, a distance of more than thirty miles. After visiting the Oroungo burying-ground, they 'built their camp 'among the shrubs' at the extreme point of Cape Lopez, and 'here for some days had a very lively time.' It must then at the earliest have been the middle of July before he started for the Gaboon, distant about 100 miles; so that (even if we postpone any stay at Gaboon to a later day) he was able, in the

interval between July 17th or 18th and July 27th, to reach Corisco Bay, a further distance of some sixty miles, and there to make preparations for a long journey, as well as to witness the funeral of a negro who was buried some days before he left the island. What this work of preparation was and what expenditure of time and trouble it required, we may learn from what he relates of his preparations for exploring the Moondah, a stream whose whole course falls short of fifty miles. If in spite of all his efforts ten days were then taken up in tedious preliminaries, we can scarcely suppose that the preparations for a more important and extended journey could be made in as short a time.

Yet again, M. Du Chaillu states at the commencement of his work, that up to the time of his return to Africa in 1855, the whole interior of the country was an unknown land to the white man. But in strange contrast with the subsequent narrative, in which he clearly speaks of the Sierra del Crystal and the banks of the Moondah as new ground to himself in 1856, we read in a paper in the Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia for 1855, that M. Du Chaillu had *then* explored 'extensive and almost unknown regions near the equa-'tor . . . . and ascertained the existence of three ranges of 'mountains at a distance of 150 miles from the coast, in which 'he traced the River Moondah to its source.' This paper also speaks of the Barbatula du Chaillui, with which he says, in his present work, that he first became acquainted near the Ikoi Creek in October, 1856. It would seem, indeed, that in previous years he had penetrated as far up the country as in any of the journeys related in this volume, with the exception of that which took him into the land of the Ashira and Apingi.

The contradictions extend even to the description of a single object or the events of a single day. We are told in the same paragraph, that a Mbondemo house consists of only two rooms, and yet that the rooms may be unlimited in their number. 'Interiorly the Mbondemo house is divided by a bark partition 'into two rooms: one the kitchen, where also everybody sits or 'lies down on the ground about the fire: the other the sleeping 'apartment. To ascertain how large a family any Mbondemo 'householder has, you have only to count the little doors which 'open into the various sleeping apartments.' (P. 50.) Still more perplexing is the account given of a day which must be amongst the most memorable of his life, when with bleeding limbs and feet he was compelled to give up in despair the further prosecution of his manful enterprise. He had carried with him the flag of his adopted country, with the resolution

not to spread its folds to the breeze as long as strength sufficed to bear him onwards. When at length the task was plainly hopeless,

'I took out,' he says, 'from a little sack, in which it had long been laid away, an American flag, which I had meant to plant upon my farthest point. I did not think, when months ago I sewed it snugly in its cover, that I should feel so bitterly disappointed at having to use it.

'Keeping one man with me, I sent the rest to ascend a little peak which rose not far on my right. Even from its top the view could not but be confined, on account of the thick forest. I gave them my gun to shoot anything alive they might see to make the pot boil; commanded them to hang the bright little flag from the top of the highest tree they could climb, and then to report to me what they saw beyond this our farthest point.

'The good fellows were gone two hours. They came back with a small monkey and a serpent nearly twelve feet long, of the boa species. The monkey they gave me. The snake made them a meal and something over.

'Then, finding it impossible to advance further, I sent two men to climb the highest tree in sight, and fasten the American flag at its top. When it floated out on the breeze, I made my men give three cheers for the star-spangled banner, and divided the remains of my brandy among them.' (P. 462.)

Either then there were two flags (although he says that he had only one), which were hung in two several places; or the men who were first sent with the flag brought it back, which we are not told; or a single fact is stated twice. In any case, it is a strange confusion with regard to an incident which could not but have fixed itself most clearly and forcibly on his memory.

To many readers, perhaps, M. Du Chaillu's mode of travelling, and the ease with which he overcomes every obstacle, will appear scarcely less mysterious than the country which he explores. The following apparent contradictions may admit of explanation, but his readers may at least be forgiven if they confess to some difficulty in reconciling them. When he started for his journey into the Fan country, he says,—'My party 'from Mbene's town consisted of Mbene's two sons, Miengai 'and Maginda, a young man named Pouliandai, and half-a-dozen 'stout women to bear my heavy chests and other luggage and 'food for the journey. I took along seventy pounds of shot, 'nineteen pounds of powder, and ten pounds of arsenic for 'killing and preserving my specimens; also my chests, contain-'ing cloth, tobacco, beads, &c., to buy food and give presents 'to the natives we should meet. I made Miengai carry the

'shot, as the women had already enough. But my men were 'all loaded with trade on their own account, consisting of brass 'kettles, iron pots, jugs, &c., and about 100 lbs. of salt, put up 'in little packages of three or four pounds.' (P. 52.) If the heavy chests mentioned here are, as we presume, the 'three 'heavy chests' which he says that he took with him on his journey up the Moondah which immediately followed his return from the Fan country, and if we allow 150 lbs. for each of these chests, the whole amount carried by these six women (with the exception of 70 lbs. of shot carried by Pouliandai) could not be less than 750 pounds, and might be much more. The feats of the Roman heavy-armed soldier appear poor indeed in comparison with the powers of these women to bear so formidable a load through forests and over stony hills, to a distance sometimes of not less than twenty miles in one day (p. 63.). It is strange, however, to find that in the journey up the Moondah, to which we have just referred, it required 'some thirty men' 'to carry my three heavy chests of trade 'goods, 200 pounds of coarse powder, half a hundred weight 'of tobacco, 50 pounds of shot, three double-barrelled guns, 'together with hams, boxes of crackers, bottles of wine, brandy, 'and oil, woollen blankets for camping, and camp cooking-'utensils.' (P. 129). With a large allowance for increased weight, this outfit could scarcely have exceeded 900 or 1000 pounds; and we can only marvel that ten or twelve women would suffice to do the work of thirty men. But it is not less perplexing to find, in his journey to the Fan country, his three men, with an addition *apparently** of only two more, represented as a crowd, whose tumult he is obliged to repress by going into the midst of them with loaded pistols in his hands (p. 55.); and, a little further on, that he is able to leave 'a good

* We are only told that, on the day after that on which they started, they met a large party of travelling Mbondemo returning from the interior, and that 'among this party were two fellows, 'named Ngolai and Yeava, who were from Mbene's village and well 'known to Mbene's sons. These offered to go with us if we would 'give them food, as theirs was nearly gone; and Miengai and Ma-'ginda promising this much, they at once joined our party.' (P. 55.) Probably M. Du Chaillu would not wish us to believe that any others joined the party besides Ngolai and Yeava. The rest would scarcely have abandoned a journey profitable for trade without some more costly recompense than mere food; nor would it have been easy for M. Du Chaillu to provide food for a large addition of men which he had not contemplated. The words at least would imply that none joined his party but the two men whom he named.

'escort of two or three men for the women, while with four 'others he goes to hunt gorillas.' (P. 58.)

The discovery of serious contradictions in the essential parts of a story must dispose the reader to look carefully into details which otherwise he might have hurried over; and it is very unfortunate that M. du Chaillu's book should reveal some fresh difficulty, or, at the least, some apparent contradictions, at every application of a critical test.

Of his descriptions of the gorilla and its habits, we will say no more than that they are quite consistent, while their frequent recurrence, with every detail, imparts some monotony to an otherwise very lively volume. Each encounter is ushered in with the awful solemnity of Homeric combats. Each time the gorilla faces his adversary and beats his breast and roars. Each time he waddles a few feet nearer, then sits down, then rises to beat his breast and roar again; and thus advances with outstretched arms to welcome the bullet that is to end at once his drumming and his roars. Formidable as this brute may be to a single huntsman, it is plain from M. Du Chaillu's account that few animals might be more safely encountered by a well-armed party. Its mode of attack seems to be identical on all occasions; and so wanting is it in tenacity of life, that a shot in the breast, which it invariably stands ready to receive, always causes instantaneous death.

Of the landscape illustrations with which the volume is garnished we would not willingly say more than that, with few exceptions, they contradict the text, while M. Du Chaillu's new preface has multiplied the instances in which the text contradicts itself. Still, when we have his statement that they were prepared in America from his own rough sketches, we can but express our surprise that the roughest sketches should in essential features contradict the narrative of events which they are intended to illustrate. The engravings of natural objects are a more legitimate subject of criticism; and while he admits that four or five plates have been transferred to his pages from other works, we cannot too strongly condemn the practice of making up plates, which can only serve to mislead the reader.

Not one of these contradictions or inconsistencies can be attributed to the special circumstances of the author. No lack of faith in marvellous adventure or novel forms of animal life has led us to enumerate them. That there should be some things to surprise and some to perplex English readers, may well be expected in a volume treating of what to them is practically another world. It may well furnish matter for wonder, that boxes and bales of luggage, with a weighty array of stuffed

specimens, could be carried on negro shoulders for hundreds of miles, among crags and forests where not unfrequently they could advance only by hewing a passage with the axe. We may be pardoned for pausing at the statement, that the breath of a snake may be felt before it is seen (p. 273.); that ants can throw themselves in the form of a tubular bridge across a stream, and so provide a dry way for their roving hosts; or that the strongest and healthiest of the negro tribes lives chiefly by a cannibalism which preys less on those who have fallen by violence than on bodies which have died by disease. Still such accounts as these, (and with regard to the Gorilla, it must be admitted that he has not described it as an aggressive animal without offence given) may either be defended as discoveries of facts unknown before or excused as unimportant mistakes, from which no book can be expected to be wholly free. But although no two or three men will describe the same fact or thing in the same way, still no difference of view and no amount of misconception can account for confusion of chronology and contradictions of narrative. M. Du Chaillu states in his preface (p. ix.), that his volume was 'written out 'from faithfully kept journals,' and he recurs more than once to the great toil which the practice of keeping a daily record entailed upon him in many a pathless wilderness, or in the noisome cabins of an African negro village. As we would not doubt the fidelity of his journals, the conclusion is forced upon us, that in the work of compilation he has confused a narrative originally clear, and introduced contradictions which did not exist, or that he has handed over to others a task which has been followed by such unfortunate results. But even this conclusion fails to account adequately for the very serious difficulties which his narrative involves, and which certainly cannot be explained by want of practice in the art of writing. M. Du Chaillu dwells with much earnestness on the tedious labour of preparing a work for the press, and avows his conviction that it is much easier to hunt gorillas than to write about them, and to explore new countries than to describe them. Dr. Livingstone had at least the plea of an absence amongst barbarous tribes so lengthened that his own language came slowly to his lips, when he said, 'I think I would rather cross the 'African continent again than undertake to write another book.' The traveller who possesses an exact scientific knowledge starts undoubtedly at an immense advantage; and the faculty of words has been held a divine gift from the days of Nestor downwards. But few delusions can be more hurtful than the idea that narratives of travel acquire more value by an artificial arrangement,

or that they would destroy the interest which the subject may possess if they lack the outward beauties of a smooth and harmonious style. The first duty of a traveller is to tell a plain and artless tale. The duty becomes more imperative when the countries described are unknown or strange; and most of all is it binding on those who by their own choice deprive themselves of all corroborative testimony. Few, however, will be disposed to allow M. Du Chaillu the benefit of this plea, as they read a volume which, with many repetitions and a few faults of expression, is throughout pleasant and animated, and abounds in graphic descriptions, both of men and things. Those who have had the advantage of hearing M. Du Chaillu speak at the Geographical Society or elsewhere, are aware that English is not his vernacular language, and that he expresses himself in our tongue with some difficulty and many Gallicisms. We are curious to know in what language his original journals were kept? who has seen them? and who has assisted him in throwing his materials into the graphic and attractive form which they have been made to assume? These are points on which, in default of a full explanation from the author, his highly respected publisher is to some extent responsible.

But while the contradictions which at present confuse and disfigure the narrative must (in whatever measure) detract from the writer's credit, as long as they remain unexplained, we are very reluctant to give up or even to call in question M. Du Chaillu's geographical discoveries, and his accounts of the negro tribes with whom his journeys made him familiar. In practical usefulness, as bearing on the great questions of slavery, commerce, and the civilisation of Africa, his travels are scarcely surpassed even by those of Dr. Livingstone. He has explored a region which more perhaps than any other will open a path into the very heart of Central Africa; and in this region he has discovered tribes belonging to various families of the great negro race, with a trade crippled and poisoned by the plague of monopoly, and by an infamous system of agency which, by suffering no man to carry his own merchandise beyond the bounds of his own tribe, keeps alive an exquisite rivalry in theft and cunning. He has acquainted himself with a people keen-sighted in their own interest, yet withal generous for the most part and hospitable. He has described a state of society which has exalted into the place of Law a deadly system of sorcery, and struggles on under a reign of terror maintained by witch-finders not more than half-duped by their abominable falsehoods,—where religion assumes the lowest form of a de-

graded fetichism, in comparison of which the animal worship of Egypt itself seems pure and elevating. He has spoken of a state of belief where the dread of death is the one absorbing thought of the living, and the dead the object of their greatest hatred; where each man looks to the end of life as to his own annihilation, while he invests for a time the spirits of those whom he has loved with a malignant and vindictive power. He has brought before us men who are ready to abandon their homes at the least hint or warning of the witch-doctor,—among whom the practice of medicine is confined to cries and incantations and (in striking contrast on this as on other points with the nobler races of Southern Africa) the poison cup stands in the place of judicial pleading. He has shown us a state where a form of slavery exists unconnected with the traffic which feeds the American plantations,—where the lot of the hereditary slave is distinguished from that penal loss of freedom which may hurry the noblest and the wealthiest to the barracoons of the coast,—and where his lot, seldom severe, is yet more mitigated by the power of transferring himself to other masters who cannot refuse his offer. He has described a condition of life to which the critical sense is wholly wanting,—where marvels and prodigies are the daily food of their minds,—where faith is so mere a craving for wonders that miracles wrought for their conversion would but rivet the chains of their superstition and strengthen their belief in sorcery,—where appeals to conscience or a sense of equity are met at once by assertions of original diversity of race, which would gladden the heart of American slaveholders. He has led us also through countries wearing many aspects of rude deserts and rich prairies, of craggy mountains and tangled forests, where forms of animal life the most uncouth and the most beautiful are found side by side, and where the physical phenomena of distant regions may not improbably receive their solution. He has described the course of noble streams, which with little toil to the white man may open a highway for his trade and his civilisation, and a climate which (as the Italian malaria proves not less than the experience of British soldiers at Walcheren) is less dangerous under drenching skies and in time of flood than when the sun looks down in the beautiful dry season (we cannot call it winter) on a mass of rotten and seething vegetation. He has spoken of noble mountain ranges on whose sides dense forests are mingled with mighty rocks and leaping streams; of one huge peak at least whose summit at the height of 12,000 feet, is as thickly clothed with the overgrowth of trees as is the valley which lies beneath it, and where in the far horizon other

peaks are seen lifting their green heads into the clouds, and seeming to bear witness of ranges mightier still, above whose green raiment the white crown of snow must glisten the whole year round.

He has done all this; and if his tale be true, he has well earned the special gratitude of Englishmen. We are not insensible to the merits of a traveller whose exploits approach those of the most renowned heroes of fiction, and who has unquestionably brought to our own museums conclusive evidence of the existence of those Troglodytes, which most nearly combine the ferocity of wild beasts with something of the form and structure of man. But, without any wish to detract from M. Du Chaillu's merits, we should be glad of a little more of that precise and simple evidence which distinguishes reality from romance. Unfortunately this is precisely what is deficient in this volume. We are required to give implicit belief to improbabilities of the highest order, to fill up the numerous blanks in an imperfect narrative, and even to reconcile positive contradictions.

Even assuming the credibility of M. Du Chaillu's account of his own personal adventures, we are also favoured with numerous reports and statements collected by him amongst the most barbarous tribes of the globe, which rest on no direct evidence. We must suppose that such is M. Du Chaillu's familiarity with the vocabulary and dialect of Equatorial Africa, that he passes from one tribe and one river to another, without the slightest embarrassment, although it is notorious that the difficulty of conversing with natives, utterly unacquainted with civilised man, is not one of the smallest impediments to African explorations. These things leave the mind of the reader in a distressing state of perplexity; and the more narrowly M. Du Chaillu's volume is examined the more difficult does it become to feel implicit confidence in his accuracy. Fortunately, many of his statements can without much difficulty be verified. This mysterious region lies within a few days' sail of the ordinary track of our African traders. The passion of discovery and adventure is not extinct. We have no doubt that other travellers will be found to affront the dangers from which M. Du Chaillu has fortunately escaped; and until we are in possession of more conclusive and accurate testimony, we shall suspend our judgment, not presuming, at this stage of the inquiry, to pronounce a verdict absolutely condemnatory of M. Du Chaillu's claims to be ranked as a great African discoverer.

ART. IX. — 1. *Della Riforma Cattolica della Chiesa.* Frammenti di VINCENZO GIOBERTI pubblicati per Cura di Giuseppe Massari. Volume unico. Torino: 1856.

2. *Delle cinque Piaghe della Santa Chiesa.* Lugano: 1848.

3. *La Costituzione secondo la Giustizia Sociale.* Milano: 1848.

4. *An Outline of the Life of the Very Rev. Antonio Rosmini, Founder of the Institute of Charity.* Edited by the REV. FATHER LOCKHART. London: 1856.

5. *Discours du Comte de Cavour, et Discussion à la Chambre des Députés sur la Question de Rome.* Turin: 1861.

6. *Deuxième Lettre à M. de Cavour, President du Conseil des Ministres à Turin.* Par M. LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. Paris: 1861.

7. *La Questione Italiana nel Novembre* 1860; *al Sommo Pontefice, Papa Pio IX.* Asisi: 1860.

8. *Allocuzione detta dalla Santita di N. S. Papa Pio IX. nel Concistoro Segreto del* 18 *Marzo* 1861. Rome.

9. *Devotion to the Pope.* By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: 1860.

IT may be a question whether the Italian people possess the qualities requisite for permanently maintaining the success which hitherto has attended their efforts at independence. There can be no question, however, that the existence of an effective Italian power must involve a material modification in the condition of the Court of Rome. A King of Italy and a Sovereign Pontiff, both ruling or laying claim to rule over any considerable portion of Italian territory, are a contradiction pregnant with irreconcilable opposition. Between authorities of such rival natures no peace can ever exist, beyond the hollow truce of mere temporary repose from the exertions of conflict. The King of Italy can never become the supreme head of a national government so long as the Pope continues as heretofore to claim temporal and sovereign dominion in the Peninsula; for the authority of the Crown would be exposed to perpetual antagonism within the pale of its own civil jurisdiction. On the other hand it is also certain that to obtain from the Court of Rome the necessary concessions for obviating such collisions with the royal authority involves what may well appear the hopeless task of modifying the most tenacious and unrelax-

ing of human constitutions. Yet it must depend upon success in this attempt whether any satisfactory result can attend the effort of bringing Italy under the sway of one monarch. The violent ejection from the city of Rome of the Pope and his Court would amount to little more than a transfer of site. The Pope quitting Rome with indignant protests against the coercion which expelled him from the Vatican, might indeed be less able to thwart from his place of refuge the action of the Italian government, than from the traditional stronghold of the Holy See. But the difficulties would be diminished, not removed. The Pope would still take up the position of a Pretender, refusing to recognise the authority which had introduced itself in his stead, and the relations between him and the King of Italy would retain the inveterate acrimony which exists between those of a dispossessed owner and his despoiler. A triumphant assault, though it might easily bring about a defeat, would not involve the subjection or downfall of the Papacy; and the conflict thus brought to a close in one shape would be resumed in another. To bring about, therefore, any lasting settlement, and relieve the government from the presence of a hostile force in the priesthood extended throughout the country, it is not sufficient or even expedient to humble the Church. Every victory over the Court of Rome will prove barren that does not finally comprise its genuine acquiescence in a treaty with the Italian Government. Under such circumstances it is of moment to inquire whether any reasonable grounds exist for believing that at this conjuncture there are elements in the Roman Catholic Church to render feasible such a combination.

It may be well to say in this place a word in reference to an opinion that the influence of the clergy in Italy has been permanently impaired, and that the progress of the people in enlightened religious speculation must deprive that body of the chance of ever recovering its former weight. We have a strong conviction that this idea is founded on a hasty and incorrect appreciation of the true state of the case. In common with the rest of the world, Italian society has certainly contracted a habit of freethinking, which, under the irritation of perpetual contact with the priesthood in the shape of an obnoxious, absolute and annoying authority, has acquired in certain sections the peculiar sharpness natural to the Italian intellect. From its overgrown position, its vexatious assumption of inquisitorial powers and a harassing interference, the Italian priesthood, as an institution, has unfortunately made itself an object of very general detestation to all classes with any tincture of education. The single exception is a small host of devotees recruited especially

amongst an exclusive and courtly aristocracy. It is mainly from this offensive alliance with powers more akin to a jealous, prying, and despotic police than to its own spiritual ministrations, that the priesthood has for the moment lost control over the intellectual movement of the country. But the pungent sarcasm which with passionate volubility is so mercilessly heaped upon the members of the ecclesiastical body in Italy, proceeds rarely from any clear and determined hostility to the essential articles or injunctions of the religion which they administer. The confirmed Italian freethinker is to be met with, but the Italian dissenter and congregationalist is a creature that has not yet arrived beyond the first barely perceptible germ of incubation. The Protestant view of spiritual matters and ecclesiastical institutions is still foreign to the Italian mind. With proper observation, in nine cases out of ten, the fierce and perfectly sincere denouncer of ecclesiastical abuses, in spite of his withering invective against the Pope and priests, will be found to remain not merely Catholic in instinct, but also a not irregular attendant at the services prescribed by the ritual. Although, therefore, public enthusiasm for the moment overpowers ecclesiastical opposition, it is not possible that in a country so disposed the influence of the clergy can be permanently disregarded with impunity.

To fancy the ecclesiastical body in Italy an inert sluggish mass, that has continued during generations utterly dead to the great intellectual impulses which have been gradually pervading Italian society until they have imbued it with a new spirit, would be a very incorrect conception of its condition. That it does comprise in its ranks an unfortunately large amount of ignorant and ignoble natures, is a fact which does not indeed admit of dispute. A convincing proof is sufficiently afforded by the very general discredit into which the clergy has contrived to fall. At the same time, however, illustrious members of the Italian priesthood have associated themselves in a highly remarkable manner with the tide of popular aspiration at various stages of its onward course, actuated by a profound conviction that the national movement is not necessarily incompatible with the principles of the Church. Amongst these we find individuals eminent alike for piety, fervour, and talent, who have devoted their energies with enthusiastic zeal to demonstrate the possibility of that genuine alliance between modern civilisation and the Roman hierarchy which it was the cherished aim of their lives to establish. Their pages afford us, as it were, an obverse impression of modern ideas. We here have the Church, in the high ecclesiastical sense of its institution, and not in any cur-

tailed evangelical dimensions, instead of repelling the approach of what are commonly designated as modern notions of liberalism, advancing and extending a hand of welcome to them. It cannot admit of dispute but that the views embodied in these speculations, should they acquire favour within the Church, would materially modify the painful antagonism which now exists in Italy between it and the State. At this truly critical moment in the conflict, it is consequently well worth while to inquire into the practical worth of these views, and to consider their possible bearing upon the solution of that capital problem — how to dispose of the Pope?

This movement showed itself at first stealthily in the unobtrusive shape of speculative writings, calculated, however, to exercise lasting influence upon ingenuous natures. It was inevitable that when the impulse of regenerative aspiration began to pervade Italian society, it should in some degree touch the ecclesiastical section of the nation. No essential portion of a community can ever remain wholly free from the action of a sentiment that has attained genuine intensity. Accordingly many pious minds attached to the Roman Church, in many instances with fervent affection, were struck with alarm at beholding that Church in an attitude of hostility to the tendencies of modern civilisation, which they deprecated as inevitably injurious to its moral influence, and inconsistent with its claims to intellectual supremacy. Between the opinions which at the last stage of their career some of these contemporary thinkers came to maintain, there exists much diversity. But at the outset one type was in a marked manner common to them all, in striking contrast to all former generations of reformers. They were prompted in this speculation by a fanciful, but still a sincerely Conservative admiration for the Roman Church as compatible with liberal institutions. There is no ground for suspecting their good faith in this profession, though several of them ended far beyond all limits of ecclesiastical toleration. It is quite intelligible how this should have happened to particularly impulsive natures excited by contradiction and stimulated by opposition. These men flung themselves confidently into the mazes of metaphysical and political speculation with an unswerving conviction that its conclusions would tend to the exaltation of the Roman Catholic Church. They were disposed to impugn no doctrine, while so far from being inclined to undervalue the virtues of the hierarchy, they were actuated by an excessive and even eccentric veneration for the Papacy as the mystic keystone of that theocratic constitution upon which their imagination loved to dwell.

This enthusiastic confidence in the nature and capacities of the Roman Church was the common feature of all these contemporary Catholic innovators. It impelled the triple league of Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert, to journey to Rome together on their celebrated pilgrimage for the Pope's conversion to modern ideas; and it was the starting-point whence Gioberti and Rosmini each entered upon their respective courses of speculation. The writings of these two men more especially supply us with the materials for arriving at an estimate of the scope of the intellectual movement, thus inaugurated, as far as it lies within what may be considered the limits of a theological range. Gioberti and Rosmini stand as complements to each other. Both were priests, and both retained in all their speculations, although in very different degrees and modifications, the peculiarly ecclesiastical stamp of conception. There is something in Gioberti's most advanced opinions which retains the indelible type of the seminarist in style of thought and form of exposition. Into those realms of metaphysics and political speculation which he did not flinch from scanning with such ardent boldness, Gioberti to the last advanced unconsciously with the gait and temper of a priest. This is very strikingly exemplified in the thoroughly dogmatical tone of his posthumous work 'La Riforma Cattolica,' written at a period when its author already entertained his most advanced opinions, although under the influence of an intention that made his mind for a time revert deliberately to the channel of theological ideas. Canonists who with a view of investigating its orthodoxy examined in detail the views maintained in this book, have expressed an opinion that, whatever reason there might be to take exception to its tendency, it would not be possible on canonical grounds to impugn the soundness of the distinct propositions by themselves.

As compared with Rosmini, Gioberti was, however, an erratic spirit soaring in contemptuous disregard of timid restrictions with impassioned and fearless ardour into the attractive regions of boundless speculation; while the former never presumed further than to introduce an ingredient of metaphysical subtleness into a nature which by its sweetness and unaffected meekness was essentially that of a Christian divine. Rosmini was a genuine specimen of the virtues which adorned the primitive times of Christianity. Learning begot in him no pride, and his religious fervour remained ever that of charity and devotion. Of excellent family and considerable fortune, Rosmini entered the ecclesiastical profession, and remained an active member of it, while Gioberti virtually withdrew from its ranks after his banishment

from Piedmont for supposed complicity in a revolutionary plot. In Rosmini none of that fiery independence lurked which turns self-satisfied from the service of the altar. On the contrary, the whole turn of his simple, loving mind, was that of a ministering priest. This disposition intuitively prompted him to seek the establishment of a new religious order as the most proper organ for the practical introduction of his views. It is intelligible that the writings of such a man should have found more especial favour amongst the clergy, while Gioberti sought the audience for his political theosophy in the lay classes, who were powerfully attracted by a dogmatic expression which coincided in form, at all events, if not in essence, with the teaching to which in youth they had been accustomed. Here we have the key to the immense popularity which Gioberti's writings rapidly attained. For it must be borne in mind that education in Italy is almost exclusively confined to seminaries, where the pupils, whether destined or not for the Church, are all trained in a strictly ecclesiastical system of study and thought. To men so reared the accents of Gioberti's peculiar phraseology had something especially familiar and inviting. These fell upon their ears neither harshly, nor with a startling sound, but softly, like a pleasant reminiscence. Hence the influence acquired by Gioberti was that rather of a popular discourse addressed to lay minds; while Rosmini's was one of a purely ecclesiastical nature, addressed more particularly *ad clerum.*

The book of Rosmini which really contains the pith of his religious meditations is the one entitled 'Le cinque Piaghe della 'Chiesa.' His other voluminous productions are for the most part metaphysical disquisitions, whereas in this one he expresses without reserve his precise views upon church government, and his innermost aspirations in regard to its institutions. The book, written in 1832, was allowed to lie unpublished for fourteen years. It was not till the advent to St. Peter's Chair of Pius IX., amidst circumstances which seemed to indicate the elevation of a Pontiff 'destined to renovate our age, and give 'to the Church that new impulse which must propel it through 'new ways to a career equally unexpected as marvellous and 'glorious,' that Rosmini allowed its publication as not inappropriate to the times. The most genuine grief and orthodox reverence pervade every page of this remarkable production, which is at once a song of lamentation over the woes which have befallen the Church, and of confident exultation at the prospect of their removal. With a somewhat mystic imagination Rosmini makes the Wounds of Christ on the Cross to be each

typical of some special injury of the Church. This allegory in the title is, however, the only thing which approaches to mysticism in the work. The argument is forcibly clear and destitute of all mere rhapsodical effusion. It will be necessary to enter with some detail into the disposition of this book, in order to enable the reader to form an opinion on the practical scope of Rosmini's views. The work is divided into five chapters, each called by one of Christ's wounds, and devoted to the illustration of its corresponding injury, as follows:—1. The wound in the left hand of Holy Church, the separation between people and priesthood in public worship. 2. That in the right hand, the inadequate instruction of the priesthood. 3. That in the side, the disunion amongst bishops. 4. That in the right foot, the nomination of bishops abandoned to lay power. 5. That in the left foot, the dependence of ecclesiastical property.

1. After having begun by declaring that divine worship in the Christian Church to be perfect requires a combination of clergy and laity, and dwelt upon the value of the sacramental institutions added by the primitive Church to those of Christ's foundation, Rosmini proceeds to mourn over the absence of 'vital' and full instruction' in the present Church. This he ascribes mainly to the flock having been rendered incapable of comprehending doctrine through the employment of a dead language in divine service.

'If nature can be restored to health, so much the more can the Church be healed of its sufferings; and it would seem to me a reflection upon its Divine Author to think that He should permit so great a wall of separation to exist for ever between the people and the priesthood, so that all which be said and done in the celebration of the heavenly mysteries must prove full of fictions, or that He should permit the people to whom the light of the Word has risen, and which has been itself born again to the worship of the Word, to take part in the greatest acts of this worship in the manner of statues and columns in the temple, utterly deaf to the words addressed to it by its mother the Church in the most solemn moments, and the priesthood shut off from the people at an ambitious because inaccessible, and an injurious because ambitious, altitude, to degenerate into a patriciate, into a particular society, divided from society at large, with interests of its own, language of its own, laws and customs of its own.' (§ 18.)

2. In the best times of Christianity preaching and the liturgy being couched in a living tongue, according to Rosmini, were the adequate school for Christian congregations, and exercised an influence that resulted in fit priests and bishops. But now that these methods of instruction have lost their intrinsic value, the priesthood has also sunk to the level of the listless faithful.

In those better times 'the bishop's house was the seminary of 'priests and deacons, and his presence and holy conversation 'were for ever a burning lesson.' This intimate connexion was broken up when the designation of *high* and *low* clergy got into fashion, and the bishops, withdrawing themselves into a more exclusive position, entrusted the labour of education to a class of men of inferior instruction, and not adequately remunerated. Then ensued the inevitable consequence of a faulty system rendered doubly objectionable by personal carelessness and the lamentable inefficiency of the text-books in habitual use.

3. In close connexion with the causes that led to this separation between dignitaries and dependents, Rosmini puts the third great woe of the Church — the absence of communion amongst the bishops. In the primitive times personal intercourse, active correspondence, frequent synods, and similar measures, kept the body of Christian bishops in a true family bond. This tie ceased when the bishops, through their possession of estates, came to be drawn into the meshes of political interests. Rosmini admits that this circumstance had been designed by Providence as the means for imbuing a barbarous society with the spirit of Christianity. The advantage was attained, however, in his opinion, 'at the cost of grievous ills, for the human 'contrivances, through which Providence works, are all ne-'cessarily of limited and imperfect nature. Now one of 'these ills has been the disunion of the bishops.'—(§ 55.) In explanation of this apparent contradiction between the imperfection of the means and the perfection of the author, Rosmini proceeds to say 'that the Church partakes of the divine 'and of the human. Divine is its everlasting design, divine the 'chief instrument by which that design has been carried out, 'that is to say, the aid of the Saviour; divine, lastly, is the 'promise that this instrument will never fail the Church, nor 'light to know truth, nor grace to practise holiness, nor a 'supreme Providence disposing all things on earth according to 'its desires. But in all other respects, with the exception of 'that chief instrument, the instruments employed for the exe-'cution of its designs by Providence are human, for the Church 'is a society of mortals, as long as they are in the world, subject 'to the shortcomings and miseries of human nature.'—(§ 59.) This explains to him how Providence could sanction an occurrence in the Church which broke up the brotherly union of bishops, because of its being best adapted for spiritualising society. 'But,' adds he, 'this noble mission of the Catholic 'clergy is fulfilled: the period for the conversion of society

'ended with the 16th century.' For through interests begotten by their tenure of lordships, the bishops got embroiled in factions and political conflicts which often brought them into hostile collision with each other. For 'power and wealth are 'by their nature unhappy sources of strife. It is a constant 'fact in ecclesiastical story that wherever any considerable 'temporal power becomes joined to a see for any length of 'time, these causes of dissensions forthwith become manifest.' In evidence of which he points to the struggles of the Constantinopolitan Church for precedence, which resulted in the Greek Schism, the disinclination of the archbishops of Ravenna under the Exarchate to bow to the supremacy of the Roman See, and the circumstances attending the great Western Schism. The melancholy result has been to make the great Catholic Church yield to a set of national establishments which are abhorrent to its essence. 'It is absolutely necessary,' exclaims Rosmini, 'to put an end to a National Church.' Furthermore, the episcopate has through its splendour become an object of attraction to worldly minds, whereas when it was bound up with poverty only pious souls had a reason for seeking its honours. Lastly, the Church, through the extension of endowment, has become exposed not merely to the vicissitudes, but also to the hostile feeling popularly attached to the position of feudal aristocracy.

4. The result of this position of the clergy has been to cause an usurpation of episcopal nominations by lay authority. This has enslaved the Church, for a free society must have the right of electing its own officers. In those model times of Christianity when Church government was not 'a terrestrial 'dominion,' but a ministry to souls, this was the case. Thus according to Rosmini, the whole congregation of the faithful, participated actively in all decisions and selections:—

'The goodly principle of Church government which then showed itself in all matters, and especially the choice of bishops, was this: *the clergy judge, the people counsellor.* Certainly if it had been a question of strict and inflexible law, the Christian people could not have assumed a share in the choice of bishops; but inasmuch as wisdom and charity presided over the exercise of the law, the wise prelates decided nothing arbitrarily, in secret and by themselves. Hence the wishes of the people designated the bishops and priests; and it was quite reasonable that those who had to confide their souls to the keeping of another should have some knowledge what kind of man he was.' (§ 75.)

'When the bishop and the priest came to retain but the name of pastor, and ceased to be the confidant, the friend and father of the faithful, and when the clergy, confining itself merely to the formalities

and material shows of worship, grew, so to say, of a piece with the olden priests of heathendom,'

the people, naturally grown listless about the clergy, allowed its privileges to lapse quietly into the hands of sovereigns who had a decided interest in keeping a firm hold upon a body which possessed so many fiefs. Thus the clergy became affected with personal interests that forcibly drew its attention away from spiritual matters, and necessarily disposed it to consider with anxiety the humours of the prince.

'For in a word it was not possible that having become the *king's men* they should have it equally present to their minds to remain the *men of God.*' (§ 81.)

In this manner a revolution was wrought which utterly changed the constitution of the Church, and thoroughly secularised it, not only as regards its dealings with sovereigns, but likewise in its relations within itself. For the same secular spirit now induced the See of Rome to put forward the claim of Reserves as in virtue of sovereign prerogative over dependent Bishoprics,—a claim which Rosmini deplores as having heaped upon it a vast amount of obloquy. On the other hand the See of Rome, having entered upon the system of secular sovereignty, found itself pressed by motives of expediency into alliances with princes, which were obtained at the cost of concessions injurious to the Church. Thus was conceded on several occasions a right of royal nominations to sees, which Rosmini pronounces the violation of the Church's most revered maxims. The result has been a clergy that has lost its moral position without acquiring any political influence that can be of real value to the sovereign for checking the progress of wicked ideas. 'For how should the people pay attention to the words of 'bishops in whom it detects but a set of official functionaries?' In consequence of this unsatisfactory state of the Church, the world is being propelled towards schism according to Rosmini, and nothing in his opinion can arrest it but the immediate and total liberation of the Church from all partnership with the State.

'Schism is becoming ever more irreparable, and what will save the Church? But one glance over the earth, and the answer is given. The dreadful doom of Divine Providence is no longer hid in darkness, has no longer to be guessed. It has begun, and is sounding forth in various points of Europe and the universe. England, Ireland, the United States, and Belgium have freedom of election of bishops; and under no condition will Providence desist from recovering for the Church this liberty in every nation of the earth. Let monarchs be assured thereof. The people, yea the people, are the

rod of which it will make use. Rebellion is detestable, and who detests it more than the Church? who condemns it more? But that which neither the Church nor the good do, that precisely can the power of Jesus Christ do, who is Lord of kings and peoples, who bends all things to His will, and is used to draw good from evil. He will employ also the arm of the wicked for His purpose. I venture to say that the break up of Europe is irreparable, for one means of escaping therefrom alone exists, namely, to restore the Church of God to complete liberty.' (§ 125–6.)

5. The dependence of the ecclesiastical property was the inevitable result of its feudal tenure. With it the Church incurred civil obligations, at the same time forsaking that existence from spontaneous contribution which Rosmini holds to be proper to a Christian establishment, in evidence whereof he cites the fact that Christ nowhere has enforced the Levitical institution of tithes. The introduction of feudalism into the Church is therefore in the opinion of Rosmini the main source of all its ills.

'And here,' he says, 'I will end by the conclusion that from all reasoning it plainly results how when Pascal II. made the noble offer of renouncing all fiefs, that great man set the axe to the root of the noxious weed; but the age was of too distempered a complexion to be able to sustain such a remedy.' (§ 162.)

It requires no comment to point out the great practical bearings of these views, were they to be adopted by the Roman Catholic Church. They would involve nothing short of a complete revolution in its attitude, and turn its action into a totally different channel from the one it has been pursuing for centuries. Rosmini's ideas put into practice would amount to the most thorough separation of the Church as a corporation from all lay concerns. The propositions advocated by him are incompatible with any temporal authority or secular foundations being held by the Church. It is singularly characteristic of the submissive disposition proper to an orthodox Catholic priest, that although so ample in all other points, Rosmini refrains from giving distinct expression to that conclusion, in regard to the great vexed question of the Pope's temporal power, which is irresistibly suggested by his arguments. Once he even glides in a parenthetical suggestion that he does not mean to comprise, amongst the tenures that he so strongly condemns, the dominion held by the See of Rome, because being 'free' it is absolved at all events from those secular and feudal obligations which he considers altogether derogatory to the ecclesiastical character. But such an incidental and isolated reservation is completely overborne in its practical consequences

by the elaborate and determined train of hostile ideas which are so distinctly avowed by him. No mind imbued with the principles inculcated by Rosmini can entertain a profound interest in the Pope's temporal power, still less can it feel any attachment for it. An individual might possibly not carry ideas to their natural conclusion; but the ideas themselves are so essentially opposed to all temporal considerations, that once circulated and favourably entertained, they must of themselves force upon the mind a conclusion destructive of the Pope's condition as a secular sovereign. The danger of their tendencies was also perfectly understood by those who were interested in the maintenance of the old state of things, and resolved to do their utmost for its preservation.

Rosmini's ideas could not but be congenial to Pius IX. in the season of his earlier aspirations. They exactly coincided with his own vague desires to bring about the exaltation of the Church in conjunction with a development of liberty. Rosmini's system seemed happily to combine the spirit of religion and democracy in proportions which would enable the Church to recover its popular influence without waiving a whit of its spiritual authority. Having gone to Rome in 1848, charged by Charles Albert with a mission, Rosmini was the object of such marked favour with the sanguine Pope that the latter appointed him one of the counsel of the Sant' Uffizio, and actually informed him of the intention to name him Cardinal in the next Consistory. The communication was so distinct that Rosmini had felt bound to provide himself with the equipages and establishment proper for his immediate elevation to this dignity. But at this conjuncture those unfortunate occurrences ensued which caused a postponement of the Consistory, and were followed by sanguinary scenes, ending in the flight of Pius IX. to Gaeta, and the inauguration there of a period of senseless reaction. This was the moment when influences which have since ruled with absolute authority in the Vatican, first succeeded in taking a firm hold on the mind of the Pope, affected with profound despondency at the downfall of all his liberal hopes. To these retrograde influences Rosmini was the object of especial detestation; for in him and his fellows they descried a danger far more alarming than the outbreak of armed revolt. They detected in him the advocate of ideas calculated to taint with discontent natures otherwise well disposed towards the existing establishment. Therefore immense efforts were made to instil suspicion of Rosmini's orthodoxy into the Pope, and to represent him as a man who under the circumstances of the times was practically, even if not intentionally, a grievous peril

to the Church and Christian society. Pius IX., with his native weakness, listened to representations that tallied with his alarmed state of mind, and as a first consequence Rosmini's promotion to the Cardinalate remained in abeyance. This personal blow did not suffice however for the purposes of Rosmini's enemies. The Pope's reactionist counsellors hated indeed the man, but much more his ideas, for these they considered to be of a particularly insidious nature, rendered more intense by the favour which had for a while been extended to them and their author by the Pope. Nothing would content their animosity short of an authoritative condemnation as antidote to the poison which had so incautiously been allowed to circulate with the highest approbation. The Pope was accordingly induced to order an inquiry into the orthodoxy of Rosmini's writings. They had been already exposed to much hostile criticism in the reign of the preceding Pope Gregory XVI., who happened however to have contracted in early life a friendship for Rosmini, and proved his steady protector when elevated to the Holy See. In a Congregation of Cardinals, on the 1st March, 1845, the Pontiff had exerted his supreme authority by solemnly imposing perpetual silence about the points at controversy in the accusations brought against the tendency of Rosmini's speculations. On the present occasion his opponents therefore took issue on two works published since that sentence—the 'Cinque 'Piaghe della Chiesa' and 'La Costituzione secondo la Giustizia 'Sociale,' a small political tract written in 1848, and advocating a federative organisation of Italy. These were referred for examination to an extraordinary assembly of the Sacred Congregation of the Index held at Naples, which pronounced against them a sentence of prohibition, confirmed by the Pope on 6th June, 1849. It requires observation that the sentence in no manner implied a charge of heresy*, but was expressly pronounced on the ground that the works were dangerous to the interests of the Church merely by their liability to misinterpretation in consequence of peculiar expressions and the particular temper of the times.

But Pius IX. now commanded a more elaborate inquiry by

* The judgments of the Congregation are always given in one of these three formulas, viz., *prohibeatur*, *prohibeatur donec corrigatur aut expurgetur*, *dimittatur*. The first is used when a book is convicted of heretical and immoral doctrine. The second implies the book, though hurtful, to be amenable to correction, and its fundamental matter not abhorrent to Catholic faith; while the third is a sentence of acquittal.

the Sacred Congregation into all Rosmini's writings. These amount to upwards of thirty volumes (exclusive of such works as have been published since that time and many that are yet in manuscript), and they comprise treatises upon every branch of philosophical speculation. For four years did the discussion last upon their contents, in the course of which they were submitted to every form of examination supplied by the intricate provisions of the Holy Censorship. The final step resorted to in this sifting inquiry was one which had not been put in practice since the days of Benedict XIV., and is reserved only for extraordinary cases of the highest importance and the most delicate nature. Instead of the Cardinal Prefect, the Pope in person presided over the sittings of the General Congregation which passes final judgment upon the book under inquiry. It was therefore a signal triumph to Rosmini and his friends when on the 10th August, 1854, his proctor received communication by command of the Pope, that the works so long under examination were acquitted of all false doctrine, and that the Holy See interposed no obstacle in the way of their free circulation. The sentence pronounced was '*dimittantur opera Antonii Rosmini.*'

During the continuation of this long investigation Rosmini lived in the retirement of a religious house of his own foundation at Stresa on the shores of Lake Maggiore. If his enemies ever speculated upon his being carried by resentment at the treatment to which he was exposed into extreme steps, putting him without the bounds of the Church, they must have been singularly disappointed in their expectations. Rosmini was never disposed to follow Gioberti in his impetuous career. An orthodox priest and a Christian philosopher, not merely in profession but in his nature's very essence, Rosmini bowed meekly to adversities that befell him unjustly from quarters which he reverenced—and, without venturing to express protest or remonstrance, he was content to devote himself in his retreat with undiminished assiduity to study, the intercourse of cherished disciples, and the practical extension of the religious order he had founded, until on the 1st July, 1855, death put an end to his truly pious existence, after a painful and lingering disease. The peculiar influence exercised by Rosmini over the mind of Italy is signally evidenced by the company that resorted to him in his seclusion at Stresa, and sought his intimate intercourse with the reverential feeling due to a great master. We find amongst these disciples names identified with distinction of the most varied kind and scope. His death-bed was tenderly watched by persons of such different walks in life as the poet Manzoni, Ruggiero Bonghi, lately Secretary to Farini's Go-

vernment at Naples, and Gustave Cavour, the minister's elder brother, who was one of his most affectionate and devoted followers. Indeed at the present day, although in Parliament he felt no scruple in actively supporting the policy of his illustrious kinsman, we believe the Marchese Cavour still retains his old religious convictions with such fervour as every year to make a retreat to the monastery at La Stresa.

We have thus far omitted to give an account of the nature of the order instituted by Rosmini, not to interrupt the succinct statement of his distinctive opinions. Already, in 1828, Rosmini had conceived the plan of a new religious order, and even begun to put it into execution. But before he could obtain the solemn approbation of the Court of Rome, which was necessary to give to the body a legal existence in the eye of the Church, ten years elapsed full of wearisome discussion, which were brought to a satisfactory close mainly in consequence of Pope Gregory's personal fondness for Rosmini. For the constitution of the Institute of Charity, as the order is called, contains provisions that contrast singularly with the prescriptive regulations of all other religious corporations. We cannot do better than extract the account of the society which has been published with the sanction of Father Lockhart:—

'It seemed to him (Rosmini) that to found a religious society, in which there should be nothing extraordinary, but wherein all was to be regulated by the pure and universal rules of the Gospel, a mission had already been given by Jesus Christ to anyone who would undertake it heartily, . . . and he began to see the possibility of founding a society whose members should propose to themselves as their sole and invariable end their own moral and religious improvement. . . . Hence the members should admit likewise all the consequences which naturally and logically flow from the end. And since to attain to perfect justice, we must love and practise the Divine Will in all things, and as this Divine Will requires that we give ourselves with prudence and simplicity to do all the good in our power to our brethren and our fellow-men, the members of this projected society were to embrace, with all the desire of their souls, every work of charity, without arbitrary limitation to any particular branch, undertaking all that should be required of them of which they should be capable. . . . . And if this principle of universal charity should introduce into the proposed Institute an unusual and multiplied variety of offices, occupations, and ministries, he reflected that if the spirit of the Lord should reign amongst its members, by means of a firm and gentle government, the inconveniences to be feared on this head might be avoided; and on the other hand, great advantages would be gained, unattainable by more limited and partial societies. . . . In order therefore the better to fraternise and associate with the secular clergy and laity, the Institute was to wear as little as possible

the spirit and appearance of a body. Hence the Institute was to possess no property as a moral body, but its members were to remain citizens in the eye of the law, like others, with the same burdens and the same rights. . . . Their property was to become a matter of conscience before God, without the slightest consequences, and the same was to hold of obedience and celibacy. The very form of their dress and the manner of their exterior and social life was to concur to this end—there was to be nothing remarkable or unusual in one or the other.' (Pages 28–30.)

This organisation at once suggests a comparison with what has always been assumed to be the spirit, though not the written law, of the Society of Jesus. Here it is distinctly laid down that no compulsory and uniform discipline is to confine within defined and narrow limits the activity of the members of the Institute of Charity. They enter the society subject to no other condition than obedience to the Superior while they remain within it. No vows and no orders are obligatory upon admission; for it is the object of the institution to offer the widest possible bond of union for men of the most varied disposition, and thus to combine in the active service of Christian doctrine every description of legitimate vocation. The man of letters, the politician, the soldier, could all pursue their career, according to Rosmini's intention, as active members of his order, without abating from their character as such, or deviating in any essential point from their professional calls. One rule alone affected all members. In their different walks they were all held bound to direct their exertions towards the furtherance of Christian and Catholic sentiment, and to act with deferential obedience to the Superior. Thus Rosmini hoped to constitute a militant body capable of exercising extensive influence, and of diffusing through society at large a new and powerful element of piety. It was a revival in a new shape, and with a new spirit, akin to the freer temper of the century, of that organisation which has been proved capable of much service in a different direction under the denomination of Jesuits. Whether the civilisation of our times can still be powerfully affected by the regulated action of any religious confraternity may fairly be a matter of controversy. But that such was the meaning of Rosmini, the aim which actuated him in the foundation of his order, is self-evident. His thoroughly ecclesiastical cast of mind sought in this institution an appropriate engine for promoting the spread of a theosophy combined with liberal feelings; just as the despotic nature of Loyola had contrived his society for the uncompromising assertion of the authority of the Court of Rome. This special object Rosmini had no

affection for. Therefore the Jesuits felt themselves personally menaced in their importance, should the new order take root; and hence they were, and ever have been, its bitterest opponents. Their members distinguished themselves as the most vehement instigators of the charges against Rosmini which caused his works to be subjected to investigation. Openly, in writing and speech, they were the loudest denouncers of his orthodoxy. The failure in bringing him to conviction for heresy did not put an end to hostility, and the Institute of Charity has therefore been exposed to a sustained opposition that has involved it in much persecution, and for a while menaced it with suppression. Indeed, the animosity displayed has been so strong, that the order was probably saved from total destruction by the inveterate objection of the Court of Rome ever to reverse openly an opinion it has once expressed. Having obtained the sanction of a Supreme Pontiff, the order possessed a canonical charter which a Pope shrank from distinctly repudiating, but preferred to render it virtually invalid by a less violent exercise of his absolute authority. Gradually, however, the Rosminians have succeeded in getting the better to some extent of enemies who have made it their duty to cast suspicion upon their intentions and doctrine. The seat of their general has now been established in Rome, like that of other religious orders; and this act of public recognition is looked on as an important advantage. Still they are subject to an amount of jealousy and ill-will which renders necessary a rare degree of prudence and reserve. As yet it has not even been deemed advisable to publish too rapidly the manuscripts left by Rosmini. The expansion of the order has naturally been sensibly impeded by the existence of such formidable obstacles. Several of its houses exist in Northern Italy and in various parts of Piedmont and Lombardy. Recently some foundations have been partly revived within the Austrian territory which had been suppressed a few years ago. In France two houses have been founded. But it is in England that the order is in the most flourishing condition—no less than seven houses existing in this country. The ministrations to which it especially devotes itself are parochial services, missions, and schools; the latter being principally held by lay brethren. It is difficult to make an exact estimate of the peculiar influence which can be ascribed to this order, as distinctly modifying received notions within the pale of the Church. Its existence is as yet of too short duration, and has been attended with too many impediments, to admit of many direct and marked results. Nevertheless, no one conversant with the symptoms of ecclesiastical and religious refor-

mation that have shown themselves in Italy, will be inclined to dispute that the writings of Rosmini, and the general character of his order, have been visibly inoculating Catholic minds with new habits of thought, and familiarising them with ideas of liberal reform, and the influence of the same spirit may be traced in many analogous manifestations of opinion among the other religious corporations of Italy.

Of all monastic corporations the Benedictines undoubtedly enjoy, with justice, the most general consideration. This order has ever distinguished itself honourably by freedom from worldly corruption, and conscientious devotion to profound study. The learned Benedictines are familiar by their works to every student; and the refined spirit of former days has not degenerated in the present inmates of those noble mansions, which vie with our own Colleges in all the appurtenances that can attract the tastes of secluded erudition. In Italy, Monte Cassino, La Cava, Subiaco, and many other Benedictine houses, have maintained unimpaired their reputation for learning and dignified culture, such as are appropriate to the ecclesiastical character; so that this order still essentially represents the literary intellect and thought of the Church. Now it is a matter of notoriety that the opinions avowed and published by the Benedictines in reference to the mode in which the Church ought to be administered, the political development of Italy as a whole, and most especially with regard to the Pope's temporal power, have been of a nature to make them for some time objects of suspicion to the authorities. This was above all the case at Monte Cassino, where, under the Bourbon Government, the printing presses were actually carried away; and Father Tosti, probably the most eminent member of the order, and one of the most distinguished historical writers of the day, was driven for a while into exile. Indeed, this illustrious establishment was systematically subject to the most jealous supervision, and the monks were many of them cast at various times into prison—amongst these, Father Cesidio Papalettere, who now is mitred Abbot of Monte Cassino. Now, whatever opinion the Benedictines may hold as to the Pope's temporal authority, or the propriety of reform, no impartial person acquainted with the tenour of their minds, or the writings of their chief members, can suspect them for an instant of a disposition to fall away from the Roman Catholic Church. The compass of their liberal tendencies is to be accurately gathered in the books of Father Tosti, and amounts to no more than a readiness to sacrifice such portions of the ecclesiastical establishment as would clash with the institution of an effective Italian

Government, and a hearty belief in the perfect compatibility between the duties of a pious Catholic and a free citizen of a free State. Whoever reads Father Tosti's History of the Lombard League, dedicated by permission to the present Pope, or of the Council of Constance, or some of the pamphlets he wrote in the year 1848, cannot fail to convince himself as to these being the limits of his Liberalism, in which he has been in no manner condemned by his fellow brethren of the order. On the contrary, their approbation of his views is so well known that the congregation at Subiaco, in St. Benedict's original foundation, has been placed by the Pontifical police under direct supervision, as a haunt of disaffection to the Sovereign Pontiff; while, on the other hand, houses of the order have been specially exempted in Umbria and Naples from the suppression pronounced against other monastic establishments.*

The Capuchins may be reckoned the counterpart to the Benedictines, inasmuch as, by their constitution and vocation, they hold a position of influence amongst the people analogous to what the Benedictines hold amongst the higher ranks of Catholic society. The Capuchin is essentially the poor man's ministrant. A mendicant friar himself, he actually lives on charity, and this brings him into such perpetual contact with all ranks in daily life, that he has preserved more of his secular habits of feeling than is customary with the members of other orders. The Capuchins are, therefore, the confidants and the comforters of the humbler classes, who feel how in them they have devoted friends, always ready to attend the calls of duty. From amongst them come the most impressive and fervent ministers of the Romish Church. The present Apostolical Preacher, who has the high office of preaching before the Pope and Cardinals only, is Dom Luigi di Trento, a Capuchin, and a man of deservedly high consideration. Yet it is well known that he has been the object of denunciation, on account of liberal opinions, which he has never sought to hide, and which he holds in common with his whole order. This free spirit amongst the Capuchins is not of recent date. It is indeed so natural to their peculiar constitutions, that it may be said always to have existed in their body. When Pius IX., in 1847, inaugurated his reign with a series of startling reforms, probably his stoutest and most unflinching supporter was the celebrated old Capuchin general, Cardinal Micara, and we believe his present successor not to have deviated from this line of opinion. The popular

* See note at the end of this article.

element predominates so strongly in the composition of the congregation that it is permanently imbued with a democratic complexion, which has been the reason for its great influence in the inferior classes of society. At the same time no order can be less exposed to the charge of heretical tendencies, for none is less speculative in its nature. The Capuchins, as a body, are essentially working priests, and nothing more, who devote themselves with genuine zeal to the practical services of religion, leaving scientific inquiry into doctrine and dogma to congregations endowed with greater instruction than falls to the share of most of their members. Speaking, however, the people's own homely language, and sharing its sentiments, the Capuchin's order is by these qualities naturally rendered a corporation of great social importance. It is, therefore, a matter of undoubted consequence if this popular body be, as is confidently asserted, openly disposed to protest against the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, and actively to sympathise with and encourage the national movement now in progress. At all events, it is certain that the pontifical authorities believe in the foundation of these imputations, and that the attitude of the order in the great conflict now at issue in Italy has been marked with unequivocal symptoms of bold and popular opinions, as well as with a degree of resolute and outspoken sturdiness, which contrasts with the general reserve of ecclesiastical discipline.

If these two orders may be assumed to embody respectively the literary and the popular element in the Roman Catholic hierarchy, we may fairly consider the Dominicans as more essentially representing its purely theological nature. In fact, the Dominicans might not inaptly be said to have identified themselves with the especial duty of jealous vigilance in the suppression of heresy, and the uncompromising assertion of Romish doctrine. It is this order which has amongst its more particular attributes the exercise of the absolute censorship of the Sant' Uffizio, for it enjoys the distinctive privilege that the two highest officers of the Inquisition are to be always selected from this body. Therefore, as an institution, it might be expected to be, of all monastic and religious corporations, the one that would be most certain on all occasions to reflect without flaw the perfection of orthodox opinion. Yet we find that there has been, and still is, much serious dissatisfaction in this weighty congregation as to the line taken by the highest authority in the Church. When the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was decreed by the Pope, the Dominicans, relying upon the opinion of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the whole tradition of the

order, opposed it in a manner which caused great irritation in the Vatican. Perhaps this disagreeable experience of the possible consequence of an overgrown absolute power may have quickened their spirit of independence. It has especially revived in a locality well endowed with associations for that purpose, the Dominican convent of San Marco at Florence, the celebrated abode of Savonarola. This establishment enjoys the privilege of being quite independent of the provincial heads of the order. It is ruled by a Vicar General of its own, who is in direct correspondence with the General in Rome. The monks, in spite of their professed orthodoxy and the unambiguous sentence passed upon their renowned brother, have never ceased to revere the fame of Savonarola. In consequence the Dominicans of San Marco have long been regarded with suspicion for their peculiar temper, which, on several occasions, has come out in rather marked contrast to that of their fellow Dominicans who live at Santa Maria Novella. Repeatedly the ecclesiastical authorities have had reason to be displeased with the language and opinions expressed in the cloisters of the former, and even to have recourse to arbitrary penalties against some of its inmates, which has led to delicate questions of privilege. It would not be wonderful, therefore, if the leaven of Savonarola's ideas, which has been thus perpetuated, were to result in some very distinct and public expression of opinion adverse to the Pope's temporal power. It is well known, we believe, that this view is decidedly entertained at San Marco, and even that it is shared by some of the Dominicans who are now occupying some of the confidential posts set apart by the Roman hierarchy as the privilege of the particular orthodoxy of their order. It is not to be assumed that the Dominicans are infected with a tendency to reform as strong or as prevalent as that of the Benedictines or Capuchins. Still it is always a remarkable occurrence to find any such disposition at all in a body so intimately connected with the Vatican, and traditions of uncompromising obedience to its authority.

What we have here stated is enough in our opinion signally to invalidate Count Montalembert's rhetorical assertion in his letter to Count Cavour, 'that amongst true Catholics, the only 'persons whose adhesions are of any value in a religous matter, 'be they priests or laymen,' he would fail in obtaining one single assent to his opinion that the Pope's temporal power had better be abdicated by him. This is one of those reckless affirmations which are sometimes put forward by unflinching advocates with the view of intimidation, and under an impression that their loud declamation will abash refutation. It is as little

correct to consider this declaration of inflexible devotion to the Pope's temporal power on the part of M. de Montalembert as the true expression of opinion of all pious Catholic laymen, as it would be to hold the Abbé Lacordaire to be in his views the organ of all Dominicans, or Mr. Faber to have expressed in his sermon, published under the title 'Devotion to the Pope,' convictions which are shared in by all his fellow Oratorians. We know well that when a person of Mr. Faber's eminence in his congregation speaks, most persons must be naturally inclined to ascribe to his words the weight of authority, particularly as connected with a Church that so little favours the right of private judgment; and that therefore when he is found deliberately to give expression to such extreme views as the following on the absolute, the almost sacramental sanctity of the temporal papacy, those who are not especially acquainted with Roman Catholic doctrine can never venture to suspect how thoroughly these are the suggestions of his own individual exaggeration.

'Jesus had satisfied His own immense love, and had given our love room to become immense, by returning to us in His human nature through the blessed sacrament,' says Mr. Faber. 'But His love covers the whole ground of creation, and He felt that this invisible dwelling with us was not enough. . . . He looked out into His creation to find a fitting representative of His own blessed self. He searched the earth with His unerring love to choose a fitting monument on which, as on the pillar of a trophy, He could hang His own insignia, and bid it do duty for Himself. It must be so like Him that all men shall readily acknowledge the resemblance. It must have such a likeness to Him as will best provoke enthusiastic and enduring love. It must be a visible compendium of the three-and-thirty years. . . . The Sovereign Pontiff is a third visible presence of Jesus amongst us, of a higher order, of a deeper significance, of more immediate importance, of a more exacting nature than His presence in the poor and in the children. The Pope is the Vicar of Jesus on earth, and enjoys among the monarchs of the world all the rights and sovereignties of the sacred humanity of Jesus. . . . He is a monarch by the very force of his office, for of all kings he is the nighest to the King of Kings. He is the visible shadow cast by the Invisible Head of the Church in the blessed sacrament. His office is an institution emanating from the same depth of the Sacred Heart out of which we have already seen the blessed sacrament and the elevation of the poor and of children take their rise. . . .' The Pope is to us in all our conduct what the blessed sacrament is to us in all our adoration. . . . The conclusion to be drawn from all this is of the most momentous importance. It is no less than this: that devotion to the Pope is an essential part of all Christian piety. It is not a matter which stands apart from the spiritual life, as if the Papacy were only the politics of the Church, an institution belonging to her external life, a divinely-appointed convenience of

ecclesiastical government. It is a doctrine and a devotion. . . . What is done to the Pope, for him or against him, is done to Jesus Himself. All that is kingly, all that is priestly, in our dearest Lord, is gathered up in the person of His Vicar, to receive our homage and our veneration. . . . We must honour the Vicar of Jesus with a loving faith and with a trustful uncriticising reverence. We should not allow ourselves in one dishonouring thought, in one cowardly suspicion, in one faint-hearted uncertainty, about anything which concerns either his spiritual or his temporal sovereignty, for even his temporal kingship is part of our religion. We must not permit to ourselves the irreverent disloyalty of distinguishing in him and in his office what we may consider human from what we may acknowledge as divine. . . . The interests of Jesus are at stake. We must neither be backward in time, nor mistaken in our side. . . . I have one thought, which I have often thought, and with that I will conclude : I have an irrepressible instinct that it will be especially well in heaven with those who have especially loved on earth the Pope who defined the Immaculate Conception.'

Protestants may well be excused for standing aghast at the downright blasphemy, according to their conception, of this extraordinary rhapsody, which many devout Catholics, with all their desire to gloss over the extravagancies of an eminent member of their Church, will not refrain from calling a monstrous production. Indeed no sound student of Roman Catholic theology would ever have written anything of the kind. Were it to the purpose, we might easily append to this astonishing composition a no less astounding comment in the shape of a long list of diametrically opposite opinions from the most orthodox, many even canonised, divines (amongst them that great Catholic light St. Bernard of Clairvaux) who, in the most unambiguous manner, have ventured upon 'distinguishing in the Pope and his 'office what we may consider human from what we may acknow-'ledge as divine,' what Mr. Faber stigmatises 'as irreverent 'disloyalty,' and treated the 'temporal kingship' as by no means 'part of our religion.' But it interests us more to know that his own comrades repudiate these extravagant views. Amongst the books before us is a pamphlet called 'Gli Ordini Religiosi e 'l'Italia,' written in defence of the religious corporations threatened with suppression. The authorship has been acknowledged by Father Capecelatro, a member of the Oratorian Congregation in Naples, a priest of very distinguished literary reputation and high character. His Catholic sentiments are sufficiently vouched for by the mere fact of the pamphlet. Yet does he through the whole of its elaborate reasoning, not only never presume to rest his argument on any assumption of the divine nature of the Church's temporal establishment, but it is

altogether grounded upon principles of free right and separation of Church from State, which are incompatible with such an assumption. Father Capecelatro, in protesting against confiscation of ecclesiastical institutions by the Italian Government, advocates for the Roman Catholic Church a position similar to that held by it in England and the United States, and never breathes the slightest claim for the Pope's temporal sovereignty, even by implication. Indeed the Oratorians of Naples have so openly expressed themselves unfavourably to the temporal authority of the Papacy, and so conspicuously distinguished themselves for liberal opinions, as to have been specially excepted from the decree of suppression against monastic institutions. We have good reason, moreover, to think that it is unnecessary to travel so far to meet with disapprobation of Mr. Faber's eccentricities, and that the Oratorians of Birmingham have very distinctly declined to endorse the ecstatic effusions of their brethren at Brompton.

A suspicion may possibly arise in the minds of our readers, that as all the instances of liberal views quoted by us have been taken from Italian ecclesiastics, they are the result of exceptional and disturbing circumstances without influence on the Catholic mind at large, and cannot therefore be accepted as indicating an action in truly orthodox natures, imbued with the right fervour. This is what the Ultramontane defenders of the Court of Rome are most anxious to show. Hence the indefatigable efforts which are made to circulate all over the world such declarations as Mr. Faber's, as the genuine expression of Catholic convictions, and hence likewise the importance of reducing similar effusions to their true worth. This has been done now most effectively by a Catholic divine of such eminence and learning as to be beyond the reach of cavil, and in a manner to arrest general attention. We allude to the most remarkable Lectures delivered at Munich by Dr. Döllinger, in which he deliberately examines the Pope's temporal power from every point of view, and ends by pronouncing its cessation to be to the advantage of the Church. The importance of this declaration cannot be exaggerated. We have here the man of all others who may claim to stand at the head of Catholic theology and Catholic science giving expression to an opinion the most adverse to the Court of Rome on grounds elaborately orthodox. The whole life of Dr. Döllinger has been passed in ardent polemical struggles against Protestantism in behalf of his Church; and his literary eminence has found its pinnacle in an Ecclesiastical History which is a text-book in Catholic universities. Yet this preeminently Catholic divine has come to the

conclusion, and has expounded it with all the detailed argument of his peculiar learning, that the 'temporal kingship,' so far from being 'a part of religion,' as Mr. Faber dogmatically pronounces it, is on the contrary at the present time a dangerous incumbrance to it, which had best be cast aside. No comment can take away the significance of this admission, and no amount of virulent denunciation will be able to remove the point from this withering judgment. Dr. Döllinger has indeed been assailed with such fierce virulence as to have seen fit to prefix to his Lectures a vindication of his orthodox attachment to the Church, and of the intentions that inspired his views. No one could with good faith ever have suspected either, and the exculpatory preface will be of no avail in lessening the impression left upon thinking minds by the original Lectures. A hardly less remarkable and equally distinct and spontaneous protest against the temporal power has been raised within the Catholic fold at the opposite corner of the globe. There appears at New York a Catholic periodical, called Brownson's Quarterly Review, which has become well known for its extreme Ultramontanism, and circulated with the printed approbation upon its cover of all the Catholic bishops in America. To the dismay of the upholders of the Court of Rome the January number of this year contained a very able and elaborate article on Separation of Church and State, advocating the absolute necessity for the surrender by the Pope of his temporal power, on grounds in the main identical with those brought forward by Dr. Döllinger. Here is a singular coincidence worthy of observation. At the same time similar views are being urged in this country in periodicals with which some of our most eminent Catholic countrymen are avowedly connected — men who have ever stood forward in defence of their creed, and combine every quality that can engage our respect,— learning, piety, and position in society. These are facts which must put to silence any insinuation that Italians alone, led away by the temptations of ambition, are ready to sacrifice the divine rights of the Papacy.

Whilst these novel tendencies are manifesting themselves in the Romish Church, a change of equal importance appears to be taking place in the policy of some of the leading statesmen of Catholic countries towards that Church. Italian politicians appear disposed to think it no longer necessary to persist in those preventive restrictions of the power of Rome which have heretofore been observed, and express a willingness to offer the Pope terms which would virtually amount to independence of the Church in its own spiritual concerns. These views are not

confined to a few individuals. The late principal Minister of the Italian Government in his place in Parliament, made a profession of them, and they formed the basis of recent overtures to the Court of Rome. It must be confessed that there is something very startling in the proffer by an enlightened statesman of terms of such a nature. This occurrence is without parallel in history, and if followed up would constitute the most significant indication of a profound change in the traditional relations between the Papacy and the State. At the same time we have in these attempted negotiations, though abortive, a convincing proof of the progress opinions akin to Rosmini's have made both in the Church and the Catholic world in general.

These overtures occurred about the beginning of the year, when various circumstances combined apparently to favour a well-founded hope for their success. The Pope suddenly then relapsed to some extent into the train of ideas which in his earlier days had fascinated his impressionable character, and on repeated occasions expressed sympathies which since the flight to Gaeta had been treated at the Vatican as utterly profane. The unexpected circumstance afforded individuals who had long lain under the necessity of silence, an opportunity of freely speaking their minds to the Pope on the disastrous consequences which his policy threatened to entail upon the Church. Amongst them was Father Passaglia, a priest of powerful eloquence, profound learning, and unsullied piety, who enjoys general consideration, and has been the object of particular favour with Pius IX. For Passaglia was originally a Jesuit, but obtained, what is most difficult to obtain, the Pope's approbation to leave the order, and then received from him the high mark of esteem of an especial Chair of Philosophy at the Roman University. Now Father Passaglia is a man avowedly imbued in the highest degree with the peculiar essence of Neo-Catholic speculation, and has conspicuously advocated, although with all the decorum of a pious ecclesiastic, the surrender of the Pope's temporal dominion. This he did already on the occasion of the dismemberment of the Romagna. At that time he distinguished himself by a treatise in proof of there being no prohibition to prevent a Pope from assenting in perfect conscience to an alienation of territory. Father Passaglia had not seen reason to recede in his convictions as events progressed, and in his interviews with the Pope his impassioned eloquence moved Pius IX. so far towards conciliation that the latter acquiesced in his going to Turin, there to see for himself the temper of the governing men. This important fact, that the journey of Father Passaglia, with a distinct intention

to hold colloquy with the government that had been branded by the Court of Rome as out of the pale of Christian communion, was undertaken with the Pope's full knowledge, is vouched for by the unexceptionable authority of the 'Tablet' in a detailed statement for the express purpose of correcting what it stigmatises as incorrect and exaggerated versions of the facts of the case. The 'Tablet' of the 27th April, admits that in audiences with the Holy Father Passaglia discussed his intended journey; and every one having the least knowledge of the dependence in which priests are held at Rome, will be at a loss to believe that after this he would have been allowed to proceed to Turin, and then to return back without incurring the slightest censure or annoyance from his superiors, had he really acted in spite of the Pope's desires. On the contrary, we are fully convinced that the Pope listened at the time with great complacency to Passaglia's ideas, which were receiving the approbation of eight, if not of nine, Cardinals, and were echoed by the opinions of a numerous and important section of the clergy.

That the result of this journey proved a failure, and led to no other practical consequences than some decrees of banishment from Rome, was due, we believe, to causes quite different from any ill-will encountered by Passaglia at Turin. At least the language openly held by Father Passaglia, with singular outspokenness, on his return to Rome, indicated on his part a strong sense of satisfaction at what he had seen there. In fact he came back with the conviction that he was the bearer of propositions calculated to settle the unfortunate differences between the Italian Government and the Papacy. It is enough to recall to mind the essentially ecclesiastical character of Father Passaglia, his thorough devotion to the Church and high conception of its nature, to be convinced that any terms which he could judge meet for acceptance must be ample. Indeed, we think ourselves warranted in asserting that the sentiments professed by the Italian Government in reference to the position it was ready to secure to the Pope, were so large and adequate as to be without parallel, and that it is perfectly astounding how the Court of Rome could have been so blind to its own interests as to repel them.

The point that, before all others, must suggest itself as of capital importance in a treaty between the Pope and the Italian Government is how to secure to him that independence from paramount control which is indispensable to his retaining the character of a Catholic Pontiff and not sinking into the inferior position of a mere Primate of the Italian Church. No settle-

ment can be conclusive which does not involve a due regard to this double nature combined in the person of the Pope; for, although it may seem at first sight that the particular interests of the Catholic Pontiff need be left to the sole attention of those Catholic nations who choose to acknowledge him, this can hold good at best only of his revenue, which may flow in of course according to their generosity, without any power being able to debar him from its enjoyment, short of committing an act of confiscation. But for the active exercise of those powers which are indissolubly connected with the authority of a Catholic Pontificate, there is requisite a liberty of action, in reference to foreign countries, which is not compatible with the condition of a subject of any particular State. The inevitable consequence of such dependence would be, that the Pope would cease to be regarded by foreign nations as the common head of an universal institution, and that he would dwindle into being merely the Primate of one country. This is a capital difficulty. It has been admitted by all who have approached the subject, and the advocates of the traditional establishment have been loud in declaring the problem of preserving the Catholic nature of the Papacy without a temporal sovereignty to be beyond solution. The objections brought forward by those who entertain this opinion have, however, been met by propositions well worthy of serious consideration. It has been urged that the Pope could not be the loser if he were to exchange the feeble — it may even be called sham — independence of his present principality against a distinctly recognised and solemnly secured title to the privileges of sovereign immunities for his own person and the members of the Sacred College — as the princes of Catholicism and its sacred privy councillors. The Pope would then be in a position to act in his capacity of Catholic Pontiff without the government with which he is in such close personal contact having any authority for coercing his resolutions. It would have deprived itself of all title to impede in any way his correspondence with his bishops out of Italy. No injunction on its part could have any pretension to supervise the tenour of his communications with the Catholic world, with which he would continue to hold intercourse, as hitherto, through Nuncios invested with the same sacred character as of old, and enjoying the undiminished prerogatives of Envoys from the Holy See. By such engagements on the part of the Italian Government, securing to the Pope personal inviolability, and all the privileges of sovereign existence, it is inferred that his position would be of a nature to remove the susceptibility of Roman Catholic

nations against his becoming the dependent of an engrossing secular authority, and to enable him to exercise with more perfect liberty all the duties of his office, than while he is practically obliged, as at present, to seek the favour of foreign auxiliaries for the maintenance of a fictitious splendour. Still it would be absolutely necessary to make in addition such provisions for a revenue as would render him on this score perfectly independent of the goodwill of his powerful neighbours, and prove a valid guarantee for his effective enjoyment of that freedom of action conceded in principle. The only adequate means for this purpose would seem to be an endowment vested in the Pope absolutely, and left to his sole disposition, so that it would be beyond the stretch of all interference on any tangible pretext. It might be settled in land within the Italian peninsula or without it, or in any species of property he might at any time select, the government of the country having no power to limit his choice. Should the Pope prefer to possess land in Italy, his property might have besides the privilege of exemption from state taxation, as a distinct homage to his sovereign prerogative. The Cardinals, in their capacity of princes, would have to be provided with endowments in the same manner, so as to remove them from possible subjection to secular influence in the exercise of their especial franchise. If we reflect on the precarious tenure by which, for many years, the Court of Rome has held its possessions, it is difficult not to believe that a settlement of this liberal nature, if carried out with good faith, would be infinitely more favourable to the dignity and independence of the Holy See than the protection of a foreign garrison.

Here we are brought to the not less important question how it would be proposed to regulate the relations between this government and the Pope as Primate of the Church establishment within its own dominions. It is self-evident that no government, ready to concede so independent a position to the Pope in his capacity of Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church abroad, could venture to deny the same to him at home as its Primate. The inconsistency would be so glaring as to defeat itself and render at once all understanding impossible between the two parties. The force of logical necessity must impose therefore, as the unavoidable consequence of having recognised as well-founded the Pope's claim to a completely independent position for the proper exercise of his duties abroad, the obligation to admit his claim to an equally independent position for the exercise of similar duties at home. In short, the concession of a total separation between Church and State will be rendered imperative in

respect to the slightest authority by the latter over the least action of the former. Such an event would involve a momentous revolution. It would oblige the State to renounce every claim to approve missives from Rome before promulgation — to abandon all right to have a voice in the nomination of bishops, to yield into ecclesiastical hands alone the absolute management of all matters connected with the Church, and to abolish without reservation the various concordats which hitherto have regulated within fixed conditions the limits of ecclesiastical privileges. Short of this wholesale emancipation the Papacy could not consider itself in possession of that liberty at home which the provisions before described would yet consider it entitled to the right of asserting abroad. And it might be argued that similar privileges of independence, subject however to the ordinary taxation of the State, would be claimed on behalf of the property and endowments of the clergy.*

Few impartial persons will probably hesitate for an instant in an opinion that the Church in possession of such conditions must attain a most powerful and formidable position, detrimental to the State and hardly consistent with the authority of the civil power. Ecclesiastical power uncontrolled by the law of the State and by temporal authority is very apt to run into the last excesses of intolerance. But in spite of these evident objections, Father Passaglia did bring with him from Turin a positive offer to the Pope of these ample terms in exchange for the surrender of the vestige of dominion still retained by him. We know

* It is curious to observe that so saintly a Catholic Prelate as Fénélon entertained almost exactly similar views on Church government to those laid down in this scheme, and proposed to instil them into his royal pupil, the Duc de Bourgogne. In a sketch of political instruction for this prince, drawn up by Fénélon in concert with the Duc de Chevreuse, we read under the heading of Church, 'Nature of 'spiritual power. Its definition as an authority for instruction in 'faith, &c. &c., but without coercive power. Example, the ancient 'Church before Constantine. It created its ministers, convoked the 'faithful, administered, preached, gave judgment, chastised, excommunicated, and did all this without temporal authority. Example, 'the Protestant Church in France and the Catholic in Holland and 'Turkey. A Church tolerated and sanctioned in a country, ought to 'gain in freedom of function. Our kings used to leave the Protes-'tants to elect and depose their ministers, being satisfied with sending 'commissaries to attend their synods. . . . If the Church in 'France were put on the same footing, then it would have that liberty, 'which now it has not, to elect, depose, and assemble its ministers.' —*Plans de Gouvernement pour être proposés au Duc de Bourgogne. Œuvres de Fénélon.* Paris, 1829, vol. xxii.

that the offer has been disregarded, and that it has led to no practical result. But an attempt which has failed of success on one occasion may be renewed, especially when the policy which dictated it still survives. This was the case when on the 26th March, 1861, after all hope had been abandoned of the Pope lending a favourable ear to these overtures, Count Cavour with evident calculation delivered in the Italian Parliament the remarkable speech in which he repeated a solemn assurance of his views regarding the Holy See. That public declaration was addressed to Italy and to Europe, with the visible intention of being heard and noticed as the announcement of an irrevocable and most important resolution. 'We hold,' were that statesman's words on this occasion —

'That the independence and dignity of the Supreme Pontiff, as well as the independence of the Church, will be secured by the separation of the two powers, and by a large application of the principle of liberty to the relations between civil and religious society. It is evident that if this separation could be brought about in a clear, precise, and irrevocable manner, if the independence of the Church could be so established, then the independence of the Pope would repose on far better foundations than at present. His authority would become then also more efficacious, being no longer fettered by all those concordats and all those covenants which have been and will be indispensable as long as the Pope continues a temporal sovereign. . . . But what if through circumstances as fatal to the Church as to Italy the Pope should prove inflexible, and persist in rejecting all terms? Then, gentlemen,' continues Count Cavour, 'we should still not desist from proclaiming loudly the same principles I have been expounding; we should not desist from declaring that whether or not an understanding precede our entry into the eternal city, Italy will no sooner have pronounced the forfeiture of the temporal power, than she will emancipate the Church from the State, and secure the liberty of the former on the amplest foundations.'

It is impossible for any declaration of intentions to be more explicit, as it is impossible not to be profoundly struck with the prospect which these unambiguous words open before our eyes. At the same time, however, we cannot trust with sanguine confidence in the speedy achievement of so comprehensive a revolution with the acquiescence of the Papacy. Granted that the Court of Rome should become disposed more favourably than it has hitherto shown itself; granted that it should prove a convert to the fact that it would gain immensely in moral influence by exchanging its mock principality against genuine freedom of spiritual action; it is yet impossible not to remember how many knotty questions there are which must lead to keen discussion between the Church and State, each

claiming the respective points at issue as within their own jurisdiction by undeniable right. For instance, although the State would be ready to admit the justice of the Church being possessed of absolute property, after what has recently occurred with regard to monastic estates, it certainly would make the amount of endowment a matter for negotiation, and thus stipulate distinctly for its being final. This is perfectly reasonable in a country where notoriously ecclesiastical foundations have attained monstrous proportions, and with a priesthood enjoying peculiar facilities for inducing pious bequests. But there is no ground whatever for supposing that the Court of Rome would be likely to admit the fairness of such propositions. On the contrary, to judge by its former attitude, it will denounce a law of mortmain as a violence done to Christian charity. So also we apprehend that almost insuperable obstacles will be found in the way of getting the Pope ever to admit any restrictions upon the part of the State to the number and denominations of religious corporations which it would recognise. Of course the State could not claim any title to limit the right of private association, and ecclesiastics would therefore have the power of embodying themselves into any kind of corporations they might choose, provided their regulations did not actually infringe some specific provisions of the law of the land. This would be the natural consequence of having proclaimed the freedom of the Church, and is exactly the position in which Catholic institutions stand with us, where the law does not recognise their corporate capacity, but still allows individuals perfect liberty to unite themselves in such societies. The system, according to the testimony of unexceptionable judges, has worked well, and Roman Catholics of the most fervent zeal have not hesitated to express the opinion, that, as regards effective action, their Church is nowhere on a more satisfactory footing than in this kingdom. But still it will be a hard matter, we fear, to get the Court of Rome to affix its assent in Italy to an arrangement which will withhold the public sanction of the State from a large number of religious foundations. For from the proportions to which these have attained in Italy, and the peculiar unpopularity that attaches to some orders, it would be indispensable for an Italian Government to limit and define with precision those to whom it would extend the privilege of a legal status.

Still more perplexing will it be to bring into accord the conflicting pretensions put forward by Church and State, in regard to their respective titles to regulate matters of education, and above all of marriage. The Papacy has ever assumed an inherent right of dictatorial censorship and monitorship, which it

pushes so far as to claim the exclusive control of all instruction, upon the canonical plea that it has inherited the prerogatives of the Apostles sent out to preach the word to all nations. This pretension, if inflexibly maintained, is plainly incompatible with any system of lay schools, and would result in education being strictly confined to that obsolete, cramped, and utterly feeble instruction which is afforded by the seminaries of the States of the Church. Of course a State, based upon the free principles of constitutional government, could not possibly permit the education of the country to become in this sense an attribute of ecclesiastical privilege. In the present state of the world, and the present temper of Italian society, the idea of such exclusive guardianship is a theory totally out of the question; and yet the stubbornness of the Roman Court is so great as to afford slender grounds for an expectation that it will make the requisite concession in any such satisfactory and explicit manner as would preclude all further dispute on the matter. But of all the questions involving intricate discussion, the most difficult to settle will be the regulations concerning marriage. On this point they will have to encounter and master the most inveterate and the most cardinal precepts of the Papacy, before anything like an arrangement can be brought about that is in accordance with the principles of free government. For by the Council of Trent, the Church has declared marriage to be a sacrament—affixing the same indelible stigma to every marriage celebrated not according to the Church ritual which it attaches to all schismatic doctrine. The one is pronounced concubinage, as the other is adjudged heresy. Now, even if the State were not to adopt the French notion of making marriage a civil act, it would still be brought here into clashing collision with the Church, through the unavoidable action of those principles of religious toleration which no liberal government can repudiate, especially in the nineteenth century. How is the Pope to sanction the celebration of acts that have been solemnly declared by the Church null and void on principle? How is he to admit the right of people living deliberately in certain conditions of faith, condemned by him as wilfully ungodly, to enjoy the privilege of performing for themselves acts, the sacred validity of which he yet believes to be absolutely confined to their being done by the priests of the Roman Catholic Church? Such an exercise of toleration on the part of the Pope seems a radical contradiction to the very essence of his positive and uncompromising nature. It appears to us that the admission on his part of such tolerant ideas, would be the proclamation of a total change in the spirit of the Papacy. It is, therefore, a most

remarkable symptom that there are many and highly devout Catholic divines who maintain that the Church, without infringing the principles of religion, can easily and fully accede to marriage being made a civil act.

On the 18th March, just eight days before Count Cavour delivered his speech, Pius IX. also addressed the Catholic flock throughout the world in an Allocution marked with all the solemnity proper to so important a declaration as that of the Pope's judgment on so momentous an instant in the history of the Church. Let it be borne in mind that this was a deliberate and spontaneous expression of opinion on his part after full knowledge of the assurances conveyed to Rome by Father Passaglia, and ample opportunity for maturing its tenour. It was under these circumstances that the Pope thought it his duty to convoke the Cardinals to a special Consistory, there to communicate to them his views in the most solemn form prescribed by the etiquette of canon ceremonial. The Allocution is far too long to admit of quotation in full; yet the opinions expressed are at this moment of such direct bearing and capital importance, that we prefer giving some of the most salient passages in their very words to a paraphrase of our own.

'We have long, my venerable brethren,' says the Pope, 'witnessed the painful tensions to which society has been given up, especially in these days, by the conflict of principles which reciprocally brings into collision truth and error, virtue and vice, light and darkness; for while on one side there are those who have chosen to maintain certain theories of so-called modern civilisation, on the opposite there stand those who defend the rights of justice and our most holy religion. The former call upon the Roman Pontiff to become reconciled to, and enter into good understanding with, what they style, *progress* and *liberalism*. . . . Now to those who bid us for the weal of religion to stretch out our right hand towards the civilisation of the present, we would address the question whether the facts be such as can possibly induce the Vicar of Christ to associate himself with modern civilisation, except to the most grievous harm of his conscience and to the greatest scandal of all men, when through it there befall so many ills never to be enough deplored, and there circulate so many opinions, errors, and most pernicious principles, wholly contrary to the Catholic faith and its doctrine? . . . This modern civilisation besides, while favouring every form of worship opposed to the Catholic, and while not only not shutting out unbelievers from admission to public offices, but actually opening Catholic schools to their children, burns with indignation against religious orders, against institutions founded for the direction of Catholic schools and against a very great number of ecclesiastics of every rank. . . . Could it ever be possible that to a civilisation of such a nature the Supreme Pontiff should stretch out the right

hand of friendship, stoop to conditions with it, and bind himself to alliance therewith ?'

It is impossible to delude oneself as to the temper of these words. The declaration is in its sense not a whit less explicit than its counterpart by Count Cavour. When Pius IX. spoke this Allocution, it is plain that he deliberately meant to burn his ships. The Allocution of the 18th March was, on the part of Pius IX., a solemn expression of inflexible defiance and of irrevocable persistence not to accommodate himself to what is generally called the spirit of the age. For the present, therefore, it appears hopeless to fancy that the Court of Rome will exhibit such a spirit of conciliation as might lead to a cessation of its hostile conflict with the Italian Government. Influences seem to have taken root in it which will defy all the appeals of remonstrance and of policy. But paramount though these are at this moment, and essentially submissive though the discipline of the Catholic hierarchy be, a dissatisfaction is yet spreading in the ranks of the faithful at the course so stubbornly pursued by the Head of the Church, as to be ominous of approaching change. The ecclesiastical movement in favour of a very general reform, not in the doctrine, but in the establishment and discipline of the Church, of which we have given an account, is attaining, however noiselessly, vast proportions. It comprises amongst its adherents men of all classes,—and of all ranks in the hierarchy. What is yet more important, it enjoys the support of those who are most distinguished for culture, zeal, and piety, who constitute the vigour and intelligence of Catholicism. Buoyed by the sensation of their own strength of conviction, these men are unable to comprehend the disinclination to confide the fate of the Catholic faith to its own vitality in its fullest enjoyment. Whether this sanguine reliance upon the force inherent to their creed be well founded or not, is a question utterly beside the scope of this article. It is enough for us to note that such conviction is participated in by a large and growing party in the Church, which, in proportion to its extension, is acquiring a sense of strength, and begins to manifest a novel degree of outspoken resolution. The peculiar opinions of this class of Catholics are beginning to be uttered broadly and publicly, and these exhibitions are becoming accompanied with not insignificant hints of possible consequences, should a stubborn disregard of fairness and prudence be recklessly pursued. The word Schism is being pronounced, and its idea is becoming not unfamiliar to minds in connexion with the irritation engendered at the unhappy condition of the Church, which is due to the attitude taken up by the Pope in defence of his temporal power. The state of the Church in Italy is indeed likely to

offer an unexampled instance of destitution, for the Pope refusing to acknowledge the annexations of territory to the rule of Victor Emmanuel, declines to sanction, in conjunction with the King's authority, the nomination of Bishops in those provinces. The consequence is that now already many Sees are vacant, and should the present state of things last, we may expect to see Italy left bare of episcopal pastors, merely because the Head of the Church refuses to waive his claim to a temporal principality. This is a serious and painful condition, justly calculated to alarm pious minds, who love the Church and dread to see popular affection estranged from it. What advance in opinion this class of persons has made, under the influence of these circumstances, can be learnt from the language of a letter to the Pope published as a pamphlet with the title 'La Questione Italiana,' which is ascribed confidently to a highly distinguished ecclesiastic, equally eminent for piety and learning. When we find words of such deliberate exhortation in favour of a change in policy as pervade this production, addressed to the Pope by a writer who is imbued with intense reverence and genuine devotion to the Church, and furthermore learn that in this he is the organ, not merely of individual conviction, but of a thoroughly estimable and most highly cultivated section of his fellow religionists, we may pause to think whether here we have not the tokens of a sentiment really new of its kind, that has not been produced in this extent and quality by the Roman Catholic Church in former days, and which merits attention as offering possibly the practical elements of a very great transformation in its discipline and establishment. At all events, we cannot help considering it as a highly remarkable occurrence,—whether followed or not by immediate consequences, — that the Holy See should have put itself in a position to be addressed, with the approbation of zealous Catholics, by so solemn a warning against its present attitude as is contained in the following words: — 'Should the Pontiff verily cling to utter refusal and 'to an absolute and inflexible declaration of *non posse*, then 'there is imminent danger of Italy becoming constituted with-'out and in spite of the Papacy — of Church and State being 'set in opposition and warfare to each other, — of religious 'doctrine becoming spurned and disowned as irreconcileable 'with the freedom of united Italy, — of the priesthood being 'split in two,—and finally, there is imminent danger of that 'most dreadful of woes — a national schism.' If it be true that the close of the reign of the present Pontiff is at hand, the election of his successor will be one of the most critical epochs in the history of the Romish Church, for by that successor these momentous questions must be met and resolved.

The preceding pages had scarcely been written when the tidings arrived that Count Cavour was no more. The great statesman, who with a boldness warranted by his genius and justified by his success, could conceive and raise the amazing structure of his noble ambition, story by story, in spite of almost insuperable obstacles, until he actually carried it to the roofing—that great statesman has been struck down by death in the full vigour of his powerful frame and in the hour of his proudest, his most critical activity. The strong grasp, which had yoked the forces of the revolution to the cause of the nation and of the throne, is all at once relaxed, and the apprehension cannot be repressed, lest, like wild horses with the reins suddenly flung upon their necks, they may now break into the destructive impulses of their own native violence. Well may the whole people of Italy be plunged in grief and mourning. They have lost in Count Cavour, the noble, able, and illustrious representative of their national regeneration, whose mind was formed, not only to guide the fortunes of Italy at a period of great perplexity, but to leave its mark on generations yet unborn.

In truth, no human sagacity can possibly pretend to foretell the consequences of the premature close of this illustrious life. Of all the alarming conjunctures that have arisen in the course of that Italian revolution over which Count Cavour has presided, the last is beyond doubt the most critical, as it is likewise that most especially to be considered Count Cavour's peculiar task. For it was he who first discerned, in the views of a section of the Catholic clergy, the possibility of a compromise, and who therefore conceived the scheme for a treaty with the Papacy on Free Church principles, which at the time of his death he was sedulously engaged in rendering acceptable to Catholic convictions, and in urging upon the Catholic Cabinets of Europe. But to succeed in such an enterprise requires a combination of qualities so rare, as to render almost presumptuous the hope of its recurrence in this generation. Neither energy, nor audacity, nor the craft of diplomacy, nor a golden gift of speech, nor highminded devotion, nor the daring of a soldier, in whatever degree these might exist, could singly afford the requisite means for bringing to a satisfactory close the enterprise of recovering the heart of Italy from the grasp of a foreign garrison, of bending the immemorial obduracy of the Papacy, and of keeping in check the revolutionary elements while marching at the head of revolution. For such an achievement requires a combination of different qualities with the addition of a presence of mind never at fault, a fertility of

invention never exhausted, and an instinct of marvellous soundness. These qualities were actually embodied in Count Cavour. Death has cut short his career before he was allowed to perfect his work. Will those who now must take up his arms be capable of carrying them to victory? That is the point hidden from the anxious gaze of the present hour. But if, as we hope, they may so succeed, they will themselves be ready to acknowledge how much of their success has been due to the master mind that preceded them.

Whoever at any time had the advantage of approaching Count Cavour could not fail to be struck with the homely heartiness that marked the vivacity of his action and the cogency of his speech. About him there was not a particle of stilted affectation. His greatness wore the unassuming garb of common sense, but a common sense of colossal proportions, exalted by perpetual direction to the pursuit of what was great and lofty. Always ardently engaged in practically following out some purpose, his eager nature had no notion of decking itself with false ornaments of rhetoric or attitude. There was a stamp of sound and thorough healthiness on the cast of this great statesman's faculties which threw an air of inward joyousness and hilarity over his whole manner; in truth he had a keen sense of enjoyment and humour. Intrepid at the council table, indefatigable in the public offices, keen in debate, Count Cavour in the evening was the playful, jocular host, throwing his lively wit into the pleasures of conversation and society. He was to be seen in his happiest moods in the country. He had an especial fondness for rural life; and on his estates Count Cavour became forthwith transformed into the thorough squire, apparently absorbed heart and soul in crops and farms, as if his sole business in life had been to watch his agricultural labours. With the village priest, the farm bailiff, the county neighbour, he mingled with the familiarity of a simple landowner, who had never known more distinguished individuals, and whose heart had never felt higher emotions than for his harvest, his vintage, and the state of his cocoons. In treating all subjects Count Cavour's manner was to go straight to the heart of his purpose, yet omitting no point that could add weight to his argument. Plainly, without any fine words, he grappled with the truth of a matter in homely language intelligible to every comprehension, and at the same time animated with a living force of logic from which there was no escape. Hence the effectiveness of his oratory, although he was deficient in the elaborate arts of eloquence. Indeed his speech was even rugged, yet did it become so lit up with beaming earnestness and lofty purpose as to over-

whelm an opponent and dominate with a Jove-like power an assembly of all others in Europe the most abounding in rhetorical talent. From this very unswerving directness of purpose sprang what has been charged against Count Cavour as imperiousness. Totally indifferent to his own ease, and incapable of irrelevancy, he expected others to be endowed with the same powers of endurance and the same concentration of purpose. But his native eagerness caused him instinctively to turn away with impetuous disdain from whatever to his indefatigable vigour appeared to be formal procrastination. Nature, indeed, created him for command. But though thus he at times gave offence, no man ever was freer from envy and malice. His soul was always so thoroughly bent upon great aims as to have no space left for petty passions. Terrible he was indeed with his vehement cogency of argument and withering repartee for antagonists to encounter, but he waged his contests in fair debate on public grounds and with the weapons of honest conviction. After the fight his nature bore no resentment. Count Cavour has been sometimes charged with injudiciously placing excessive confidence, but never has the accusation been even whispered of his having used his authority for hunting down an enemy. As his ambition was the ambition of public spirit, so his firm hold on power was merely the natural grasp of strength, by no means the anxious clutch of interested acquisitiveness.

Like many great men, Count Cavour may be considered to have derived his most characteristic qualities from his mother. That lady was a native of Geneva, and her son inherited all the remarkable propensities to sound industry, strong practical intelligence, and stoutness of spirit which have conspicuously distinguished the citizens of that little republic in their successful assertion of civil and religious liberty. The happy alliance in Camillo Cavour of these sterling qualities with the more fiery impulses of that subtle intelligence proper to Italian genius is what marked him out from the rest of his countrymen, and admirably fitted him steadily to call forth and safely to guide to success the manifold and highly inflammable forces with which he had to deal in an Italian revolution. At the same time by paternal descent he inherited every advantage for the full enjoyment of whatever his country could offer, had he been so content. His family is of that proud and bigoted aristocracy, imbued with the true temper of the Castilian *sangre azul*, which once held the whole patronage of the State in Piedmont, and now with rare exceptions reposes in moody sullenness within its gloomy palaces. No one not personally acquainted with the country can adequately conceive the intense exclusiveness of

this class — the unmitigated disdain with which since 1848 it has spurned all connexion with the public service, and the bitter feeling it entertained against Count Cavour as a renegade to his order. Moreover the family was one of great wealth, and the statesman's father was high in office. But young Cavour could not accommodate himself to the intolerable bigotry and vexatious compression that weighed on Piedmont. Not that he ever at any moment was a Carbonaro. His strong sense was always proof against the morbid fascination of conspiracy; but instinctively it rebelled against the prevailing system of jealous compulsion, and gave vent to feelings with that eager openness which, with all his powers of profound calculation, Count Cavour to the end never cared to check. In consequence he became an object of suspicion to the government, which caused him to be arrested and for some time confined at the Fort of Bard. This was the reason why he found it necessary to throw up his commission as Lieutenant in the Engineers' Corps and advisable to withdraw abroad. A curious proof of the attention he had then already called upon himself is afforded by an instruction from Vienna to the police authorities, discovered at Milan, that they should vigilantly watch young Count Cavour, as a highly dangerous individual, in the event of his touching the Austrian territories. He spent thus several years abroad, mostly in France and England. At this period he stored his mind with that vast knowledge which later he brought to bear with such rapid effect upon the administration of his country. The course of his studies is indicated by a series of publications, for the most part contributed to a Genevese periodical. These are the enlightened and comprehensive observations of a mind that dwells with accurate investigation on points of political economy, and with intuitive interest inquires into the best practical means for developing a people's resources, with the view of propelling it to greatness and freedom. It would seem as if he had inwardly felt how indispensable it would be for him in after life to have at his command an intimate acquaintance with the levers calculated to elevate a state. His instinctive sense of civil and religious liberty, the precious heirloom of Genevese extraction, attracted him with genuine predilection to the study of English institutions. Count Cavour ever reverted with fond pleasure to his recollections of this country, and loved to dwell with intelligent appreciation upon the distinctive features in the constitution and society of a nation for which he expressed 'the 'esteem and interest due to one of the greatest people that have 'done honour to the human race, — a nation that has stoutly 'promoted the moral and material progress of the world, and

'whose civilising mission is yet far from having reached its 'term.'

Indeed no foreigner ever gained a more thorough insight into the temper of our country. Cavour's stay in England coincided with the climax of the O'Connell agitation, and Ireland could not but actively engage the attention of this vigilant observer, as it did that of most distinguished politicians on the Continent. In common with several of these he also wrote a book on the state of Ireland. Interesting and instructive as many of these productions were, Count Cavour's alone is one which might altogether have proceeded from an enlightened Englishman. He is the only foreign publicist to our knowledge who, alive to the grievances of Irish maladministration, could truly distinguish what was true and sham in the O'Connell agitation, and confidently detect the factitious nature of the Repeal cry. This book of Count Cavour has always seemed to us an admirable instance of perspicacity, when contrasted with the glaring errors of judgment into which so many eminent politicians in Europe fell in regard to the same perplexing subject.

The same accurate acuteness of perception marked Count Cavour on all great and critical occasions, amounting in its bold confidence to a kind of second sight. The most remarkable instance of this gift—an instance so remarkable that we are at a loss where to find its parallel—was afforded by his conduct in reference to the Crimean war. Count Cavour's instinct then without hesitation seized the opportunity offered by its occurrence for bringing at once his struggling, hardly recognised little State, into even alliance with great Powers, by engaging it directly in what at that time was the most important of modern undertakings. With the keen confidence of conviction, he saw in such a course the means of recovering for Piedmont the moral consideration destroyed by the catastrophe of Novara, raising the military spirit of his countrymen in general, reviving the trust of the army in its leaders, and above all of drawing the attention of Europe upon the marvellous progress of the little kingdom which six years before had seemed hopelessly annihilated. Alone Count Cavour was convinced of this, and alone he had the self-reliance to insist upon his conviction. His ordinary supporters quailed at this idea, and his fellow-ministers declined to associate themselves with his views. It was in the King that he found the support to get the better of this wholesale opposition. Strong in his adhesion, he was dauntless enough to declare himself prepared to change his whole cabinet and dissolve the parliament for an appeal to the nation. Thus did his unflinching spirit carry its resolution,

and from that day it may be said that the structure of his ulterior hopes first began to rise above ground; for in virtue of this course Count Cavour obtained admittance to the Paris Congress, where he brought forward the grievances of his country, and secured official recognition for the existence of an Italian question. Taking into consideration all the circumstances, we cannot but think this to have been as bold a decision as any statesman ever had the nerve deliberately to embrace.

Before this, however, Count Cavour had already rendered services to his country that deserve to be treasured by it as not less precious than all the splendid aggrandisement he lived to promote. It is especially due to him that in Italy constitutional government became a reality. In this, the dearest object of his heart, he had at first to overcome unjust suspicions. On reappearing upon the stage of Italian politics, he laboured under the great unpopularity of his father — while he himself disdained to flatter the passions of demagogues. He failed to find a seat in Parliament at the first elections. No sooner, however, had he succeeded in entering it than he became at once a leading man, and devoted himself to defend the integrity of the infant constitution, as well against bigoted retrogrades as intoxicated democrats. Essentially and emphatically Count Cavour was a constitutional Minister. That he should live to see the union of Italy was an event for which he might hope—towards which he could work—but the certainty of which depended upon circumstances beyond the actual range of any human foresight. Therefore the foremost aim of his life was the effective introduction of self-government and the bracing habits of freedom into Italy, as the means of surely training his countrymen to the faculties indispensable for their ultimate greatness. His determination was at least to bequeath to his country an endowment of sound and free institutions. As Minister, he shrank with instinctive horror from the idea of vitiating parliamentary action. No charge was ever breathed against Count Cavour of having tried to corrupt constitutional opinion — to bribe parties. During his last illness he is reported to have exclaimed in delirium that he would not hear of states of siege — that any one could govern with them. The observation is one which we know Count Cavour to have repeatedly made. Nothing could exceed his indignation when pressed by some Neapolitans to inaugurate constitutional government by putting their provinces under martial law. In the same good faith did he carry out religious liberty. It was Count Cavour who caused its principle to be declared in the Charter, with the applause of the Democrats, who thought to get a weapon for the

sole torment of the priesthood. But it was not in this manner that Count Cavour understood religious liberty. To him it was a sacred right, and he showed his sense thereof in a very marked way. He allowed public collections of Peter's pence in the dominions of Victor Emmanuel; and when a violent deputation from Milan came to remonstrate with him, he dismissed it with a lecture on the nature of free principles. By this undeviating consistency in the path of wise freedom, Count Cavour was enabled to accomplish the marvellous feat of winning the spontaneous allegiance of Italian populations to a King of Piedmontese origin. No man could be better adapted to the task by his total freedom from the narrow spirit of local pride and unaccommodating temperament generally characteristic of the Piedmontese. We have no other example of such sustained confidence as that which Count Cavour obtained from his countrymen. He reaped therein the merited reward of his tried consistency; and thus he was in a position to exercise at the most critical period the influence which has made the Italian revolution, for its moderation and discipline, an anomaly amongst revolutions. The power and ability displayed by Count Cavour in leading popular sentiment, and at the same time sharply keeping in check the noxious influence of restless demagogues, were as astonishing as the services he thus rendered were inestimable. By what arduous exertions—through what anxious moments—this great result was achieved, it must be left to future historians to recount. But done the work was, and done within ten short years by the indomitable self-sacrifice of this great man. Even as regarded merely the internal regulation of Piedmont, his task was immense. Of all Italian States it was beyond dispute the most backward in laws, institutions, organisation. Everything had to be called into existence. Luckily, Count Cavour, besides his admirably disciplined intelligence, likewise possessed a frame of iron capacity for labour. He used to say that no amount of work could cause to him fatigue, and that he felt it only when at leisure. His daily habit was to rise at five in the morning; from six to eight he gave audiences in his own house. After a frugal breakfast, he went to his office, where he transacted business uninterruptedly till evening—except when the Chambers sat. After dinner, by way of distraction, he generally went to the theatre; afterwards to go back to his office, where he would stay often till midnight. His only recreation was an occasional visit to his favourite seat at Leri, from Saturday to Monday. There, with the zest of a thoroughbred agriculturist, he would rusticate for a few hours in the delight of country pursuits, to return with

refreshed vigour to the harassing duties and anxious schemes of State policy. This wonderful power of work assumed fabulous proportions during the war. In addition to the general direction of affairs, and the heavy labours of the Foreign Office, Count Cavour then took into his own hands the War Office, with its endless duties of detail, and transacted the business of the Home Department. What is most extraordinary is, that he understood how to get through this accumulation of duties with accuracy and precision. Even his powerful frame would, however, hardly have been able to bear this terrific strain, coupled with intense anxiety, for any length of time; and we believe that Italy owes her having had the invaluable benefit of Count Cavour's assistance at the critical period of the annexation, to that retirement into which he withdrew at Leri for some months on the event of the peace of Villafranca. On that day, the paroxysms of emotion which convulsed Count Cavour were indeed terrible. When events had happily gone far to dispel the original alarm inspired by peace, Count Cavour could not revert to the memory of that day without a quiver of agony passing over his expressive countenance which none who have beheld can forget. How much was due to the dauntless wisdom of this great man, that a peace apparently so untoward resulted in so much benefit to Italy, can be thoroughly appreciated only when the time has come for the publication of papers, showing in their integrity the untiring devotion and noble efforts of this true patriot. These, by revealing to us the hidden anxieties he had to go through, will then also avenge his memory from aspersions which he was content to bear in silence, preferring a temporary endurance of obloquy to the injury of his country.

It is well that the mourning has been so profound and universal throughout Italy, for it is a mourning marked with symptoms of manly grief, that warrant belief in a thorough appreciation of the dead statesman's principles, and hope in those traditions being maintained. Indeed, if anything were wanting to impress the Italians with a warning of what Count Cavour had been to them, it would be afforded by the fact, that the only voice which has ventured to express joy at his removal is the organ of Mazzini. The Austrian papers have paid to his memory the tribute due by an honourable opponent to a noble enemy, passed away. The ecclesiastical journals which combated him day after day with passionate animosity, have dropped their frantic controversy at his grave. But the party that could not refrain from venting a cry of savage joy at the death of the great Italian statesman, who had done for his country's greatness and liberation more than any man who

ever lived, is the party that worships the inspirations of that arch plotter, who has the unblushing audacity, after all that has occurred, still to try to dupe the public with his professions of ardent patriotism. Let the Italians bear this occurrence in mind, whenever they may be urged by specious tongues to depart from the line pursued by one who loved his country as few men have loved theirs, and who will live in the memory of posterity as an example of self-devotion, nobleness of nature, and political wisdom.

NOTE.

A MOST striking and authentic confirmation of the truth and accuracy of the foregoing statements (p. 252.), as to the opinions now entertained in the highest ecclesiastical regions of Italy on the temporal authority of the Pope, has just reached us in the form of a letter proceeding from the great Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino itself. The language of this document is so important and so conclusive, that we publish it in the original, without attempting to translate it.

'L' anonimo signore Inglese, che a quest' ora ha già rivelato le nostre opinioni, non aveva torto. Ma non avrà ragione, se nella professione di una opinione non favorevole alla eternità della temporale dominazione papale egli ci giudicherà con un criterio non cattolico. Il Cattolico è libero nell' esame delle ragioni che gli fanno giudicare su la opportunità di una forma non immortale che circonda il dogma dell' autorità papale. Egli potrà dire: — A me pare che questo potere temporale de' Papi, non dogmatico perchè non concesso da Cristo, possa per la forza delle relazioni storiche dei popoli cadere, come per la stessa forza fondossi ; — a me pare che la ragione de' tempi, l' età che toccano i popoli, accenni a questa caduta ; — a me pare che non essendo più utile alla libertà ed alla pace della Chiesa, debbe cadere per esplicita volontà del Cristo. Ma io, come Cattolico, non dirò mai — Andate addosso al Papa, spogliatelo dello Stato. Questo potrei dire se reputassi infallibile il mio giudizio ; ma questo non è tale. Gli uomini che politicamente un tempo si assoggettarono al Papa obbedirono non solo ai consigli del loro libero arbitrio, ma anche ad un immediato impulso della Provvidenza, che per noi Cattolici più immediatamente governa la Madre Chiesa che qualunque umana compagnia. Perciò la caduta del dominio temporale non può dipendere esclusivamente dagli uomini. La Provvidenza vi entra anche in un modo speciale, perchè si tratta di Chiesa, di una compagnia informata del soprannaturale. Ed essendo ciò vero, noi Cattolici, mentre potremo sempre affermare che non sia assolutamente necessario alla Chiesa il dominio politico, mentre potremo anche congetturare del come e del quando della sua caduta, non potremo mai, come Cattolici, antivenire il giudizio del Capo della Chiesa, che per Apostolica missione sa meglio di noi ciò che giove o che faccia male alla sposa di Cristo.

'Perciò benissimo io potrei genuflettermi ai piedi di Pio IX., e dire:—S^to^ Padre, gittate via questo fardello politico: è cruento per guerre e sedizioni: è importabile, perchè oggi i popoli non si lasciano più portare addosso, come una volta, ma vogliono andare co' piedi loro; è malefico, perchè lacera il seno della Chiesa con lo scisma, contrista quello della umanità tanto trangosciante per le nazionalità che partorisce: datelo in pasto ai vostri nemici, e mentre essi roderanno queste ossa aride voi ascenderete il Sinai, onnipotente di libertà, e vi troverete il mistero della unità dell' ovile e del pastore. Ma se Pio IX. mi rispondesse: *Nondum venit hora*, vorreste voi che ribellassi alla sua autorità come di Papa ambizioso? Nol credo. E perchè? Perchè il Papa, per noi Cattolici, è un uomo assistito dalla virtù di quello Spirito che non discese per periture individualità umane, ma per l' immortale e soprannaturale individuo della Chiesa. Ma, perchè uomo, soffre che io gli sia ai piedi, e parli, e ragioni, e consigli; perchè lo Spirito che *ubi vult spirat*, può anche rivelarsi pel verbo creato dell' uomo. Nè io dimanderò a Pio IX. *quando hæc erunt;* perchè le ore, i giorni, gli anni della vita della Chiesa non si trovano negli Almanacchi. Cristo lo disse: *Non est vestrum nósse tempora vel momenta, quæ Pater posuit in sua potestate.*

'Ecco un po' d' uscio aperto perchè possiate intravedere qualche cosa delle nostre opinioni sul dominio temporale del Papa. Poco, ma bastante a chiarirvi come non siamo di coloro che vorrebbero intrudere nel confine del dogma ciò che è temporaneo; nè di coloro, che non potendo far deporre il temporale al Papa, gli voltano le spalle per andare non so dove. Siamo troppo lontani dal mondo per lasciarci incavezzare dalle passione politiche, per cui i Volteriani francesi son divenuti per incanto difensori del Papato che non credono; ed altri si farebbero Volteriani per amore del temporale. E basta.'—(*Extract from a letter dated Monte Cassino, 13th June*, 1861.)

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No. CCXXXII.

ART. I. — 1. *The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.* Vol. V. By Lord MACAULAY. Edited by his Sister, Lady TREVELYAN. London: 1861.

2. *The New Examen; or an Enquiry into the Evidence relating to certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History.* By JOHN PAGET, Barrister-at-Law. Edinburgh and London: 1861.

FOR the last time we prefix to our critical labours a volume of Macaulay's 'History of England.' The last sounding chords which the hand of the great master ever struck have now reached the ear of the public: the hand is cold, and the great heart which inspired it has ceased to beat. The country which he loved so well, the liberty which he cherished, and the constitution which he fenced round with his eloquence and research, have lost their ardent defender. Over the recent grave of so great a man criticism must lower its tone, and even malice must be subdued, if not silent. His powers were great, his aspirations lofty, his ends noble and generous. Prejudices and peculiarities, as fall to the lot of all, no doubt he had; but they arose chiefly from his impetuous sense of right, his disdain of meaner minds and motives, and his wrath against oppression. When the volcano once began to work, the lava overflowed in a torrent which, while irresistible, was sometimes perhaps undiscriminating; but there was breadth, massiveness, and grandeur throughout; a noble example of prodigious intellect dedicated to the purest and truest patriotism, without one selfish tinge to sully, or one base ingredient to taint its influence.

Macaulay writes himself so plainly in his works, that it would be impertinent to attempt any laboured delineation of

his genius; but as it begins to recede from the point of vision its radiance increases. Gradually taking his place among those that dwell in that Pantheon in which the present world places the heroes of the past, he fills a higher position than when envious critics and indignant friends wrangled over his intellectual conquests, and grudged or defended his renown. Now that he is gone we can better appreciate what we have lost, and what in our day we cannot look to have replaced.

With whom shall we rank him? In intellectual power certainly with the greatest. Neither the versatile Bolingbroke, nor the wayward, graceful, inspired, and impracticable Burke, need have disdained the comparison. In pliancy and ease Bolingbroke surpasses him, as Burke does in delicacy of fancy, but in fertility of resource, fire, and power he excels them both. We choose these two names as the greatest of the class to which Macaulay properly belongs,—the literary statesmen of England. It is needless to compare him with historians like Hume or Gibbon, or with political leaders like the great chiefs of the rival parties. He did not belong to either order. His writings were for the most part political, not philosophical; and, like those both of Bolingbroke and Burke, they derived their tendency and colour from his views of public and political life. He was a statesman writing of history. With Burke, indeed, he has a strong affinity: the same impetuous temperament, the same ear for sonorous composition, the same delightful power of abstracting and absorbing the mind, and the same genuine and unaffected warmth. But Burke, with all his refinement, has an element of coarseness about him, of which Macaulay was entirely destitute, and if the touch of the Irish statesman was freer his drawing was not so true. Burke's judgment followed, Macaulay's led, the course of passionate and intense emotion, which frequently lured the first astray, but never beguiled the manly sense of the last.

Bolingbroke, in capacity and power, is, perhaps, a more ambitious standard than Burke. But he must be judged more by what he could have done than by what he did. He seems, so far as we know him, to have had, like Macaulay, a prodigious memory, which served him as a storehouse where he found everything worthy of remembrance in letters or in time whenever he had occasion for it, and he wielded, perhaps, the most brilliant, pure, and sparkling style of any writer in the language. He had also an amount of ability as a man of affairs, with a knowledge of, and power of adaptation to, men and things, to which the two others had no pretensions. But he has left, after all, only *nominis umbra*—the shadow, ill-de-

fined and misty, of a mighty name. Save that he has in a few tracts, intended to be ephemeral, embalmed in the richest words the language could furnish some grand muscular delineations of that constitution which he did his best to upset, nothing tangible remains of his genius. He did nothing, and the fault lay not in his stars which he blamed so freely, but in himself,—in the coldness, selfishness, and insincerity of his nature.

Alongside either, Macaulay holds his place, nor does he suffer by the contrast. Within his own range, and it was large, his power was prodigious. Gifted with a force of memory of the rarest kind, retentive and precise to a degree which rendered pastime to him what to most men is laborious toil; an extent of scholarship both cultivated and varied; a glowing fancy which coloured and tinted with the flush of poetry the inmost recesses of his learning; a fine ear for rhythm; a true pleasure in the roll and music of words,—he brought these rare materials to bear on the best and highest interests of his country and mankind. In large and single-hearted views of public policy he far outstrips either of his rivals. As an orator, as a deliverer of great, weighty, powerful rhetorical appeals, we know not any one who can be placed before him. Had he not been so soon removed, and to a certain extent physically disabled from pursuing his parliamentary career, there was no height of eminence to which he might not have attained. It is the fashion to say he was not a debater. We do not at all concur in this estimate of him. Except in practice, he had all the qualities which make up a debater — quickness, ready wit, ever present resources, keen reasoning, powerful, sonorous, although sometimes ponderous declamation. Indeed, if his reputation in other departments had not been so high, and if his tastes had not rather led him to shun the contention of political assemblies and to prefer the retirement of his more studious avocations, there is no height to which Macaulay might not have risen in the arena of debate. His power, perhaps, was somewhat unwieldy for the ordinary gladiatorship of the House of Commons. But he had versatility enough to have overcome that defect. He showed on more than one occasion that aptitude for reply, and, above all, that power of swaying large assemblies, which constitutes the true power and efficiency of Parliamentary oratory. Even as it is, some of his recorded speeches may rank with the greatest ever delivered in the House of Commons. The very last speech he ever made in that House, had the rare result of converting a minority into a majority,— indeed a very small minority into an overwhelming majority. The question was the right of the Master of the Rolls to sit in Parlia-

ment. The bill which had for its object to render that judicial functionary ineligible, had passed the second reading without a division. On the motion for the Speaker leaving the chair, Macaulay came down and delivered one of his most weighty and effective orations. The consequence was that the bill was lost by a large majority, and although we regret to say that since that time the privilege has never been taken advantage of, the Master of the Rolls remains eligible for a seat in Parliament.

Thus while alongside even the thunders of Burke, and the vast influence of Bolingbroke, Macaulay holds his place; while he was a debater and an orator, a scholar, and a poet; while he could inspire the fancy either in its graver or lighter moods, impress the judgment and warm the heart; he had beyond them that steady-burning flame of patriotism, that ardent love of liberty, that strong, consistent, impressive sense of the rights of his fellow-countrymen, which from first to last, in the midst of great political excitement, living when great questions were canvassed by strong heads, kept him constant in his course. Liberty was his earliest, and was his latest theme. The scorn of oppression and fraud and falsehood, sympathy with all struggling humanity against injustice and wrong, and above all the honest pride of an Englishman in the former contests of his countrymen, and their triumphs and successes, were the prevailing emotions of his mind. For these he wrote and spoke; to these ends he used all those great stores of learning, all those wondrous powers of memory and reflection, with which he was endowed. He wore his harness to the end. He fell in the battle. It was his ambition to lay the foundations on which future historians should build the structure of English constitutional history. He has not, alas! lived to complete the great book which he contemplated. He has left us, after all, but a mighty fragment; yet his work is to a great extent accomplished. Time-honoured error, prejudice, bigotry, and narrow-minded intolerance have fled before the voice of the enchanter. These mists and clouds he has cleared away for ever; and although the fabric remains an unfinished monument of his genius, he has done more for British liberty, and for healthful political feeling in his time, than we need hope for from any other pen in this generation.

There is something very touching and melancholy in the fragmentary volume before us. Lady Trevelyan has done her part with great good-taste and discretion. She has rightly judged that the public would prefer to receive at her hand the last words of the great historian precisely as he left them;

and the fidelity with which this is done is so complete, the grand, sonorous utterances are so strong and powerful to the last, and break off with so sudden and abrupt a fracture, that we could almost have told, even had we not known, that the full-toned string had snapped in an instant, and that death had found and claimed his victim in full career. To ourselves there is something inexpressibly affecting in this transition from life to silence—from vigour to the grave, which without a word of comment, or a line of epitaph, this volume suggests.

It begins, as it ends, abruptly. It embraces in its range the period from the rejoicings for the peace of Ryswick in December 1697, to the passing of the Resumption Bill in the summer of 1700; and contains a supplementary passage or chapter of little more than twenty pages, commencing with the death of James in April 1701, and ending with the death of William in March 1702.

It will thus be seen that although the conclusion has been deprived of the rounding and finishing touches of the author, the most essential portion of the work which Macaulay proposed to himself has been accomplished. He has not, indeed, written the History of England from the accession of James II. 'down to a time which is within the memory of men still living,' according to the comprehensive and ambitious design with which he started. It soon must have become obvious to himself that the scheme which he had sketched in his fertile brain, was beyond the physical powers he could command. No life could be long enough, no constitution sufficiently vigorous, to afford the leisure or to sustain the labour which such a task, to be so performed, must have put in requisition. It was, however, within reasonable hope, and formed the limit of his own expectation, that his work might have reached to the end of the reign of Queen Anne. But much as we have lost, by the want of his account of the first twelve years of the eighteenth century, so brilliant both in literature and in arms, and splendid as, beyond doubt, would have been the historical epic which he would have composed out of Blenheim and Ramillies, Swift and Atterbury, Bolingbroke and Addison, the last reign of the House of Stuart and the first adherents of the House of Hanover, the chief part of his design has been achieved. He has written the English history of William of Orange in characters deeply carved on our constitution—never to be obliterated while it remains. To clear away the rust and rubbish which time had accumulated—to scatter the mists and vapours of subservience and party rancour, and time-serving philosophy which obscured our great Exodus from arbitrary

power—to disclose in their massive grandeur the true foundations of our present liberty, was a task equal to, and not too great for his genius; and this he has performed. As time mellows the judgment, and distance combines more completely the proportions of this history, the vast gift which he has bestowed upon his country will be the more truly appreciated. We have not been slow, as our criticism on his last two volumes evinces, to speak our minds freely on his faults, and defects, and prejudices. But now that all is done, trying to bring back our minds, and associations, and impressions to what they were in 1847, it is impossible not to feel that the real narrative of the Revolution settlement dates from this publication. The bones, indeed, existed previously, scattered up and down in recesses more or less obscure; but the life was wanting until breathed into them by his ardent and courageous spirit — and as long as the memory of English liberty survives, we believe these five volumes will be regarded as its noblest vindication.

The characteristics, indeed, of the three publications vary with the characteristics of the three periods to which they are devoted. The first, full of incident, adventure, and romance — the shaking of thrones, and the agitations of society which accompany changes of dynasty, afforded to his brilliant pencil a theme of rare attraction; and no one will ever forget the admiration and wonder with which his opening volumes were perused, and with which in all parts of the world a work was received which united the rarest accuracy of an historian to the charms and witchery of a romance. The rarest accuracy we may well claim for them; for although the world has long since forgotten most of the microscopic cavils with which he was then assailed, and although the more shallow and dull of his readers were slow to believe that truth could be made more interesting than fiction, it should not be forgotten that he came triumphant out of not only the more lofty crucible of opinion, but the meaner meshes and cobwebs of minute censors of dates, and carping critics of small facts. To some of these we adverted in our notice of the two first volumes in 1849, and further investigation has only resulted in placing his industry and fidelity as much above those of his hostile critics, as he soars above all his predecessors in lofty conception and comprehensive grasp.

His object was to lay the foundations of a History of England from the Revolution which should be firm and stable; to fix firmly in the public mind, and to illustrate and perpetuate in the remembrance of his countrymen, the real principles on which our constitution was founded, and the importance as well

as the glory of the struggle from which our political privileges arose. He had seen, as we have all seen, how easy it is, when the battle is over, to forget the principle for which the contending armies fought, in the ease and security of the victory. He had seen those who lived in liberty and in peace, because their forefathers lived in strife and action, only too ready to recall, amid the constitutional privileges which we enjoy, the obsolete doctrines of discarded prerogative, and to weep over the woes of unworthy rulers. The theme, therefore, which the two first volumes of his history profess to illustrate, was the commencement of that great struggle; and no one can forget with what a trumpet tone he sounded in the ears of the British public, and indeed of the world, the great principles of individual and constitutional liberty.

In these volumes he told, with a spirit and elegance never, we believe, surpassed, the eventful story of the Revolution, painting it in colours not more brilliant than true. That he created a hero for his theme out of his materials, in no way detracts from his merit; as it only implies that he was in earnest, and that his heart was in his work, and in the moral which he designed that it should convey. His devotion to William of Orange may, in detail, partake somewhat of exaggeration; but it is exaggeration of that sort which a skilful artist employs to produce the effect of life and reality. He was the centre of his historical picture, nor can the most impartial lover of truth complain that the light falls on him advantageously.

The third and fourth volumes were devoted to themes more varied in character, less exciting, and more difficult to handle. The Revolution was over. The new dynasty had taken possession, and inspired confidence in England and respect abroad. But the difficulties which common dangers had smothered, broke out on the return of safety and order. The scope of these volumes was to recount how the foundations of constitutional government were laid, on the ruins which the Stuarts had left behind them; how the jealousies incident to the power of a foreigner were met and surmounted; how the intrigues of the exiled family and the designs of France were counteracted and baffled—for how long treachery was on the eve of success, what difficulties it caused, and what disasters it threatened, and how in the end it was trodden out and extinguished. In the course of this narrative the historian, of course, was obliged to encounter many topics of controversy, of smaller influence, but on that account more keenly contested now, than the broader battles of Jacobite and Whig. But here, also, although the occasions for criticism were of course more nume-

rous, Macaulay's power, knowledge, and brilliancy have imparted an interest and life to his narrative which no other historian has attained. No doubt his campaigns are dull, and so, we suspect, were the campaigns themselves. But the gradual growth of the existing system of government, the first cabinet, the rise of the Bank of England, the history of constitutional finance, and many subjects of a cognate nature, are treated of in a style both weighty and striking, fitted equally to attract the attention, to impress the memory, and to stimulate inquiry. We there are taught how the turbid and troubled state of the political waters, the instability of all public men, the intrigues of most of them with the Court of Saint Germains, and the strong, sturdy form of parliamentary supremacy cropping up amid the general disquietude, surround, perplex, and disturb the uncongenial mind of the Dutch monarch, whose thoughts are far away in Holland, and whose cares and dreams are all with the ambition of France and the balance of power. Ireland, too, has to be conquered, Scotland has to be appeased and settled, her Church to be satisfied, and her clans to be conciliated or overawed.

We took occasion, when in the course of our critical labours it became our duty to review these volumes, to enter into various discussions as to the different views which Mr. Macaulay had maintained in the course of them. As he was obliged to deal with subjects less exciting and less interesting in themselves, to some extent the prejudices of the writer became more apparent than they had been when his topics were more general, and we did not hesitate to express the opinion which we entertained upon several questions on which we differed from his views. But although it was impossible to deny that this great work, like all others, was fairly susceptible of criticism, we never abandoned the opinion which we formed at first, that while Macaulay had added a new charm to history, and had thrown over the detail of facts all the interest of fictitious narrative, he was not only the most eloquent, but the most accurate, of historians. It is true that he paints so vividly and writes with so much emphasis, that any errors he does commit strike more vividly than in a duller and a tamer style. And so he has been assailed by small critics upon numberless little points of very little materiality to the general scope or accuracy of his narrative, but which have been made the excuse for assaults as slender in their foundation as they are ungenerous and unworthy in themselves.

We hardly expected that it would have been necessary now, after the lapse of twelve years, to have resumed any topic of

that kind. We quoted, in our criticism on the first two volumes, a passage from a contemporary periodical, which, with reference to a few remarks we are now going to make, it may not be amiss again to present to our readers: —

'We shall not' (said a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* in a critique on the two first volumes,) 'in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions. We shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than the author. We shall not set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine with the utmost minuteness every particular of his narrative, and make in consequence a vast display of knowledge wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the 7th of October, 1674, instead of the 8th of February, 1675, as the historian with shameful negligence has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, when he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when in point of fact he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. *We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticism to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information.*'

We have made this quotation because an attempt has been recently made to revive the notion which was so thoroughly exposed and refuted at the time, that while Macaulay's history is interesting, it is not trustworthy. And, strange to say, in the very journal in which these honourable sentiments were expressed, a variety of articles have appeared which have for their object to convey this impression to the public, and which are now published separately under the somewhat pretentious title of 'The New Examen,'—a work which we have prefixed to our present article. Had Lord Macaulay been alive, we should certainly not have taken the trouble of replying to so very superficial and so very inaccurate a performance. He knew himself how to deal with all assaults of that kind in a fashion which never left his adversaries any reason to congratulate

themselves on the result of their tourney. We only call attention to it now from a feeling of indignation not unnatural at the flimsy grounds on which the assault is made, and the time at which it has appeared. Probably the author in collecting and publishing these essays had no intention but to promote historical truth; but we could only wish that he had borrowed from the historian whom he so unreservedly attacks, a little of his careful study, clear appreciation, and accurate research.

We have no intention of following Mr. Paget through the various criticisms which this volume contains. But we mean simply to illustrate in a few sentences the inconclusive nature of his arguments, and the carping spirit of his work. He chooses as the subject of his depreciatory remarks five themes,—the Duke of Marlborough, the massacre of Glencoe, the Highlands of Scotland, Viscount Dundee, and William Penn; and he thinks he has proved in all these that Macaulay has committed errors, has omitted facts which he might have known, or has stated facts which he has not verified. He thinks he is unjust to Marlborough; he thinks that he palliates William in his narrative of the massacre of Glencoe; he thinks that he speaks with too great bitterness of the Highlands, and paints them with a pencil dipped in something like gall and dislike; he thinks that Claverhouse was a hero, while Macaulay looks upon him as a savage; and he winds up with the everlasting criticism on his estimate and strictures on William Penn.

Well, if all this were true, what then? Is Macaulay not a great historian, even if these things be as Mr. Paget pretends they are? Has this critic no soul for liberty, no love of his country, no pride in her contests for popular rights, that he cannot appreciate so noble an offering on the altar of freedom, because in his small researches he has found a date wrong here, or a letter omitted there? It is impossible that a man writing of fifteen years of great events can avoid some casual slips, or be free of some inclination of the scale; but it is a paltry task to depreciate and cry down the greatest efforts of genius, and the noblest aspirations of free men, because of blemishes and faults such as these, if blemishes and faults they be.

But is the general charge true? Has it any semblance of truth? We may judge of Hercules by his foot, and of this critic, who is no Hercules, by one or two instances; and those we shall select will be more than sufficient. At least we are entitled to require at Mr. Paget's hands that he shall be free from the defect which he so bitterly blames. And now for a

word or two on some of the illustrations by which he endeavours to make good the attack which he has with so much temerity undertaken.

As to Marlborough he uses very strong language; he quotes a passage — a striking passage enough — in which Macaulay charges Marlborough with having betrayed to the French Government the intended attack upon Brest in 1694, and having thereby lured Talmash the admiral to an action, which resulted in his death. Macaulay says not only that Marlborough had betrayed the intended attack to the French, and that thereby the enemy were prepared for it, and Talmash's life was sacrificed, but that Talmash complained that he had been led into it by treachery, and that this treachery was one of the basest of all the hundred villanies of Marlborough. Mr. Paget says, that he accepts 'this passage as the battle ground on which to decide 'the question how far Lord Macaulay's treatment of evidence 'entitles him to confidence as an historian.' He then says, 'The charge may be divided under four heads:—

'I. That Marlborough, making use of sources of information peculiar to himself, discovered the design of the Government to make a descent upon Brest, and revealed it to James, and through him to Louis, who would not otherwise have known it in time to prepare for defence.

'II. That the information so communicated by Marlborough enabled the French Government to take such steps, and that they did thereupon take such steps, as rendered the expedition abortive.

'III. That Talmash was by these means lured into a snare, and to use Lord Macaulay's words, "perished by the basest of all the hun-"dred villanies of Marlborough."

'IV. That Marlborough was thus the real author of the slaughter at Camaret Bay, and the murderer of Talmash; his object being to get rid of Talmash as a personal rival, and to force himself back into the service of the Government and the possession of the important and lucrative places from which he had been discharged two years before.

'It is impossible to deepen the shadows of this picture. If it be true, Marlborough was a monster of depravity: if it be false, and if it can be shown that Lord Macaulay had before him the evidence showing its falsehood, we should be sorry to put into plain English what Lord Macaulay must be held to be in the estimation of all honest men.'

He then proceeds to a professed examination of the evidence, and sums up by saying:—

'It is impossible for any Englishman, it is impossible for any honest man, to rise from a perusal of this attack upon Marlborough, and an examination of the evidence upon which it rests, without feelings of

the deepest indignation ;' and that 'Lord Macaulay is beyond comparison the greatest master of brilliant and unscrupulous historical fiction that ever adorned the language of England.'

Well, these are very strong, very foolish, and very unpardonable words; they, at all events, require strong facts to warrant them. And what do our readers think is the foundation on which so sweeping and so presumptuous a censure is founded? Does Mr. Paget deny that Marlborough betrayed the intended attack to the French Government? Not at all. Does he deny that Talmash thought he had been betrayed? Not in the least. He admits that Marlborough acted the traitor, that he informed the French Government of the design, that the attack was made when the enemy were better prepared than was anticipated, and that Talmash in consequence received his death-wound, and attributed his defeat to treachery; but he says others were as great traitors as Marlborough, and that Godolphin had, prior to the date of Marlborough's letter, conveyed the same information to the French Government.

We do not see that the attack upon Marlborough was in any degree undeserved, supposing all this to be true. We do not feel the deepest indignation at Lord Macaulay. We feel the deepest indignation at his shallow critic. We think every word that Macaulay said was thoroughly justified. Marlborough was not the less a traitor because Godolphin had betrayed his master before: Marlborough did not the less most treacherously and villanously convey to the French Government information in regard to the attack, because the French Government might previously have had information from other quarters. If the question be in regard to the character of Marlborough, if the question relate to an attack upon that character, what could be more base, or what better foundation could there be for the remark of Macaulay that he only added one to his hundred villanies?

Mr. Paget writes as if Macaulay were the first historian who had taken this view of Marlborough's character, and in particular as if he, for the first time, invented this charge, which no honest man can rise from reading without indignation. But the truth is, although Mr. Paget seems to know nothing of it, neither the general estimate nor the particular charge are in any respect new. We do not mean to say that Macaulay may not take an exaggerated view of the defects of Marlborough's character, or may not have painted these defects in somewhat glaring colours. We find even in this volume that the tone in which Marlborough is mentioned is considerably subdued. But is Macaulay the inventor of this estimate of

the great general? We do not indeed refer to the assaults which were made on him by his enemies. Swift said of him —

> 'Come hither, all ye empty things,
> Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings;
> Let pride be taught by this rebuke
> How very mean a thing 's a duke,
> From all his ill-got honours flung,
> Turned to that dirt from whence he sprung.'

This, indeed, was satire, envenomed by political and personal animosity. But Mr. Paget seems not to know that from a far more trustworthy source than the satires of Swift, the same character of Marlborough and the same view of his conduct on this very matter were given to the public many years ago in the calm and judicial pages of Hallam. In a note to the 15th chapter of his 'Constitutional History' occurs the following passage: —

'As for Lord Marlborough, he was among the first, if we except some Scot renegades, who abandoned the cause of the Revolution. He had so signally broken the ties of personal gratitude in his desertion of the King on that occasion, that, according to the severe remark of Hume, his conduct required for ever afterwards the most upright, the most disinterested, and most public-spirited behaviour to render it justifiable. What then must we think of it if we find in the whole of this great man's political life nothing but ambition and rapacity in his motives, nothing but treachery and intrigue in his means! He betrayed and abandoned James, because he could not rise in his favour without a sacrifice that he did not care to make; he abandoned William and betrayed England, because some obstacles stood yet in the way of his ambition. I do not mean only, when I say that he betrayed England, that he was ready to lay her independence and liberty at the feet of James II. and Louis XIV.; *but that in one memorable instance he communicated to the Court of St. Germains, and through that to the Court of Versailles, the secret of an expedition against Brest, which failed in consequence, with the loss of the commander and* 800 *men.* (Dalrymple, iii. 13. Life of James, 522. Macpherson, i. 487.) *In short, his whole life was such a picture of meanness and treachery that one must rate military services very high indeed to preserve any esteem for his memory.*'

It would be quite enough, to prove the extravagance of this attack on Macaulay, to show that it is one equally applicable to Hallam. If Macaulay has falsified history on this subject, so has Hallam: and the same plain English which Mr. Paget refrains from printing about Macaulay, would be quite as justly insinuated about Hallam.

But, as might be expected, no one is wrong, or even went wrong about this matter, excepting Mr. Paget himself. He

expends a great deal of research in proving that in the spring of 1694 Lord Godolphin had betrayed to the French Government the design of William to make a naval descent on Brest: that the French Court knew this from Godolphin before the date of Marlborough's letter, and that William himself knew that he had been betrayed. All this is quite true, and quite notorious: but Lord Macaulay's propositions, even as paraphrased by Mr. Paget, are not the less, one and all of them, accurate. Lord Godolphin's treachery had, in point of fact, no connexion with the defeat at Camaret Bay, and the information furnished by Marlborough was entirely new, and entirely the cause of the disaster.

This appears quite clearly from the authorities quoted by Hallam.

The first is 'Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain' (published in 1788). In the third book of the third part of that work, Vol. iii. page 43, the following passage occurs: —

'The year 1694 is made remarkable by an event which, without the aid of any other cause, accounts for all the bad success of King William's war by land and sea; though conducted by a prince of abilities, commanding a people enriched by long peace, and unbroke by war; *because it proves that his counsels were betrayed to Louis XIV. by the greatest persons in his service.*'

He goes on to state the intention of the attack on Brest by King William, and proceeds thus: —

'But his intention was betrayed to the late King by intelligence *in the spring*, from Lord Godolphin, First Lord of the Treasury, and *afterwards* by a letter from Lord Marlborough, eldest lieutenant-general in the service, of date the 4th of May, in the same way as a project against Toulon was betrayed two years afterwards by Lord Sunderland.'

'Marlborough's letter was a strange endeavour, yet natural desire even in the most wicked, to reconcile their profligacy with their duty, in their own eyes and those of others, contained the following words: "This will be a great advantage to England. But no advantage "can prevent or ever shall prevent me from informing you of all that "I believe to be for your service. Therefore you may make your own "use of this intelligence, which you may depend upon being exactly "true."'

The Duke of Marlborough's letter, with General Sackfield's letter, in which it was enclosed, are translated in a note, and their tenor is exceedingly important, because they prove beyond all question that the intelligence given by them was recent intelligence, which James did not know, and could not have known otherwise; and they also show that Mr. Paget's idea that Marlborough only gave the information because he knew it

would be of no service is not only a weak, but a most unfounded imagination.

General Sackfield's letter was written in cipher. Mr. Paget innocently says, 'Marlborough's letter is not dated, but the 'compiler of the life of James, and Lord Macaulay himself, 'concur in assigning the 4th of May as the date.' But if Mr. Paget had consulted the original letters as Dalrymple gives them, he would have found that General Sackfield's letter, which enclosed that of Lord Marlborough, was dated the 3rd of May, 1694, and proceeds thus:—

'3 May, 1694.'

'I have just now received the enclosed for the King. It is from Lord Churchill. But no person but the Queen and you must know from whom it comes. *Therefore for the love of God let it be kept a secret even from Lord Middleton.* I send it by express, *judging it to be of the utmost consequence for the service of the King my master*, and consequently for the service of his Most Christian Majesty. You see by the contents of this letter that I am not deceived in the judgment I formed of Admiral Russel, and I fear he will never act otherwise.'

Does Mr. Paget imagine that General Sackfield would ever have written in these terms of information which had been notorious for two months; or, that Sackfield, as well as Marlborough, was, to use his own words, 'seeking credit for a 'service of no value'?

Then follows a translation of Marlborough's letter to James, which was undated, but afterwards docketed by James himself '4th May.'

'It is *only to-day* I have learnt the news I now write you, which is that the bombketches and the twelve regiments encamped at Portsmouth, with the two regiments of marines, all commanded by Talmash, are destined for burning the harbour of Brest, and destroying all the men-of-war which are there.'

Then follows the passage already quoted, and he proceeds:—

'*But I must conjure you for your own interest to let no one know but the Queen and the bearer of this letter.*

'Russel sails to-morrow with forty ships, the rest being not yet paid. *But it is said that within ten days the rest of the fleet will follow, and at the same time the land forces.*

'I have endeavoured to learn this some time ago from Admiral Russel; but he always denied it to me, though I am very sure that he knew the design for more than six weeks. This gives me a bad sign of the man's intentions; I shall be very well pleased to learn that this letter comes safe to your hands.'

Dalrymple proceeds to explain that the knowledge of the existence of this letter was the hold which Harley had over

Marlborough, and was the cause of his voluntary exile in 1712. He goes on to say that—

'Admiral Russel, by private orders from King James, having accepted the command of the fleet which had been taken from him the year before, and King James having given him private instructions through the hands of the Countess of Shrewsbury, to him, the Duke of Leeds, the Lord Shrewsbury, Godolphin, and *Marlborough, and others, to create delays in the fitting out of the fleet*, Lord Berkley, who commanded it, *was not ready to sail till the first week of June*.' *

He proceeds to assert that Talmash, who —

'Was too prudent to allude to treachery sooner, in the agonies of death, he, who had once had private connections with the late King, was reported to have mixed in his expressions a satisfaction of having died for his country, with complaints that he had fallen by the treachery of his countrymen.'

How, then, can Mr. Paget assert that the man who lured him into the snare, and who helped to delay the expedition, could not possibly be Marlborough? He was Marlborough.

If Mr. Paget ever read what we have quoted, which probably he never did, he could not fail to have been convinced, what our readers must see plainly enough, that Marlborough was the evil genius who swayed this vast treachery. To imagine that the man who wrote this letter, in the terms we have quoted, and sent it through a despatch in cipher from King James's General, did not convey information of the most vital importance, and know that he was doing so, is a weakness which none but the most superficial and most uncandid could entertain. But, at all events, what are we to think of the critic who accuses Macaulay of unscrupulous fiction in simply reproducing, and expressing with his own innate vigour, what no historian has doubted since the publication of these documents?

But it seems Lord Macaulay did not mention Godolphin's share in the treachery, and that his share was so great that Marlborough's was a silly supplement to it, made at a time when it was useless. Let Mr. Paget study the following passage from Macpherson's 'History of Great Britain from the Restor-ation to the Accession of the House of Hanover, 1775,' also referred to by Mr. Hallam.

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* 'They were persons who had retarded the descent, and by that means had given France time to fortify Brest. This Marlborough never had the power to do, and *never has been accused of doing*.' (Paget, p. 50.)

Macpherson had fully explained, previously, (vol. ii. p. 63.) the treachery of Godolphin, as to the attack on Brest, in the preceding March. He proceeds (vol. ii. p. 67.): —

'But the chief enterprise of the season was to be directed against Brest. *The Lord Godolphin had furnished the late King in the month of March with this important intelligence. But from the uncertainty which attended the sailing of the fleet,* HE COULD NOT FIX THE TIME. General Talmash, *contrary to the express opinion of Russel,* promoted first, and at length carried the design. When the Admiral hoisted his flag at St. Helen's the land-forces destined for the expedition were on their march under Talmash to Portsmouth. The French had made no secret of their resolution to assist, with their whole fleet, the *designs of the Mareschal de Noailles upon Barcelona. The Court of Spain had concerted with William to send the main body of the combined fleet to protect the place. Men in general believed that the force under Talmash was destined for the same service. The French were either ignorant of the preparations of the English, or they knew not where the storm was going to fall. The alarm concerning Brest which had been raised by the intelligence sent by Godolphin to James had already subsided. Besides, the danger of France, upon that side, had been lessened by the actual sailing of her fleet from the port of Brest on the 15th of April.*

'The zeal of the Earl of Marlborough for the service of the late King, or his aversion to the reigning Prince, *induced that nobleman to become, upon this occasion, an informer against his country. He transmitted, through the hands of Colonel Sackville, intelligence of the danger to which France was exposed.* His letter was dated on the 4th of May.'

Macpherson, after giving the substance of Marlborough's letter, proceeds to say, 'The event established the truth *of the* '*intelligence transmitted by Marlborough,*' and attributes to that cause alone the death of Talmash, and the defeat of the fleet.'

Here Mr. Paget will find a clue to unravel that little knot which has so perplexed him. Godolphin's intelligence had been superseded by subsequent events. It was Marlborough's information alone which put the French on their guard. It was received on the 4th of May, and the fleet did not sail until the first week of June. So that it appears to be conclusively proved that all Lord Macaulay's propositions are in every respect correct. Godolphin's information in the spring was not the cause of the defeat; Marlborough's information in May unquestionably was. In short, Lord Macaulay is right to the letter; and in no one fact, or expression, on this subject, has he been proved inaccurate. The imputation itself never could

have been made by one who had taken ordinary care to read up his subject.

Marlborough was doubtless a great man — a greater man perhaps than Macaulay gave him credit for. Bolingbroke said of him: 'I take with pleasure this opportunity of doing justice 'to that great man whose faults I knew, whose virtues I admired, 'and whose memory as the greatest general, and as the greatest 'minister that our country, or perhaps any other has produced, 'I honour.' A strong testimony from a powerful hand. But notwithstanding this, the charge Macaulay makes is true, and Mr. Paget has not even the pitiful plea to urge, that his own version of the story, absurd and untrue as it is, is in any degree more creditable to the memory he defends than the aspersion which has roused his indignation.

As to the massacre at Glencoe, we think we cannot do better than refer Mr. Paget to our criticism upon Macaulay's third and fourth volumes contained in our Number for October 1857. We take leave to think that he will find there a good deal which he plainly does not know, and which explains the particulars in regard to that celebrated event much more clearly than the chapter before us. We took the opportunity on that occasion of expressing our opinion that Macaulay's defence of King William was not successful, and that it was impossible to vindicate the sovereign from very clear participation in the result. But this chapter of Mr. Paget's leaves out of view the real moving cause of the catastrophe. The King had no desire that any cruelty should be exercised in the Highlands, but what he wished was to remove his army. He was pressed for reinforcements for his continental war; the troops were detained in the Highlands by the state of the clans; he had authorised Breadalbane to buy over as many as he could, and those who would not be bought over were to be put down with signal severity. That was the object of the whole negotiation. Stair, it is probable, had also some private feelings of revenge to gratify, but his object, too, was that some should stand out in order that they might be made an example of. The letters which we quoted in that article, and which Lord Breadalbane had courteously communicated to us, Mr. Paget has plainly never seen or heard of. But, as we showed on that occasion, they throw a light upon the whole proceedings, which, while it does not in any degree palliate the conduct of the parties concerned, shows much more clearly than Mr. Paget seems to understand, what the real motive and moving cause of the transaction was.

We pass on to the criticism in regard to Claverhouse,—a cri-

ticism shallow enough if it were all true, but one which is tinged by the very worst faults which the author attributes to Macaulay. Mr. Paget thinks Claverhouse a hero. He is infected with that spirit for which we cannot express respect, which exaggerates into the heroic or romantic all that is connected with the despotism which we have renounced, and which sneers at and vilifies those elements out of which our liberties have sprung. Why any man, not professedly an enthusiast, should think that Claverhouse was respectable, or that the Covenanters are a just theme for contempt in this free country, we cannot imagine. Claverhouse, fighting and falling at Killiecrankie, if he does not excite our admiration, may still have some element of romance surrounding him. He was then upon the losing side; he was fighting for a master whom he had known in prosperity, at a time when others deserted him; and was fighting, besides, against proscription, which, though not nearly so severe as that he had carried out in the days of his power, was yet quite sufficient to nerve his arm and to justify his position. But Claverhouse in the days of Charles or James II., carrying out the bloody edicts of that intolerable tyranny which Macaulay has so vividly described, must be to every free man who looks at the subject with a healthy eye, and who is capable of appreciating the benefits of liberty, an object of the deepest abhorrence. We may, indeed, extend a certain amount of toleration to poets like Professor Aytoun, who in the abstracted mood which is almost essential to their ideal conception, shut out involuntarily from their view the true practical moral of their tale. Banished kings are a fit theme for romance, and we are ready to grant to the Jacobites all the poetry which a falling and hopeless cause and the struggles of a very small minority may claim for them; but we cannot extend the same leniency to an author who deals in strict historical research. No one can look back upon the scenes that were acted in Scotland between the Restoration and the Revolution with anything but thankfulness for the events which delivered that country from so intolerable and brutal a persecution.

Nor is it the slightest excuse for this morbid feeling that the Covenanters, as Mr. Paget repeatedly says, were as cruel as their persecutors. The mere statement of such a plea proves how completely warped and unsound are the tone and temper of mind of the critic. Is there no distinction between men fighting for their birthright, and men whose mission it was to chastise their countrymen with scorpions, and load them with intolerable chains? Must we place in the same category the man who resists tyranny and the tyrant who inflicts it? Is it the same

thing for men to fight for the liberty which all men are entitled to enjoy of worshipping their Creator according to their conscience, and for a government to visit with torture and with death the assertion of that right? It was this wretched and inexcusable spirit which was the subject of Macaulay's most righteous wrath and most glowing invective. It was one of those demons which it was his province to exorcise, — a spirit which strikes at the root of all that is really noble in the history of the two last centuries, and which, though it may be considered by those who indulge in it to be now an innocent, because an eccentric recreation, if it once came to leaven the public mind, might work the most bitter fruits.

Yet it is with this perverted public sense that the whole of Mr. Paget's criticism is imbued. He thinks Claverhouse has been a much misused man. He thinks the murder of Archbishop Sharpe a fearful outrage; nor do we blame him. But when John Brown the carrier was shot, in the front of his own door, he calls that a military execution. He thinks Sir Walter Scott was too favourable to the Covenanters. He is as inaccurate as to Scott's opinions as on most other subjects. Scott was a thorough Jacobite at heart. No man had less sympathy with popular rights, and the Covenanters he regarded with a feeling which is very plainly expressed in a letter quoted by Mr. Paget, from Scott to Southey, in which he says, 'I admit that he (Claverhouse) was *tant soit peu* savage, but he 'was a noble savage, and the beastly Covenanters against whom 'he acted *hardly had any claim to be called men, unless what 'was founded upon their walking upon their hind feet.*' This is the way in which Scott, jocularly it is true, writes of those who composed then, and compose still, the great majority of his countrymen. It is the fashion, among historians or writers of Mr. Paget's class, to speak of the Covenanters as if they were a small, inconsiderable, untutored, and low-born rabble. They never recollect that the people of Scotland were Covenanters; that their Episcopalian oppressors were a small minority of the nation, and a minority not a large one of the upper classes. To institute a true comparison between the conduct of the Jacobites when in power and the conduct of the Covenanters, it is necessary to remark how the latter behaved when the scales turned, and they had the power in their hands. It never seems to have struck Mr. Paget that this was the just way of testing their public character. What men will do when hunted from hill to hill is a very different question from what their conduct will be when they are in the sunshine of prosperity, and have their enemies at their feet. But does any man require to be

told that the Presbyterian party, when they assumed the reins of power in 1690, although sufficiently bigoted in their own views, but certainly not more bigoted than their antagonists, used their triumph with moderation, and laid in Scotland the first beginnings of constitutional liberty? We firmly believe that Mr. Paget laments over this result. He would rather have had the fury of Jacobite rule than the moderation of Presbyterian government; just as there are persons who would like to see the King of Naples restored to his throne, and weep tears of bitterness over the renovated liberties of Italy. But such critics are not to be reasoned with, because their ideas of what is good and noble in public government are the converse of those which in this country happily are considered beyond all price.

So far are we from thinking that Macaulay has an exaggerated tendency to sympathise with the oppressions in Scotland, we think he dealt coldly enough with this part of his subject. However violent, or stern, or fanatical many of them were, yet the struggles of the Covenanters in Scotland were as much the foundations of Scottish liberty, as those scenes in England which he paints with so much pride were the foundations of the freedom of Englishmen. We should rather complain that events so full of what is noble and picturesque, should have raised so very cold and scanty a response in his heart. But it was impossible for any man having the ordinary feelings of a lover of liberty, to tell the story of these persecutions without indignation, and Mr. Paget complains that in his treatment of Claverhouse Lord Macaulay should have said, 'The chief of 'this Tophet, a soldier of distinguished courage and profes-'sional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper 'and of obdurate heart, has left a name, which, wherever the 'Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned 'with peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes 'by which this man, and men like him, goaded the peasantry of 'the western lowlands into madness, would be an endless task.' Mr. Paget goes on to quote examples to justify his complaint. We shall only take one of them as a sample of the whole; and it is easy to show that Mr. Paget himself, in his criticisms in this instance, has been guilty, without excuse, of the very worst of the defects which he has attributed to the historian.

Lord Macaulay, as an illustration of what is only too notorious to those acquainted with the history of those times, takes the well-known instance of the alleged execution or murder, whichever it may be called, of John Brown, a carrier at Priesthill in

Muirkirk, a parish in Ayrshire. The story is told by Wodrow, and it is also told by Walker the pedlar, both accounts having been published in 1722 or thereabouts. The accounts differ very little in detail. It seems that this John Brown, when at work at his peat moss in the evening, in 1685, was seized by Claverhouse and a party of soldiers, although without arms in his hands, taken to his house, and shot before his wife's eyes. The accounts of Wodrow and of Walker differ only in one material fact, viz., that while Wodrow represents him as having been shot by Claverhouse's own hand, Walker says that he was shot by a file of six soldiers. Now Mr. Paget complains that this story, as told by Wodrow, had been proved to be an invention; that it had no foundation; that Professor Aytoun, in a note to his 'Lays of the Cavaliers,' had proved it to be a fiction; and that Claverhouse was not even present at the execution of Brown; and the critic maintains that Macaulay was bound, after his error was pointed out by Professor Aytoun, to have rectified the passage in the next edition, which he wilfully, corruptly, and perversely failed to do. It was quite enough, according to Mr. Paget's view, that the Professor had told him to do it; and if he failed to accept the information thus tendered from so trustworthy a quarter, the only inference, according to Mr. Paget, is that Mr. Macaulay is the most unscrupulous of historians.

Now, what was it that Professor Aytoun told Macaulay? In a long note which is partially, and, we are sorry to say, not candidly, quoted by Mr. Paget, Professor Aytoun gives his own version of the story. He begins by saying—we quote from Mr. Paget's quotation: —

'Wodrow's narrative first appeared in 1722, thirty-seven years after the event is supposed to have taken place, and thirty-four after the Revolution. Professor Aytoun justly remarks that "these dates "are of the utmost importance in considering a matter of this kind. "The Episcopalian party, which adhered to the cause of King James, "was driven from power at the Revolution, and the Episcopalian "Church proscribed. No mercy was shown to opponents in the lite- "rary war which followed. Every species of invective and vituperation was lavished upon the supporters of the fallen dynasty. *Yet "for thirty-three years after the Revolution the details of this atro- "cious murder were never revealed to the public.*" Wodrow gives no authority whatever for his narrative.' (*New Examen*, p. 213.)

So Mr. Paget would have the public to believe that Professor Aytoun had substantially said that the story had never appeared in print until Wodrow's narrative in 1722. He omits, and, we are sorry to say, he must purposely have done so—

he omits the next sentence in Professor Aytoun's note, which proves, at all events, that this was not what he meant to convey to the public. Professor Aytoun's statement is: —

'For thirty-three years after the revolution *the details* of this atrocious murder were never revealed to the public. Nowhere in print or pamphlet, memoir, history, or declaration published previously to Wodrow does even the name of John Brown occur, *save once in the "Cloud of Witnesses," which appeared in* 1714, *and in that work no details are given, the narrative being comprehended in a couple of lines.*'

Why, we would ask, does Mr. Paget omit this sentence from his quotation? and, what is more material, why does he omit from his own dissertation all reference to the 'Cloud of Witnesses'? There can have been no object in the omission, except to leave the inference which he does leave on the mind of his readers, that Professor Aytoun had said that the story had never been referred to until 1722, and that that statement was true.

Our readers will be surprised to find that Mr. Paget, who thinks dates and accuracy of such importance, knew when he wrote this that this statement was quite untrue. He knew that the specific charge made by Wodrow, had been made in a condensed form, not in 1714, but in 1690: for of course Mr. Paget had examined the work called the 'Cloud of Witnesses,' which was published in 1714, and he must have found that the reference to it in that work is a quotation from a print entitled 'A Short Memorial of the Sufferings and Grievances of the 'Presbyterians in Scotland,' *printed in the year* 1690, *only five years from the date of the occurrence;* and when Professor Aytoun says, and Mr. Paget repeats, without the slightest reference to this document, that none of Claverhouse's enemies charged him with this murder, it is edifying to read the terms in which this Memorial mentions the much-injured hero.

The passage in the 'Cloud of Witnesses' is contained in an appendix which is headed 'A short Account of those who 'were killed in the open fields without trial, conviction, or 'any process of law, by the executioners of the Council's mur-'dering Edict, whose Names are here specified.' And then it says that —

'There were murdered in the open fields the following persons, besides others that no certain list has been got of, *as they are enumerated in a print entitled "A short Memorial of the Sufferings "and Grievances of the Presbyterians in Scotland," printed in the year* 1690, *which is as follows:* —

'John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, in the year 1682, with his troop pursued William Graham, in the parish of —— (*sic*) in Galloway, making his escape from his mother's house, and overtaking him, instantly shot him dead. *Item* the said Claverhouse, together with the Earl of Dumbarton, and Lieut. General Douglas, caused Peter Gillies, John Bryce, Thomas Young, who was taken by the Laird of Lee, William Fiddeson, and John Binening, to be put to death upon a gibbet without legal trial or sentence, suffering them neither to have a Bible nor to pray before they died, at Manchline, 1684. *Item* the said Claverhouse, coming to Galloway, in answer to the Viscount of Kennuire's letter, with a small party, surprised Robert Stewart, John Grier, Robert Ferguson, and James M'Michael, and instantly shot them dead at the water of Dee, in Galloway, December, 1683; their corpses being buried, were at his command raised again. *Item the said Claverhouse, in May* 1685, *apprehended John Brown in Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk, in the shire of Ayr, being at his work about his own house, and shot him dead before his own door, in presence of his wife.* *Item* the said Claverhouse authorised his troop to kill Matthew Meiklewrath without any examination, in the parish of Colmonell, in Carrick, anno 1685.'

Truly a goodly list of what Mr. Paget calls military executions. If accusation only were necessary to convict Claverhouse, we have it here with an intensity which is undeniable, and we have it published in the clearest terms within two years of the Revolution. What becomes of Mr. Paget and the interval of thirty-seven years? It is something more than can be pardoned to Mr. Paget, that, knowing that this was published in 1690, he should try to persuade the public that the story had never been heard of until 1722. Professor Aytoun is more candid; he says, *the details* were not known until 1722, and he refers his readers, though in scanty phrase enough, to what he calls a short notice in the 'Cloud of Witnesses,' published in 1714, and even this Mr. Paget conceals from his readers.

But this is not all; the Memorial referred to in the 'Cloud 'of Witnesses,' is not the only notice of this most atrocious murder which is to be found in the course of the 17th century. To a work entitled 'An Answer to Scotch Presbyterian 'Eloquence,' published in 1693, there is appended "A list of "those murdered in cold blood, without trial, conviction, or any "colour of law," and this list contains the following entry: 'May '1685, he shot John Brown of Priesthill, in the parish of 'Muirkirk, in the shire of Ayr, *as at his work before his door,* '*in presence of his wife.* When Mr. Paget, therefore, has the modesty to insist that Mr. Macaulay was bound to correct his history because immediately on its appearance he was better

instructed by Professor Aytoun, the reply seems only too sufficient that Professor Aytoun was entirely wrong. But we take the liberty of suggesting that Mr. Paget's own principles ought to have induced him to refrain from publishing his criticisms, because these things which we have now pointed out were pointed out immediately on the appearance of Professor Aytoun's strictures. We verily believe that Mr. Paget is innocent of the slightest acquaintance with the fact; but if he turns to the pages of the 'North British Review' for May 1850, he will find there the circumstances we have now stated most clearly and conclusively explained; and it is upon such flimsy and inaccurate research as Mr. Paget has plainly given to this matter, that he ventures to launch his criticisms against the broad buckler of Macaulay.

When Professor Aytoun wrote, all he could say was, that Wodrow in 1722, quoted no written authority for his statement, and that he could only have received it by vague tradition; and so Mr. Paget also most rashly asserts. But Wodrow himself observes, not that he had it from vague tradition, but that he had heard his account of John Brown's character 'from people of 'sense and credit, yet alive, who knew it.' Mr. Paget professes to quote Wodrow's account of the story, but is at pains to exclude this statement, which he deliberately omits in his quotation. Now why a man writing in 1722 should be disbelieved because he states on the authority of persons then alive, of sense and credit, a circumstance which took place in 1685, it is difficult to understand. We presume that George Canning might, in 1822, have told, on the authority of Pitt or Dundas or Sir Robert Adair, the history of the struggles on the Regency in 1789, or the contests of the Coalition in 1783. No authority could be better; and excepting the variance between the account of Wodrow and of Walker as to who fired the shot, there was no reason whatever to disbelieve the account which Wodrow gave.

But these zealous defenders of Claverhouse go further. Professor Aytoun says, and Mr. Paget repeats, that Brown had been out at Bothwell Brigg, and that his name was contained in a proclamation of the Privy Council against the rebels as having fled from justice. Professor Aytoun represented the list appended to this proclamation, as containing the name of John Brown among those who were in arms at Bothwell Brigg. The mistake was pointed out at the time, and Mr. Paget, although he quotes the true terms of the list in a note, repeats the error in the text. The name of John Brown does occur in the list appended to the proclamation, but the mode in

which it was entered, shows plainly that he was not fugitated, or declared rebel for having been at Bothwell Brigg. The list contains two classes. One, those who had been in arms at Bothwell Brigg; the other, those who had not been there, but had harboured or resetted rebels. Reset is the term in Scottish law for harbouring or receiving. The entry as regards John Brown is, 'Muirkirk John Brown, Priestfield, *for reset*;' that is to say, the man had done nothing against the government, but harboured, or at least was accused of harbouring, some unhappy fugitive from the tyranny of Lauderdale. Mr. Paget is careful not to explain to his readers the meaning of the words 'for reset.' He probably did not know what *reset* meant; but if he did, he surely is not the *censor morum* who is to rise up in the judgment-seat and rebuke the inaccuracies of Macaulay.

Professor Aytoun says, in his zeal, that Claverhouse was not present at the execution at all. Mr. Paget says that it was only the execution of a traitor who had been in arms at Bothwell Brigg; and he says that Mr. Macaulay was bound at once to have taken Professor Aytoun's word for the whole narrative. But in 1860, long after that part of Macaulay's history was published, and long after Professor Aytoun's lucubrations, a letter comes to light under Claverhouse's own hand, which Mr. Mark Napier found among the Queensberry papers, and which Mr. Paget himself prints. Lord Macaulay of course knew nothing of it, and it can therefore be no ground of imputation against him that he did not quote it. Now this letter, which we give as Mr. Paget gives it, substantially proves that Wodrow's account was right, or at least proves that Professor Aytoun's account, which it seems must be accepted as veritable history, was utterly wrong. It proves that Claverhouse was present at the execution. It does not negative the statement that he shot the man with his own hand. It proves that John Brown was in the peat moss where Wodrow says he was at his work; it proves that he was unarmed, and it proves that he was not shot because he was a rebel under the proclamation. And now for the letter:—

'May it please your Grace,

'On Friday last, among the hills betwixt Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in the end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But being asked if they would take the abjuration, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the king, but said he knew no king. Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house,

and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly. The other, a young fellow, and his nephew, called John Brownen, offered to take the oath; but would not swear that he had not been at Newmills in arms, at rescuing the prisoners. So I did not know what to do with him; I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him. Wherefore, after he had said his prayers, and carabines presented to shoot him, I offered to him that if he would make an ingenuous confession, and make a discovery that might be of any importance for the king's service, I should delay putting him to death, and plead for him. Upon which he confessed that he was at that attack of Newmills, and that he had come straight to this house of his uncle's on Sunday morning. In the time he was making this confession the soldiers found out a house on the hill, underground, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it; and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in arms. He confessed that he had a halbert, and told who gave it him about a month ago, and we have the fellow prisoner. . . . I have acquitted myself when I have told your Grace the case. He has been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him; for I, having no commission of justiciary myself, have delivered him up to the Lieutenant-General to be disposed of as he pleases.

'I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,

'J. Grahame.'

What do our readers think of this? This is the statement of Claverhouse himself. The answer of John Brown he took care we should never hear. He admits that he found the man not engaged in any unlawful occupation, and, so far as he states, not accused of any previous crime, that he took him to his own door, and there, on the ground that he refused to take the oath of abjuration, and that some bullets and matches, and what he calls treasonable papers, were found in the house, shoots him, or 'caused shoot him,' dead. Mr. Paget dignifies this horrible act by the name of a military execution. The treasonable papers were probably letters from some fugitive friend. That he had bullets and matches in the house was, in the view of Claverhouse, a sufficient excuse for blowing the man's brains out. And this is the state of things which Mr. Paget thinks Macaulay is wrong in describing, as one of the acts by which the peasantry of the western lowlands were goaded into madness; and it is of the chief actor in such scenes that he is not to be allowed to say that he has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. Anything more coolly atrocious than the act as described by Claverhouse

himself, it is impossible to conceive. Even if the pretences of Claverhouse had been true, the concealed house under the hill, and the alleged confession of the nephew, which rest entirely on the uncorroborated assertion of the perpetrator, were only known when the man was dead. But we quit this subject with a feeling of unfeigned regret, that men of education and sense should be found to palliate crimes which have never been surpassed in any war, however sanguinary, or under any government however tyrannical.

Our readers have probably had enough of Mr. Paget. A very little research, and a very little modesty, would have saved him from the discredit of so careless and so self-sufficient a performance. His failures have only served to show that although Lord Macaulay may not in all instances have sufficiently subdued his colouring, he is far more accurate than his reviewer.

We turn, however, from this somewhat irksome task, to the volume which is now before us.

The curtain rises on the third act at the commencement of this volume. The war is over. The people, impatient of its burdens, were weary of it; it had been waged with scanty laurels, and had been closed with a not too favourable peace. It had, however, produced its effect. William had compelled the permanent recognition of his own title, and had taught the French King, by the exhaustion consequent on the hostilities, that war had dangers not confined to fields of battle, and peace benefits which it was folly to sacrifice.

The nation of England at that time was slow to perceive, what is now transparently clear, how deep and vital an interest their liberties had in this continental struggle. Probably the constitutional rule of William of Orange at home, and his dexterous management of political parties in very difficult times, were of less moment to English freedom than those long, weary, and sometimes disastrous operations which he so obstinately carried on in the Low Countries against France. Intervention in those days meant self-preservation. If the people of England had been united, they might probably have looked on with indifference and with safety, while France extended her boundary beyond the Rhine and the Pyrenees, or even united the Spanish Crown with her own. But the power of France meant also the return of the Stuarts; and that return was hoped and prayed for by an ardent although small minority of the laity, and by the majority of the clergy, and contemplated with apathy by some, and with a certain amount of interest by others of the political leaders. Just as the supremacy of Spain a century before,

under Philip II., had derived its chief amount of danger to this country from the sympathy of a powerful party within it, so the real interest which England had in curbing the progress of French conquest, was the presence of the exiled monarch at the Court of Louis XIV. On both occasions we found fit defenders; our religion in the first, and our constitutional freedom in the second, were preserved in their greatest peril by the firmness of the governing hand. In the last, at all events, it seems sufficiently plain that if King William had not maintained the firm front he did, Louis might have dictated a constitution to England, and imposed on her a monarch who would be content to be, as a Stuart had been before, his pensionary and vassal. But this peril was over for the time. Peace was concluded, and with the removal of danger came the natural consequence of petty discontent.

The first, and, as it proved, the most fertile theme of popular agitation, was the now antiquated question of a standing army, —antiquated at least in the sense of its constitutional aspect, although in Macaulay's account of the arguments for and against, we find some singular instances of the tendency of events to reproduce the same phenomena. When Macaulay wrote this sketch of the controversy between Somers and Trenchard, as to the comparative merits of a standing army or a militia force, our recent volunteer movement had probably not commenced. Yet we find much in the parallel to make us reflect. Macaulay, of course, leans to the standing army and Lord Somers; but the truth is that if all that had to be done then was the *internal* defence of the kingdom, Trenchard had probably more to say for his side than the historian is quite willing to admit. The standing army was wished for, not for fighting at home, but for campaigning abroad. The following passage expresses, with Macaulay's usual felicity, his views on a subject which had he written two years later, he would have found placed in a light of considerable novelty.

'The same lesson Somers drew from the history of Rome; and every scholar who really understands that history will admit that he was in the right. The finest militia that ever existed was probably that of Italy in the third century before Christ. It might have been thought that seven or eight hundred thousand fighting men, who assuredly wanted neither natural courage nor public spirit, would have been able to protect their own hearths and altars against an invader. An invader came, bringing with him an army small and exhausted by a march over the snows of the Alps, but familiar with battles and sieges. At the head of this army he traversed the peninsula to and fro, gained a succession of victories against immense numerical odds, slaughtered the hardy youth of Latium like sheep,

by tens of thousands, encamped under the walls of Rome, continued during sixteen years to maintain himself in a hostile country, and was never dislodged till he had by a cruel discipline gradually taught his adversaries how to resist him.'

The revolution of years has, singularly enough, brought us round again to the same question. We no longer fear our standing army from any danger to which our liberties are thereby exposed; but the pressure on our purse has raised again the same necessity which, in 1697, sprung from the dread of kingly power. We are now considering whether we can defend ourselves by a force of civilians, but the lessons to be learned from that discussion nearly a century and a half ago are not to be despised. We are proud of our volunteer force, and the raising and equipping of it has been one of the most remarkable, and we believe one of the most influential, events of the present century. But it is very well that we should recollect to what such a force is, and to what it is not, adequate. Even while we write, the value and efficiency of a militia force is being put to the test on a scale unfortunately large on the other side of the Atlantic. The first experiment with it cannot be said to have been altogether successful; and apparently the want not of courage, of which no one will suspect them, but of leaders accustomed to their work, acquainted with their men and having their confidence, led, on the very first occasion of an engagement of any importance, to a panic as remarkable, though fortunately not as ruinous, as the annals of military warfare have ever recounted.

The Parliament, however, were not to be persuaded; the King wanted 20,000 men; they only voted him 7000; his annoyance was intense; the Government endeavoured to rescind the vote, but found the feeling far too strong for them, and were obliged to surrender it. The King, who evidently looked upon England in the light mainly of a source from which his army was to be recruited, and as a means of enabling him to continue the life-struggle he had waged against the power of France, was in the highest state of disgust and indignation. He was obliged for the time to dissemble it, but before long his feelings had reached to such a height of intensity that it seems that he actually had made his arrangements to abdicate his throne and to return to Holland.

His disgust was not lessened by the discussions that arose soon after in regard to the right of the Crown to make gifts of the crown-lands. One result of the freedom from continental embarrassments and of the settlement of domestic affairs, was to turn the attention of the House of Commons and the public

to the purifying of the public service. A spirit of intense virtue seemed to have seized upon the House. They began to inquire into the proceedings of public servants; they began to raise questions as to the right of the Crown to bestow these crown-lands on deserving public men; and in one or two instances they detected great offenders, and visited them with their wrath. The prosecution of Duncombe led to one of these collisions between the two Houses of which those years were very fruitful. Duncombe had embezzled a certain amount of public money by paying in Exchequer Bills what he had received in cash; and he was made the subject of a bill in the House of Commons, by which two-thirds of his enormous fortune were confiscated to the state; but the Lords rejected the bill, and probably they were constitutionally and prudently advised in doing so. Procedure by bill of attainder was attempted once or twice after this, but never, we believe, with a successful issue; and we may be said at this stage to have taken leave of a form of proceeding which was only too often used in order to frustrate the rules of law and the ends of justice, and to gratify either public malice or popular clamour.

There is less of florid writing in this volume than in any of its predecessors, partly, no doubt, because the incidents with which it deals, are not of the same stirring and eventful kind as those recounted in former volumes; but we do not like it the less; we are rather inclined to think that, take it altogether as a piece of mere composition, this volume is quite as pleasing as anything Macaulay ever wrote, and partakes more of the purely historical element than his previous works. It is quiet and subdued, perhaps too much in consequence of the hand, if not of age, at least of infirmity, repressing the exuberant spirits, and bowing down the fierce flow of imagination. It abounds, however, with passages of great beauty and interest. Nothing can be more graceful than the episode which he recounts of Lord Clancarty and his wife, while considering the disabilities which were enacted against the Catholics; nor can we refrain from quoting the passage at length, as an example of the graceful and delicate touch so peculiar to himself, with which Macaulay could treat such a subject:

'In the case of one great offender there were some circumstances which attracted general interest, and which might furnish a good subject to a novelist or a dramatist. Near fourteen years before this time Sunderland, then Secretary of State to Charles the Second, had married his daughter Lady Elizabeth Spencer to Donough Macarthy, Earl of Clancarty, the lord of an immense domain in Munster. Both the bridegroom and the bride were only mere child-

ren, the bridegroom only fifteen, the bride only eleven. After the ceremony they were separated; and many years full of strange vicissitudes elapsed before they again met. The boy soon visited his estates in Ireland. He had been bred a member of the Church of England; but his opinions and his practice were loose. He found himself among kinsmen who were zealous Roman Catholics. A Roman Catholic king was on the throne. To turn Roman Catholic was the best recommendation to favour both at Whitehall and at Dublin Castle. Clancarty speedily changed his religion, and from a dissolute Protestant became a dissolute Papist. After the Revolution he followed the fortunes of James; sate in the Celtic Parliament which met at the King's Inns; commanded a regiment in the Celtic army; was forced to surrender himself to Marlborough at Cork; was sent to England, and was imprisoned in the Tower. The Clancarty estates, which were supposed to yield a rent of not much less than ten thousand a year, were confiscated. They were charged with an annuity to the Earl's brother, and with another annuity to his wife; but the greater part was bestowed by the King on Lord Woodstock, the eldest son of Portland. During some time, the prisoner's life was not safe. For the popular voice accused him of outrages for which the utmost license of civil war would not furnish a plea. It is said that he was threatened with an appeal of murder by the widow of a Protestant clergyman who had been put to death during the troubles. After passing three years in confinement, Clancarty made his escape to the Continent, was graciously received at St. Germains, and was entrusted with the command of a corps of Irish refugees. When the treaty of Ryswick had put an end to the hope that the banished dynasty would be restored by foreign arms, he flattered himself that he might be able to make his peace with the English Government. But he was grievously disappointed. The interest of his wife's family was undoubtedly more than sufficient to obtain a pardon for him. But on that interest he could not reckon. The selfish, base, covetous, father-in-law was not at all desirous to have a high-born beggar and the posterity of a high-born beggar to maintain. The ruling passion of the brother-in-law was a stern and acrimonious party spirit. He could not bear to think that he was so nearly connected with an enemy of the Revolution and of the Bill of Rights, and would with pleasure have seen the odious tie severed even by the hand of the executioner. There was one, however, from whom the ruined, expatriated, proscribed young nobleman might hope to find a kind reception. He stole across the Channel in disguise, presented himself at Sunderland's door, and requested to see Lady Clancarty. He was charged, he said, with a message to her from her mother, who was then lying on a sick bed at Windsor. By this fiction he obtained admission, made himself known to his wife, whose thoughts had probably been constantly fixed on him during many years, and prevailed on her to give him the most tender proofs of an affection sanctioned by the laws both of God and of man. The secret was soon discovered and betrayed by a waiting woman. Spencer learned that very night that his sister had admitted her husband to

her apartment. The fanatical young Whig, burning with animosity which he mistook for virtue, and eager to emulate the Corinthian who assassinated his brother, and the Roman who passed sentence of death on his son, flew to Vernon's office, gave information that the Irish rebel, who had once already escaped from custody, was in hiding hard by, and procured a warrant and a guard of soldiers. Clancarty was found in the arms of his wife, and dragged to the Tower. She followed him and implored permission to partake his cell. These events produced a great stir throughout the society of London. Sunderland professed everywhere that he heartily approved of his son's conduct: but the public had made up its mind about Sunderland's veracity, and paid very little attention to his professions on this or on any other subject. In general, honourable men of both parties, whatever might be their opinion of Clancarty, felt great compassion for his mother who was dying of a broken heart, and his poor young wife who was begging piteously to be admitted within the Traitor's Gate. Devonshire and Bedford joined with Ormond to ask for mercy. The aid of a still more powerful intercessor was called in. Lady Russell was esteemed by the King as a valuable friend: she was venerated by the nation generally as a saint, the widow of a martyr: and, when she deigned to solicit favours, it was scarcely possible that she should solicit in vain. She naturally felt a strong sympathy for the unhappy couple, who were parted by the walls of that gloomy old fortress in which she had herself exchanged the last sad endearments with one whose image was never absent from her. She took Lady Clancarty with her to the palace, obtained access to William, and put a petition into his hand. Clancarty was pardoned on condition that he should leave the kingdom and never return to it. A pension was granted to him, small when compared with the magnificent inheritance which he had forfeited, but quite sufficient to enable him to live like a gentleman on the Continent. He retired, accompanied by his Elizabeth, to Altona.'

We refrain from further quotations from a volume which is now so generally known*; and we pass over without remark the interlude of the visit of Peter the Great to this country in 1798, and come down to what was the most fruitful and important event of the period embraced in the present volume, the Partition Treaty with France. The account given of it by Macaulay seems to us, as far as we have studied the subject, very clear, accurate, and valuable. We think that he demonstrates, what we suppose most readers of history have now come

* Our limits forbid us to enter on the present occasion upon the *vexata quæstio* of the Darien Expedition, to which we do not think Lord Macaulay has done full justice; but we propose to revert to this interesting episode of Scottish commercial enterprise in our next number.

to think, that whatever were the results of the Partition Treaty, and they were results anything but favourable to this country, the King only showed his usual sagacity in the steps which he took for its promotion, and in the endeavour to bring it to a satisfactory adjustment. The Partition Treaty is now nearly forgotten. Thrones have been so shuffled about in Europe since, so many dynasties have come up and gone down, and the balance of power which was so long the theme of political writers, has undergone so many alterations and vicissitudes, that the question which swayed Europe for fifty years has almost vanished from recollection. It was not so, however, within a recent period; and that celebrated treaty, which was the theme of abuse by Swift and the writers on the Tory side for so many years, was until very lately a stock subject of discussion in debating clubs, and a favourite theme for juvenile essayists in politics. Some of the most vigorous of Swift's political essays were directed against its enormities. The ground of complaint was that, according to its provision, the power of France would have been increased by the accession to its dominions of Naples, Sicily, and Lorraine, which was a fertile theme of invective, and is also, as Lord Macaulay reminds us, the subject of some clever writing in the history of John Bull. The truth, however, is that King William's difficulties were very great, and that peace was almost essential to the continuance of the task which he had undertaken. And Lord Bolingbroke himself, in his sketch of the history and state of Europe, which is one of the most vigorous of his political writings, and contains a singularly powerful view of the state of Europe at that time, fairly owns that the Partition Treaty was a political necessity. He says, talking of the reduction of the army: —

'The generality of people grew as fond of getting out of the war as they had been of entering into it: and thus far, perhaps, considering how it had been conducted, they were not much to be blamed. But this was not all; for when King William had made the peace, our martial spirit became at one so pacific that we seemed resolved to meddle no more in the affairs of the Continent, at least to employ our arms no more in the quarrels that might arise there: and accordingly we reduced our troops in England to seven thousand men.

'I have sometimes considered, in reflecting on these passages, what I should have done, if I had sat in Parliament at that time; and have been forced to own myself that I should have voted for disbanding the army then; as I voted in the following Parliament for censuring the Partition Treaties. I am forced to own *this*, because I remember how imperfect my notions were of the situation of Europe in that extraordinary crisis, and how much I saw the true interest of

my own country in a half light. But, my lord, I own it with some shame; because in truth nothing could be more absurd than the conduct we held. What! because we had not reduced the power of France by the war, nor excluded the house of Bourbon from the Spanish succession, nor compounded with her upon it by the peace; and because the house of Austria had not helped herself, nor put it into our power to help her with more advantage and better prospect of success, were we to leave that whole succession open to the invasions of France, and to suffer even the contingency to subsist of seeing those monarchies united?'

Nor is Lord Bolingbroke wrong in connecting the Partition Treaty with the vote on the army. King William felt that in the temper which had come to pervade the Parliament, that they were weary of war, and particularly weary of paying for it. The King of Spain was on his deathbed, he had no lineal successors, France was ready to take the kingdom, we were not ready to prevent it, the overtures for an arrangement of the anticipated succession did not come from William, they came from France. Lord Bolingbroke did not know when he wrote, as we now know, the whole course and conduct of that celebrated negotiation.* They are told in two sources with an amount of clearness that leave nothing to be supplied. The English part of the negotiation is to be found in King William's letter to Heinsius, preserved among the Hardwicke Papers, and the French part of it in the memoirs of St. Simon and of Torcy. From these sources it is quite clear that King William felt that he was in no condition to resist any aggression for the purpose of acquiring the Spanish monarchy which the French King might choose to make. And, on the other hand, it is also clear enough that the King of France was unwilling to undertake the risk and expenses of a great European war. He made two propositions to the English Government, either of which he professed himself ready to accept, the negotiation being commenced in the first instance between the French ministers De Pomponne and De Torcy, and the Earl of Portland, who was at that time our Ambassador at Paris. In the end Count Tallard, who was a man of great ability and address, was sent over to London; and it appears from a letter of King William on the 13th of April 1698, addressed to Heinsius, that the two alterna-

* It has now been shown by M. Mignet in his admirable collection of State papers on the Spanish Succession, that the partition of the Spanish monarchy on the death of Charles II. had, in fact, been the business of the whole reign of Louis XIV.; and that the first secret Treaty of Partition with the Emperor Leopold was signed as early as 1668, thirty-two years before the death of Charles.

tives proposed by him were these: the one that the Elector of Bavaria's son should succeed to the kingdom of Spain, with the West Indies and the Spanish Netherlands in their present condition except the Duchy of Luxembourg, which should be granted to France, the Emperor should have the Milanese, and one of the Dauphin's sons the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, and the Islands; the other, Spain and the West Indies to one of the Dauphin's sons, the kingdom of Naples, Sicily and the islands to the Emperor, the Milanese to the Duke of Savoy, and the Spanish Netherlands in their present condition to the Elector of Bavaria's son; and 'with this alternative we might 'expect some ports in the Mediterranean and also some islands 'in the West Indies, but nothing upon the continent save this 'by way of discourse, that we must not expect France would 'ever consent to any augmentation of the barrier on the Spanish 'Netherlands.'

These were the original propositions, and they had been first introduced in the interview between the French ministers and the Earl of Portland, with the statement (as appears from a memorandum transmitted by the Earl of Portland to the King) that 'the death of the King of Spain, which might happen 'suddenly, and which would bring the same troubles from which 'we have just escaped, was of that nature that his Most Christian 'Majesty hoped to enter into arrangements with the King to 'prevent the great evils that would necessarily follow.'

It is impossible to deny that there was wisdom in this course. While the negotiations were proceeding, the death of the Elector of Bavaria's son upset the first scheme which had been agreed upon, but after nearly a year of negotiation the treaty was at last signed and concluded before the death of the King of Spain. No doubt by its terms France substantially obtained the kingdom of Naples and Sicily; but the view which induced King William to accede to this accession to the territory of France is very clearly stated in the correspondence to which we have referred.* He was thinking, too exclusively thinking, of Holland and the Netherlands; he wanted to have no powerful neighbours in that vicinity; he declined to have the Emperor on the one hand, and he did not wish to have France on the other; he stood out for the barrier between him and France, but he thought that the kingdom of Naples and Sicily would in truth add little to the substantial power of France, that it would be

* See also M. Grimblot's interesting collection of despatches of the period, published in London, 1848, a work of which Lord Macaulay had a very good opinion.

a drain upon her resources, and at all events would distract attention from her ambitious schemes in the North of Europe. We think it impossible, looking back upon the condition in which King William found himself, to doubt that there was political prudence in the arrangement which he made. Probably, however, the union of Spain and France under the same crown was by no means so dangerous a result as it has been thought, either in those or in later time. We have ourselves seen Spanish marriages which threatened the same result, but they did not bring with them the amount of aggrandisement which those who schemed and planned for them expected. Experience has shown that it is no source of power to a monarch to have a relative on the throne of a neighbouring country; and if in the end France and Spain had come to be united under one crown, we have evidence enough of the spirit of the Spanish people at that time to make it quite certain that the only result would have been a revolt and a revolution. As the Castilians said afterwards in their fury at the notion of their kingdom being partitioned, they were ready to go to the duke or go to the Devil, provided they all went together.

The stars, however, were not propitious to this sagacious and well planned scheme. Two things occurred to prevent its execution. The treaty transpired too soon. We do not know that it can be said with truth, that King William was under any obligation to support the Emperor's claims to the kingdom of Spain, but it is a subject which admits of remark that he was hardly entitled to leave the Emperor so entirely out of his counsels before the treaty was concluded. This, however, he did quite deliberately, and with full knowledge of its necessary result. He says in one of his letters, 'It is certain that the 'Emperor is not to be moved by persuasion to accept either of 'these alternatives, so that he must be compelled.' The dilemma was considerable, but the course proved fatal; for the treaty came to the knowledge of the Emperor, and from him to the King of Spain. The Spanish nobles were frantic at the liberty which had been taken with their kingdom, and in the end, after consulting the Pope, the King of Spain made a will by which he devolved the crown of Spain upon the Duke of Anjou in the event of his decease.

Probably had the King of Spain died immediately after the execution of the first Partition Treaty, it was the intention of France to have fulfilled it. But the second Treaty became known before the King of Spain died, the Court of Madrid was torn by the intrigues of the French and Austrian factions, the will was made in favour of the Duc d'Anjou, for the express

purpose of preserving the unity of the Spanish dominions. Louis XIV. could not resist the temptation, and not without hesitation accepted the dangerous gift; the Partition Treaty was flung to the winds, and thus began that long war of bloodshed which was graced by the laurels of Blenheim and Ramillies, and which ended by leaving France in a state of exhaustion, but placed the Bourbons on the Spanish throne.

It is, however, doubtful whether the English nation would have been prepared again to embark upon a continental campaign merely to redress the balance of power; but before the time arrived, they had another incentive which stung them to the quick. By an unaccountable mixture of arrogance, compassion, and impolicy, the French King took occasion at the death of James II. to recognise the title of his son to the throne of England. The account of it in Macaulay is very fully given, and we shall not transcribe to our pages passages with which the public must be already familiar. The scene is not more graphic and striking in the living pages of St. Simon than in those of the English historian: that stately but impudent exhibition was the true cause that roused the peace-loving people of England to renew the efforts of the war, and terminated at once the narrow policy which had thrown a gloom over the later years of the reign of William. But it is instructive, especially to students of the Jacobite class, who persist to this day in representing the Jacobites as something more than a very small minority, to see how the nation bent on peace, jealous of its foreign allies, coldly disposed enough to their foreign king, and thwarting him in all his military attempts with a dogged and stubborn perseverance, sprang to their feet at the insult thus offered to their constitution, and at the prospect of the return of the Stuarts. No warning voice that William could raise had affected them in the least. They would have no standing army, they would vote no money for soldiers; but when the news came that the French King had acknowledged the pretensions of the son of James, these precautions were flung to the winds, and they went into the new campaign with an amount of heartiness and earnestness which far exceeded anything that had been exhibited in the previous war.

But King William's mission was completed; his end was at hand; he did not live to see the first opening movements on that field to which his troops were hastening at his death. The picture of the death-bed scene of William is elaborate and striking, yet simple. It has no great rhetorical effort about it, but it comes to us at a time and in a way which renders it doubly pathetic. The great monarch's task was over, and

before these lines were printed, his illustrious historian had followed him. William had laid the foundation of a great political constitution, or rather he had presided and moderated, and controlled, while our forefathers laid these foundations for themselves. It was a mighty task, and it was performed with an amount of vigour, power, foresight and prudence, without which it must have failed in the midst of difficulties which to most men would have been utterly insurmountable. In this last volume Macaulay abates somewhat of his excessive laudation of his hero, and reduces him in some degree to a more sober level. Even he can hardly forgive him for the sombre aversion with which he viewed everything English, and the keen sense of admiration he had for everything Dutch; but his portrait was finished, and the lineaments which he has drawn will never be forgotten by posterity. That part, at all events, of his history is perfect. He has rescued the reputation of the great monarch from the cobwebs which a century of servility had hung around it, and has paid back to his memory the debt of gratitude which the nation has been so slow to acknowledge.

This labour completed, the pen falls from the hands of the historian. He, too, had a great work to do; he has nobly performed it; and in the great temple of English liberty no name will be more deeply or more honourably engraven than that of Macaulay.

Art. II.—1. *Les Moines d'Occident, depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint Bernard.* Par le Comte de Montalembert. Tomes I. II. Paris: 1860.

2. *The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard.* By the Count de Montalembert, &c. Authorised Translation. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1861.*

At a time when the representative of Gregory the Great and of Hildebrand is clinging with a desperate tenacity to the shrunk remnant of his temporal power, M. de Montalembert has given to the world a history of the Monastic Orders, to whom the more vigorous predecessors of Pius the Ninth were almost wholly indebted for the greatest of their victories. Few lessons can be more impressive than that which is furnished by the position, both of the author and of the Pontiff to whom his pages are dedicated. The grand vision of a sacerdotal empire which to the fervent longings of the first Gregory far outweighed all merely temporal power—the image, less beautiful though more colossal, of an infinite dominion over all kings and rulers, which stirred the heart of Gregory the Seventh, has no kindred charm for their feeble successor. Without the power of comprehending the real greatness of the men who raised the fabric of Papal Supremacy, the Vicegerent of Christ, whose standard was borne on to victory by Jerome and Augustine, by Benedict and Bernard, is risking his true inheritance of spiritual authority for the maintenance of an earthly state which would scarcely place him in the third or fourth rank of secular princes. Contradictions not less momentous are exhibited in the personal history of M. de Montalembert. In England his name is as highly honoured as it is widely known, for his determined opposition to a rigid and centralising despotism; but, born in an age of experiments, in which revolution has given place to legitimacy, and a monarchy set up by the people has been swept away in the flood of republicanism, he has failed to apprehend the true nature of that freedom to which he clings with the most passionate devotion. It could hardly indeed have been otherwise. No constitution such as that of England has ever sprung from mere theory. The idea which Englishmen have of liberty could never have been realised by

* The following pages were already in type when the translation reached us. We have therefore not been able to avail ourselves of it; but it appears to be executed with spirit and accuracy.

the experience of a single generation. To this atmosphere of theory and experiment must be traced that inconsistency in word and action, which marks the career of M. de Montalembert. The defence of monasticism comes from the unflinching admirer of English liberty: nay, in this monasticism he professes to discern that very principle of freedom which was uprooted by the overthrow of the 'Ancien Régime.' With such contradictions as these, we cease to wonder that the writer who seeks in England a purer air than the tainted atmosphere of French servility, should accept unreservedly the social results of the first Revolution, and that his adhesion to the doctrine of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity should have been followed by the ominous welcome with which he hailed the advent of that despotism, of which he has since felt the sting.

On the minds of Englishmen the idea of monasticism leaves the impression, not of obedience to a principle of law, but of servile prostration before an idolised rule. It exhibits to them a system which rigidly limits the exercise of mental powers, while it is the grave of all natural affection; a system which fostered the keenest intellectual subtlety the more effectually to crush the slightest movement in any forbidden direction. Yet it is no subject of regret that M. de Montalembert should come forward as the advocate of a system which in its legitimate results we hold to be fatal to the true growth of the mind, as well as to all genuine political freedom. The examination of first principles may be dull or wearisome; but there is a hope of detecting the fallacies, perhaps of weakening the convictions, of a writer, when he lays bare the secrets of his philosophy. Whatever inconsistency we may see in M. de Montalembert, may also be found in every page of monastic history. Freedom and oppression, the love of truth and the dread of investigation, the thoughtful search after living laws, and the barren enunciation of traditionary dogmas, appear to us to characterise in a larger or less degree all the great monastic heroes. If the attempt to trace out these contradictions fail of carrying conviction to M. de Montalembert, it may at the least show that a true appreciation of the idea of freedom as understood by Englishmen, and a real knowledge of their constitution, cannot be attained by one whose mind is preoccupied by the principles of monasticism. Meanwhile, his pages will serve to overthrow some errors prevalent amongst ourselves, and to bring out in clearer light the real strength and weakness of the monastic orders, and of that system of Latin Christianity, of which they were pre-eminently the pioneers and champions. His volumes, in the judgment of friend and foe alike, must be allowed to up-

hold a power which, if not wholly spiritual, is certainly not bound by material conditions. They plead the cause of men who, whatever we may think of their type of Christianity, were assuredly no weak and idle dreamers. They set forth the history of great leaders, who saw the end of their labours, and with an unflinching resolution took the wisest, if not the purest means for attaining it.

Monasticism and the Papacy are two distinct powers. The course of their fortunes seems now to be diverging indefinitely; and the main prop of earlier pontiffs serves but little to uphold the waning glory of the popedom. But for at least a thousand years their fortunes were inextricably united. With the rise or the degeneracy of the great orders also rose and fell the dignity and power of the popes; and with a true instinct the successors of St. Peter took into their special favour the men whom they knew to be the chief bulwarks and champions of their supremacy. And in its turn, the character of the popes, or rather of their designs, and the condition of their spiritual empire, exercised a corresponding influence on the Monastic Orders. The vast interval which separates the disciples of Loyola from those of Dominic and Francis, points to a distinction not less great between the Papacy under Innocent the Third and the Papacy after the great ecclesiastical revolution of the West. Almost from the pontificate of Innocent himself, the temporal head of the heavenly empire of Augustine began to sink more and more into the secular prince, in proportion as pretensions not less unbounded were enforced by a weaker will and a more interested policy. The 'seventy years' captivity' at Avignon converted the popes into mere puppets to the treacherous intrigues of French kings. Later generations saw in them simply men who sought by family alliances to secure their greatness as temporal princes, and to whom the welfare of the Church was as nothing in the balance. It is a fit retribution that the spiritual power, when restricted to men of Italian birth, should forfeit the greatness which pontiffs of other races had strengthened, if not created,—that the throne which has been filled by many an illustrious pontiff of Teutonic race, Suidger and Bruno, Otto, and the English Nicolas, should become contemptible when confined to Italians, destitute of the mental and moral strength which distinguished Gregory and Hildebrand, Benedict and Columba.

Of monasticism, under all its legitimate forms and developements, M. de Montalembert comes forward as the determined, and, in his own belief, impartial champion. And assuredly, if partiality be measured by a concealment or extenuation of abuses

and evils, no one could be more triumphantly acquitted of the slightest tendency to such unfairness. For the real degeneracy of the system none could pronounce a more stern and uncompromising condemnation; for the far more venial offences of a rule simply relaxed or modified he is a judge harsher and more severe than we should be,—and for an obvious reason. His ideal of monasticism is found where we see simply the working of a false philosophy; in his eyes the system is already on the decline when alone, or most of all, we believe that it was fulfilling a high mission, and winning a title to the gratitude of all ages. By giving our reasons for this belief, we may perhaps remove some of the difficulties which encircle the question; and if we may not hope to convince M. de Montalembert, we trust that we shall at the least make our meaning plain. There is between us so much of common ground in thought and feeling: we sympathise so thoroughly in his hatred of despotism, his love of freedom; we have so hearty an admiration for the great monks of Western Christendom, so firm a belief in the greatness and goodness of their achievements, that our entire divergence in other things points to an essential difference in principle, which no mere appeals to authority will serve either to explain or to remove.

To the present volumes, which, after a sketch of monasticism in the East, and of its beginnings in the West, under Athanasius, Jerome, and Ambrose, bring us to the confluence of the great rules of Benedict and Columba, is prefixed an elaborate Introduction, which is at once a complete exposition of all the good, and a condemnation of all the evil in the monastic systems of the West. It aspires to do more: it attempts to determine the highest ideal of Christianity, not less than to review the history and principles of all monasticism.

At the outset of his task, M. de Montalembert hastens to overthrow the modern popular notions of monastic life. It is not surprising that these should be as imperfect or as absurd as the popular notions of Greek or Roman civilisation or philosophy. Yet there is something almost ludicrous, after a patient study of the career of Lanfranc or Bernard, of Boniface or Columba, to hear the monastic state spoken of as a mere refuge for broken hearts, where the memory of shattered hopes and crushed affection may be softened into a chronic tranquillity, not cheerful perhaps, yet not intolerable. Disappointment and calamity may in all ages have sent some men into the cloister; but the vast majority of those who abandoned what they called the life of the world were made of sterner stuff and ready for harder work than this.

In truth, the most prominent characteristic of the Western monks is power. Whether in self-discipline, or in the rule of others, they exhibit no vacillation or feebleness of will. In their devotion there is no mere dreaming: in their meditation no mere inaction. The greatest ascetics become the most vigorous of missionaries; the sternest self-tormentors are the most diligent and successful of teachers. In the most trivial detail they believed that there was a work to be done: the hours of silent contemplation prepared them the better to accomplish it.

But with this power and force of character were united all other qualities which might win the reverence or the love of mankind. In the full determination of a matured will, with the masculine strength of a vigorous mind, the soldier, to whom the cell was to be as much a battle-field as the world could have been, gave himself solemnly to the life of active prayer and works of mercy. Labouring earnestly in his ceaseless intercession, he was not less earnest in relieving the physical, still more the spiritual, wants of all around him. To the poor of Christ his gates were always open: for their perplexities his counsel was always ready. The temporal aid, which modern states have been obliged to render compulsory, flowed naturally and spontaneously from an inexhaustible charity. Among his fellows were those who had been kings and chieftains, peasants or slaves; and with him all stood on an absolute equality before God. With them he was united by the rule of an unlimited and unquestioning obedience to a spiritual chief, by an entire renunciation of all worldly goods, down to the very clothes which he wore, and the pen with which he wrote. Under the spell of his unwearying labour, savage deserts and unwholesome marshes were changed into blooming gardens and waving corn fields. The peaceful home, on which he lavished every epithet of the most intense affection, became the nucleus of happy homesteads and contented hearths. The hamlets of his dependants clustered peacefully around the great conventual church, which was sometimes the very embodiment of a severe simplicity, more often a storehouse of the highest glories of Christian art. If the fields without bore witness to his bodily industry, his cloister was not less the scene of the most subtle or the most beneficent of intellectual triumphs. From his cell went forth the letters which were to cheer or counsel the vicar of Christ, to rebuke kings and statesmen, to warn and guide the faithful, to recall the wanderer to the fold, and to confound the unbeliever. The intensity of his meditation did not close his senses to the beauties of earth and heaven, the fragrance of

flowers, and the soft murmur of summer breezes. For him the savage storm and the rushing stream had each their lesson, as well as the gentler harmonies of cloudless sky and tranquil water. But his warmest, his absorbing love, was for the brethren who were engaged with himself in the same battle against the weakness and corruption of the flesh, in the same race for an incorruptible crown. To him his friend was as the seal upon his heart. Not less than his words, his silence was expressive of a love which could not be weakened or forgotten. He had no need to forget or to mourn. Death could not part them in the communion of the living and the dead. Their prayers still rose together before the Divine throne; and he could ask the intercession of the brethren for the soul of his friend as though he asked it for his own. Here on earth he had his 'happy home' (beau lieu, joyeux lieu), his 'haven of rest' (bon repos), his 'valley of peace,' from which he was one day to migrate to a haven which no storms may vex, and a valley where no griefs may enter.

It is an exquisite picture, and one, we doubt not, realised in its general outlines far more frequently than the tone of modern thought may be disposed to admit. Unfortunately, there is scarcely a single feature in this description which does not involve some ambiguity or equivocation of language, or which does not receive its contradiction, even in the most heroic and the most devoted of those whom M. de Montalembert delights to honour as the Chivalry of God.

The truth is, that, as theological controversies are indefinitely lengthened when both parties insist on employing the same word in different senses, so here the examination of monachism can serve no real purpose, as long as we permit certain abstract words to be used on either side without a precise definition. Liberty and faith, charity and religion, prayer and virginity, are terms which may certainly bear more senses than one; and the tacit limitation to one meaning virtually decides the whole question. They are also terms which are special favourites with the greatest monastic writers; and if, when employed by them, they sometimes express what is absolutely false, more frequently they have a meaning which is partially true. In other words, monachism, whether in the East or West, is no compact and harmonious whole. In every stage of its course, except perhaps the earliest, it exhibits the working of conflicting and irreconcileable ideas. It has its repulsive and attractive phases; but, as in the architecture of Teutonic Christendom, its grandest developements are found in the periods of transition.

Yet under the greatest outward contrasts there is a close and

inseparable connexion between all the forms through which it has passed. One common characteristic binds together the learned Benedictine and the savage hermit who gloried in his ignorance. One feature at least there is in common between Clugny and Citeaux in the days of their glory and the anchorites who peopled the deserts of the Thebais. In this one common feature is to be found, as we believe, the essence of monachism: but it is a bond which immediately connects the highest form of that life with the earliest and the most remote philosophy of the East.

This unbroken connexion M. de Montalembert has very clearly perceived. To him, as to almost every one else, the great type of the mediæval monk is St. Bernard. In him is to be found the sternest asceticism, the warmest affection, the deepest humility united with the mightiest power and the most imperious authority. But, in the power and the majesty of St. Bernard, we see simply the result of the great battle which had been fought and won by Hildebrand and Peter Damiani, while these, in their turn, were but disciples of the first Gregory, and he of Benedict. But between Benedict and Bernard there was little superficial resemblance. Between Benedict and Antony, with the swarms who after him overran the Egyptian solitudes, there is, at least in the early portion of his history, almost an identity. And again, between the Christian monks of Nitria and the Therapeutæ of the older faith, the Essenes of Judea, and the monks who held the creed of Zoroaster and of Bouddha, there is the same absolute and essential harmony. Undoubtedly on these earliest Egyptian anchorites Christianity had impressed something of its own character—had imparted some ideas not known to the earlier systems. But the outward results were the same: the spiritual condition, so far as we may judge of it, not very different.

The admission of this connexion by M. de Montalembert, even if it be not held to prove that Christian and Buddhistic monachism is one and the same system and grounded on the same philosophy, must at the least prove that the strict type, and consequently the most legitimate form, of monasticism is not that of the monk in the stately Benedictine or Cistercian convent, but of the solitary anchorite in his inaccessible cell. And, accordingly, true to the real monastic instinct, M. de Montalembert has as keen an admiration, if not a more fervent tribute, for the hermit who chained himself to a rock, or stood upright for months and years, as for the greatest scholars and theologians who adorned the monasteries of the middle ages.

Either, then, Christian monachism is one and the same with

the earliest monastic system of the East, or in some or all of its developements it has acquired from Christianity a character peculiarly its own. It is only fair and just that this difference should be measured by the degree in which it stands apart from heathen monachism in its appearance and results, whether external or internal. But in what respect is the monachism of Antony, of Pacomius, and Hilarion different from that of the wildest Oriental Fakir? We must decline to follow M. de Montalembert in any discussion as to the meaning of particular texts in the Gospel. It is, perhaps, quite useless to urge (what, nevertheless, we believe) that the command to the rich young man to go and sell all that he had and give to the poor is neither a recognition nor a sanction of monastic life; or that to this system is to be referred the manifold blessing promised in this world as well as in the next, to those who, for the sake of Christ, have given up their home and kindred (vol. i. p. 45.). But that vision must be astonishingly perverted which can discern in the loathsome exhibitions of Egyptian anchoritism the slightest congruity with the general characteristics of the New Testament, or connect the Christianity of St. Paul with a system which contradicts or ignores all its most positive and solemn precepts, and really fulfils not one of them.

It remains, then, to be seen whether Christianity laid down for monachism a really new basis, and, if so, when this new character is first discernible, or how far it affects its subsequent history, or whether the foundation of the system—whether amongst Christians or heathens—is in its ultimate essence the same? We will give, in M. de Montalembert's words, the reason for believing it to be the latter:—

'This life of solitude and privations,' he says, in distinguishing between the natural and supernatural origin of monachism, 'apparently so contrary to human inclination, has its roots in human nature. All men, at some moment of their lives, have felt this mysterious and powerful attraction towards solitude. All have recognised and honoured it: all religions have adopted and sanctioned it. Pagan philosophers and moralists have abundantly extolled this impulse of nature: the Eastern world has followed it passionately. India for three thousand years has had its ascetics, who push to frenzy the science of mortification and the practice of voluntary chastisements. They are to be found still, wandering through the world, or living in vast communities, among all the nations which recognise the law of Bouddha. But they have produced nothing, they have saved nothing. The pride of error and the corruption of idleness have made them useless to the soul of man as well as to society: but in their very self-abnegation they bear an undying witness to this profound instinct of the soul, which the only true religion has transformed into an inexhaustible source of virtue and beneficence.' (Vol. i. p. 41.)

This natural instinct which, if left to itself, must end in the most irregular and fantastic results, Christianity has sanctioned, by subjecting it to the discipline of a strict law, and by imparting to it a motive and an end unknown to the heathen systems. But on this hypothesis, on which M. de Montalembert manifestly rests the final defence of monachism (vol. i. p. 14—26.), the admission is inevitable that the groundwork of the system in all its forms is one and the same. A closer examination may therefore not only enable us better to understand his meaning; but to lay bare some of the fallacies which are necessary for the proof of his position that monachism is the perfection of the Christian life (vol. ii. p. 11.), the very ideal of Christian humanity (vol. i. p. cclxix.).

This position resolves itself into two or three general statements, for none of which does any adequate support appear to be forthcoming. For the foundation of the earliest Oriental monachism, M. de Montalembert assigns a principle in which it certainly did not originate; and this principle he unconsciously modifies, when he has to speak of its Christian developements. Probably at no period has the love of solitude been the permanent motive for the adoption of the monastic life: it unquestionably was not and is not so with the monks of India or Thibet. The love of solitude is in them wholly subordinate to the one absorbing principle which has served as the basis of every form of Oriental philosophy and religion. The absolute and hopeless corruption of matter, the possible purification of spirit, left no alternative to those who desired to escape from the one to the other. The disciple of Bouddha never assumed, with Christian theologians, that material corruption was the effect of moral disobedience. Matter to him was the absolute evil, not as having been defiled by a perverted use, but as being in itself the work of an evil god, the principle of defilement to everything associated with it. To depart into a desert, to devise the most ingenious torments, to crush every human instinct, might be a natural impulse to one who regarded his body as a foul prison-house which alone withheld him from immediate union with an absolute and eternal purity. But both the solitude and the self-torment were mere means and instruments for the attainment of the one passionate longing for self-annihilation. The monk of Nitria fled from every human haunt, not so much because solitude was essential to his being, but because amidst human society he could not preserve unsullied the treasure of virginity,—the one idea which, so far as we may see, Christianity seems as yet to have infused into the monastic theory. For the monks of the West it can even less

fairly be considered as the one constraining motive. It would be strange if it were so with men who were manifestly actuated by many vehement and conflicting impulses. But for the mediæval monk other elements had crept in which greatly modified the ideal of his vocation. He was the member of a society, the soldier of an army which was to fight the battles of the King of kings. He was the knight sheathed in the impenetrable armour of the Spirit, and he bore in his hand the invincible sword of faith. He had learnt the language, and transferred to his monastic life, the images and terms of feudalism. He fled from his home to the cloister, because he could there fight better against material and spiritual corruption. He chose the most severe schools which he could find, for the exercise of his self-discipline. He withdrew from these into wilder deserts, if they failed to meet his ideal of self-mortification. He established a *reform*, if existing rules appeared to him too indulgent to human weakness. Thus not merely the rapid growth of Western monasticism, but the marvellous power of self-renovation which it exhibits through the whole course of its history, is owing to motives which are utterly alien to the monachism of the East,—to motives which may more strictly be called Teutonic, but which eminently harmonise with the general spirit and working of Christianity.

But, further, we may question the universal existence of this physical impulse towards a solitary life, or its cogency, even if we grant its existence. Such a feeling must arise in all who have come to think of absorbing meditations on the Divine Nature as a sovereign remedy for the unregulated love of the creature, or who have imbibed a mysterious reverence for holy virginity (vol. i. p. xiv.). But even for these it may be doubted whether 'the human origin and natural explanation of 'the monastic vocation . . . . springs from a profound and 'deliberate, though sometimes a precocious, sentiment of the 'vanity of human things, and of the constant discomfiture of 'truth and goodness on the earth.' Had this impulse predominated more, it must have filled the monasteries with crowds of those fainting hearts and feeble spirits whose profession, compared to that of men of more commanding character, was, as M. de Montalembert insists, 'infinitely rare' (vol. i. p. lxxxi.). But assuredly there have been forms of thought and civilisation in which such an impulse seems to have been nearly, if not absolutely, unknown. The intense humanity of the Greek, which invested all his deities with the attributes and passions of man, left no room for a sentiment alien to his whole life and thoughts. He could not fly into solitude, for the wilderness

was to him peopled with its own inhabitants, who had for him no vague and mysterious terrors. Nor can we see the working of this impulse in the sect or fraternity of the Pythagoræans, whom, with many of the prophets, as well as the Rechabites of the Old Testament, M. de Montalembert regards as leading and advocating the life of the cloister. Of the Pythagoræans we know so little that to them it might have been wiser to omit all reference; but, whatever amount of religious elements may have entered into their association, assuredly they renounced neither property nor political influence. They may perhaps be called members of a guild; it is merely unreasonable to identify them with any form of monastic life. The Rechabites, it might be urged, are spoken of as an hereditary nomadic clan; but their history or discipline does not affect the question. The monastic element and influence was active enough in Palestine before the birth of Christ; and the images so frequently drawn in His teaching from the marriage rite, are entirely abhorrent to the whole spirit of the Essene philosophy.

Thus, having assigned as the basis of the earliest Oriental monachism this mysterious attraction to solitude in place of that conviction of the absolute impurity of matter which alone made solitude a natural refuge, M. de Montalembert proceeds with greater ease to fill up the outlines of his picture. For the reason already given, Egyptian anchoritism presents to him no difficulty. Antony and the swarms of solitaries who clustered round him in the desert, by their withdrawal from social and family life were 'nearer to God and the Divine Mediator who 'had so recently shed His blood on Calvary' (vol. i. p. 49.). The dazzling examples of their piety recruited their ranks with an endless succession of devotees who outnumbered the populations of large cities. They hurried into the desert, as M. de Montalembert believes, not so much from a motive of repulsion at the frightful dissolution of all existing society, not so much from utter despair at the hopeless horrors which filled the Roman world, as from an attraction to the specially Christian sanctity of these Egyptian eremites. In them they beheld marvellous examples of utter self-renunciation, of men who had subdued every evil passion and depraved desire, whose love embraced all mankind, whose prayer was as constant as it was fervent, whose whole life was a realisation of heaven. There the vehemence of Antony was eclipsed by the austerities of Pacomius, who for fifteen years slept either in an upright posture, or barely supported on a projection of rock. There Macarius evinced his holiness by standing for six months in a morass, with his naked body exposed to the sting of African

insects strong enough to pierce the hide of a boar. There this same Macarius, as he hurled the bunch of grapes into the lake, gave thanks to God for the self-denial of his monks who had passed the gift round to the whole community, and left it finally untouched. From these deserts the monastic life flowed back in a vast surge on the Egyptian cities; and the town of Oxyrynchus alone could boast ten thousand monks, and twenty thousand maidens consecrated to God. But self-subjection and starvation had not dried up the springs of their human sympathy. To all but to themselves none could be more tender and forbearing. Never was hospitality more generous, or Christian charity more universal. Nay, this very self-maceration did but impart to them more fully the secret of love for their neighbour. In the East, the self-tortures of the monks had gone even farther. If men like Basil and his friend Gregory were examples of a less exalted type, Simeon from the summit of his pillar for eight and forty years edified the crowds who thronged around its base not more by his preaching than by the wonderful skill which bent his forehead till it touched his feet. In the West, the smouldering ashes had been kindled into flame by the eloquence and the example of Athanasius. During one of his many banishments from his archiepiscopal city, he had admired in retirement the virtues which the hermits of Thebais practised in seclusion. Unconscious of this vast difference between himself and them, while from his cell he wrote the letters and treatises which kept the whole Roman empire in a fever of excitement, he fancied that he was conforming to the very ideal of the sternest asceticism. By the magic of his name and of his teaching, the mighty impulse was given which sent high-born youths and maidens, the descendants of the old Fabii, and Claudii, and Anicii, to a life of penitence and prayer at Bethlehem. There Jerome, perhaps the most eloquent, certainly the most vehement advocate of the monastic life, united a sterner self-discipline with an intellectual activity not less than that of Athanasius. And while he drew his spiritual colony of Roman matrons and virgins to the hallowed scenes of the Saviour's life and sufferings, Ambrose was infusing fresh life into the monasticism of the West. From him through Augustine was concentrated the direct influence of monasticism on the theology and constitution of the Church: from him emanated the vision which Augustine embodied in his City of God, and which the Papacy sought to realise first in its purer, then in a more earthly form. Further to the North, the same impulse had been received and imparted by St. Martin of Tours: and the wildest recesses of

Gaul began to be peopled by fervent hermits whose self-mortification only rebelled against the scanty fare which kept in life the eremites of Egypt. From the cell of Horonatus in the little island of Lerins issued a succession not merely of ascetics but of learned doctors and prelates. But, while the philosophy of Cassianus was drawing down some suspicion on the convent of St. Victor at Marseilles, a more oriental form of monachism was exhibited in the ruder districts of Gaul. Gregory of Tours encountered near Trêves a monk who used the summit of a pillar for the more practical purpose of converting the heathen who flocked to hear him. Another passed his life in a cavern, a prey to ecstacies and diabolical temptations. Another, discovered by shepherds on the crest of a rock, would not suffer them to approach him, but gave them his benediction as they knelt at the base of the cliff. In the heights of the Jura, Romanus found a lurking place amidst impenetrable rocks and thickets where he hoped that no human eye might see him. His brother Lupicinus found means to track him, and with him established the great monastery of Condat. On a neighbouring rock their sister governed five hundred virgins, who, once cloistered, never emerged except for burial. In this wild retreat all were satisfied but Lupicinus. His soul loathed their light austerities. Into one caldron he threw a meal of fish and vegetables which the monks were preparing separately with some neatness and care: and twelve of the brethren left the convent in indignation. 'Better were it 'for thee not to have come here,' said Romanus, 'than thus to 'drive away our monks.' 'It matters not,' was his reply; 'it 'is the chaff separating itself from the wheat. God has no 'portion in them.'

Thus, from the Rhone to the Danube, from Sicily to Northern Gaul, the monastic institute was spreading. Its growth was rapid but irregular. The abbeys were isolated units, with no common tie or centre of action. If the monks were to carry the world through the dissolution of the old Society, if they were to gather into the fold of the Church the wild barbarians who passed in successive inundations over Europe, if in these savages they were to find the special instruments for establishing a more vigorous and a more Christian civilisation, it could only be by assuming for themselves the compact organisation of an army. It was a momentous crisis, and the crisis produced Benedict. Seldom perhaps have mighty results been attained by one who so little anticipated or even intended them. He hurried to his hiding place in the rocks of Subiaco, not thinking that he was raising up a bulwark for his country against

barbarous invaders, still less dreaming of or even wishing for the proud intellectual pre-eminence destined for the future houses of his rule. He buried himself for three years in his cave for the salvation of his own soul. The salvation of others brought him forth at the end of it, to inspire them with the love of God. His fame spread: it brought him disciples, it plunged him into danger. Degenerate monks, who had invited his direction, sought to poison him. The jealousy of an immoral priest exposed his comrades to fleshly temptations. Benedict escaped unscathed through all. For his own rebellious desires the sharp thorns on which he rolled his bare body furnished an adequate remedy. From the treachery of others a deliverance by miracle never failed him. From the temptation of the wicked priest he withdrew himself and his disciples to the distant home on which was to rise the famous monastery of Monte Cassino. The spell of his name was growing powerful. All ranks and ages crowded to make their profession at his feet. From all, whether noble or peasant, rich or poor, he required the same self-renunciation, the same absolute obedience; on all he enforced the same unbending discipline. But his strong sense taught him to repress austerities in excess of the rule. A brother had fastened himself to a rock by a chain. 'If thou art really a servant of God,' said Benedict, 'restrain 'thyself not by a chain of iron but by the chain of Christ.' The rebuke was just, but it contained a principle subversive of the whole idea of monasticism.

In this retreat, of which the magnificent natural beauty had for him no charm, Benedict gave himself to the work of preaching, as well as to the government of his monks. Nor was he less, in death and famine, the temporal stay of the poor around his monastery. The celebrated hospitality of his order has its consecrating legend in a miraculous supply of corn left at the gates, when he had rebuked the monks for complaining that only five loaves remained for the support of the whole community. Awed by his majesty, the savage, who came to plunder or slay, abandoned his purpose, even if he did not acknowledge his sin; and Totila himself listened patiently to the rebukes and the predictions of Benedict.

His rule was well calculated to promote the strength and efficiency of his order. The act of profession was the last free exercise of a personal will permitted to the monk. Henceforth he was but a reasoning instrument in the hands of an absolute master. The employment of every hour was minutely mapped out and strictly enforced. Manual labour was imposed as a duty on all. He who had the skill might receive permission to

exercise a trade; but the first symptoms of pride in artistic merit was the signal for substituting some other trade of which he knew nothing. To his obedience, as far as it concerned himself, there was to be no limit; it was held to extend even to impossibilities. The only real check to this despotic power of the superior was his own sense of duty. He had sworn to order nothing but what was in uniformity with the Divine law. His authority was paternal and pastoral; and in all difficult cases he was to look on his brethren as fellow counsellors, not as subjects. Still in the chapter of the convent he possessed on all questions the right of final decision. No monarchy could be in appearance more irresponsible: but its practical working was always more or less democratic. The check placed upon the arbitrary exercise of abbatial power, by the collective will of the monks, was the same in kind with that of the nobles on the despotism of their feudal sovereigns.

For the perpetuity of this organisation, an irrevocable vow and an absolute renunciation of all property were alike imperatively necessary. The institution could stand at best only on a precarious footing, if the brethren might depart from any passing caprice or whim. Unity of aim and purpose could not exist, so long as the smallest fraction of property remained withdrawn from the common store. Benedict acted therefore with a strong practical sense in making these two acts the indispensable conditions for affiliation into his order. Hitherto the vows taken by monks had always been regarded as to a certain extent conditional; and their secular garments were carefully kept to meet the possible contingence of their departure. But any such uncertainty was inadmissible in a community, which, although calling itself the Order of the Peacemakers (Ordo Pacificorum), was essentially aggressive, and which was to pursue its victorious path in the noblest of all warfares against heathenism and ungodliness.

In this constitution of incessant labour, of absolute obedience, of severe penances, even to scourging for the smallest faults, it is obvious that the mind of Benedict had no visions of intellectual greatness such as animated Cassiodorus in his beautiful Calabrian retreat. But the absence of any provision for the encouragement of learning perhaps better prepared his society to pass through the fiery ordeal of the Lombard invasions, which destroyed their convent at Monte Cassino, and compelled the order to take refuge in Rome. Still more its firm organisation attracted into the monastic army the first monk who sat on the throne of St. Peter. Gregory the Great, from the peculiar strength of his character, and his determined energy in the

pursuit of the ends proposed to himself, was a man fully equal to the crisis which threatened to submerge the Papacy, unless the Pope should practically seize the prerogatives of the Western emperors, and, with these, a power which had long since escaped from their grasp. Throughout a life of intense activity Gregory continued a monk; and his true instinct pointed out to him the special dangers arising from an imperfect or weak monastic constitution. His toleration for the heretic or the Jew was combined with an inexorable severity to the monk who retained in his possession a piece of money. With the unwavering courage of a man who fears nothing and desires nothing for himself, he opposed kings and confronted nations. The same devotion for the cause of the Church led him into his only crimes. Two nations owed to him their faith, and with it their civilisation; and before his death the foundations were firmly laid of that spiritual empire and supremacy, which Hildebrand was afterwards to sully, while he extended it.

Throughout their history Benedict and Gregory come before us with a strongly defined personality. If legend has been busy with the story of the former, it has not put out of sight the character of the man. No such distinct image attaches to the early annals of monasticism in Spain. Between Leander, (a monk of Seville and bishop of the same see) and Gregory there subsisted a close friendship. Leander's brother, Isidore, assumed likewise the monastic habit and succeeded to his metropolitan throne. Their sister Florentina received from them a rule for the guidance of her nuns, and for their preservation from all contact with lay women, who are mere Sirens and instruments of Satan. The more popular name of Ildefonsus is adorned with a few tales of monastic charity and a few legends of familiarity with brute creatures, which form a more important feature in the monastic annals of Gaul. But both here and in the dominion of the Merovingians, the picture is indistinct and merely negative. From Monte Cassino, Benedict sent his disciple Maurus to propagate his rule in the North; but St. Maur, whose name has been rendered famous by a more recent society, vanishes in the mists of legend as soon as he has arrived in the land where the monastic life already flourished in the Abbeys of Marmoutier and Condat. From a crowd of mere names a more definite character attaches to those of German, Bishop of Auxerre, and Gregory of Tours, whose writings have won for him a more solid reputation. The history, or rather the legend, of Radegonda, if it has any value whatever, can only serve to prove the utter failure of monachism under the Merovingians in the sixth

century. But in more remote regions we are introduced to tales of another kind. Solitaries, who shrunk from all contact with humanity, were becoming the unconscious instruments for the conversion and civilisation of savages and heathens. They penetrate valleys choked with rocks, brambles, and brushwood, the overgrowth of generations, interlaced into a barrier not to be penetrated by anything weaker than their untiring energy. They are the sternest of ascetics, and the most isolated of hermits. They delight to inhabit the dens of beasts, who yield them peaceable possession. It is their pride to be mistaken by huntsmen for their legitimate prey, and by the uplifting of the hands in prayer to arrest the weapon aimed at a body which bore the semblance of a brute. Starvation and self-torment, ecstatic prayer alternating with meditation, and the labour of clearing the choked soil for their slender supply of herbs, make up the circle of their lives. For them the law is suspended which makes savage beasts shrink from man. Animals the most untameable approach them in willing familiarity. The buffalo and the bison come for their daily caress, and hurry back to the wilderness, or remain to serve as beasts of burden. But their solitude is soon disturbed. The hunter spreads the tale of the strange sight which had almost led him into involuntary murder; or some king or chieftain finds to his wrath that the game of his royal forest has met with a protector whose sanctity he dares not violate. His rest is broken by penitents, who come to ask his blessing and who implore to live under his authority. The solitary cell becomes the nucleus of a society, the society a centre of many congregations radiating from it. The little plot for herbs becomes a garden; the hills are clothed with vines, the plains adorned with fruit trees. They are the pioneers of a physical not less than of a moral civilisation. Never were instruments less conscious of the high ends which they were serving; never were high ends more rapidly or effectually achieved.

Such as this is in part the history of St. Columba, although it speedily expands into the region of political influence and theological controversy. From the cloisters of Bangor on the coast of Ulster the passion of pilgrimage and preaching draws him into Gaul. At Anegratis he enjoys the luxury of the rudest asceticism. For weeks he lives in utter solitude, barely supporting existence on wild herbs and the bark of trees. The birds come to be fondled by him: squirrels nestle in the folds of his robe: wolves touch the hem of his garment, and, seeing him fearless, pass on their way. He is soon surrounded by unmanageable numbers, and he hastens to find a new home

amidst the ruins of Lexovium. There, surrounded by the monuments of an old civilisation, whose fragments serve for materials to his ruder home, he proceeds to found a new society nobler and stronger than that which had been dissolved by its own corruption not less than by the violence of barbarous invaders. Crowds followed him to Luxeuil, as they had followed him to Anegratis: and the everlasting praise (laus perennis) of a choir renewed from morning to night and from night to morning resounded amidst prostrate baths and abandoned palaces.

The elements of disquiet were about to disturb his earthly paradise. The Gaulish bishops were scandalised at his raiment and his tonsure. They were yet more offended by his obstinate adherence to a schismatical method of keeping Easter.* But if he refused to yield to the bishops in a question which we might hold to be indifferent, he resisted more firmly where the strength of his resistance redounded to his greater honour. Unlike Gregory, who could stoop to eulogise the murderer of Maurice, Columba had no words but those of vehement condemnation for Brunehault, whom the same Gregory found it his policy to uphold as a pattern of orthodox piety. Her son Thierri, King of Burgundy, came to visit him. Brunehault besought his blessing for her grandchildren the four sons of Thierri. 'None 'of these shall inherit the kingdom,' said Columba, 'they 'are the offspring of adultery.' He passed from the court unhindered: but the hatred of Brunehault brought about his banishment from Luxeuil. From the home to which his heart clung, from the brethren to whom he was bound by a love yet more fervent, he was torn away, to be driven back to the island of his birth. But it was not so to be. The invisible force, which arrested the boat at Tours, when the attendants would not permit Columba to pray at St. Martin's tomb, threw the ship, in which he embarked at Nantes, for three days on the sands. Wearied and terrified, the captain hurried the monks from his ship, and the stranded vessel was immediately afloat. The

* M. de Montalembert considers (vol. ii. p. 435.) Columba rather an aggressor on this point than a defendant. In his history he sees not the shadow of an attempt at coercion, or even of disapprobation, on the part of the Gaulo-Frank bishops towards a stranger who sought to impose his usages on others, and to arbitrate as a judge rather than obey as a Catholic Christian. Yet he was arraigned before a synod of bishops (Milman, 'Latin Christianity,' vol. ii. p. 103.); and the tone of his reply, which is wholly apologetic, although it may not acquit him of an ill-timed and unnecessary obstinacy, seems at least conclusive evidence against any active aggression on his part.

counsel of Thierri was frustrated: but to Luxeuil there was no return. The old passion for pilgrimage and preaching revived. He sailed up the Rhine, sojourned awhile on the shores of the Lake of Zurich, and then in the company of St. Gall fixed himself on the banks of that of Constance. Their success as missionaries was very partial; their means of livelihood scanty and precarious. But if human hearts would not yield to his prayers, beings invisible were at least terrified by his holiness. The Spirit of the Mountain besought aid from the Spirit of the Waters: strangers had driven him from his temple. 'There is 'no hope,' said the Spirit of the Waters: 'there is one who 'sinks in my lake nets which I cannot break. He is always 'praying, he never sleeps.' Gall, who was fishing, made the sign of the Cross, and bade them depart without doing mischief. He hastened to Columba, but the exorcism was scarcely begun before they heard the angry lament of the baffled spirits, whose cries presently died away up the long valley, like the confused murmur of a flying army.

The desire of Columba was to carry the faith of Christ among the Sclavonic tribes, some of whom were now to be found on the southern bank of the Danube. A vision compelled him to renounce his intention; but the enmity of his neighbours rendered a longer stay at Bregenz impracticable. Columba prepared to descend into Lombardy. At the moment of departure Gall refused to accompany him. Columba rebuked his fears, and interdicted him from saying mass for the remainder of his life. From the Lombard King Agilulf, he received kindlier treatment than that which he had experienced at the hands of Thierri and Theodebert. Not far from the banks of the Trebbia arose the famous abbey of Bobbio, the last stage in the many wanderings of Columba. His rule proved to be not less attractive here than it had been in transalpine regions. His mind kept its freshness and its combativeness in what he termed the eighteenth olympiad of his life. While he wrote to a friend in Latin verse, which showed that he could make a graceful use of secular learning, he sought to enforce on the Pope the condemnation of the Three Chapters on which the Fifth Œcumenical Council had placed its ban. Theodebert was dead, and Thierri; and Clotaire had torn Brunehault in pieces with wild horses. Clotaire desired to have in his dominions the saint whose prophecies or denunciations had so signally served his own aggrandisement. M. de Montalembert judges Columba too harshly, because his refusal was not accompanied by a stern rebuke of his iniquities. Columba confined himself to the bestowal of ghostly counsel; it

would have been well for Gregory the Great, had he approached no nearer to the confines of error.

With Columba the early monastic annals of Gaul lose their special charm. The names of those who follow have retained little more of personality than the names of almost all who went before him. With him also departed the influence which gave to his work its individual character, and made his rule a rival to that of Benedict. Scarcely a generation had passed away, before all the houses founded on his rule adopted, without compulsion or resistance, the constitution of the great Italian regenerator of monasticism. The reason is not obscure. The character of Columba stands out in bold relief, and his aggressive impulses serve to make its features clearer. But his aggression was altogether on indifferent points; his obstinacy was in defence of that which sense and religion would alike have justified him in yielding up. The very entreaty for permission to observe Easter, according to a rule not recognised in the Western Church, had in it something of sectarianism which augured but ill for the permanence of his rule. The battle for a peculiar form of tonsure was worthy of the heroism of Eastern Monachism. And in his rule itself there was an extravagance of force too likely to defeat its own end. No law could have demanded a more complete self-renunciation, a more unscrupulous obedience, than the rule of Benedict; none needed to be severer in its punishments. But the rule of Columba lavished a savage abundance of blows for offences which it required all the subtlety of monastic ingenuity to discover. There were lashes for the omission of a response, lashes for the interruption of a cough. Inattention or misbehaviour at mass might be punished by two hundred stripes, not more than twenty-five being inflicted at a time. Scarcely less terrible was the length of their offices in the choir. Seventy-five psalms, with twenty-five antiphons, were to be recited on the greater feasts,—thirty-six psalms, with twelve antiphons, on the lesser. There was enough in this, and especially in a position which, however pardonable, was in its essence schismatic, to account for the rapidity with which his rule gave way before that of Benedict, even if we put out of view the significant fact that the latter had received the seal of Papal approbation.

In this sketch of Western Monasticism to the point at which M. de Montalembert closes that portion of his work which he has given to the public, we have been careful to introduce no feature which he has failed to notice, or to draw any inference which he would not himself fully justify. The picture here drawn is one which we believe that he would allow to be

impartial and true. But it is obvious that in this history is brought before us not only matter which demands the most precise and well defined historical criticism, but also a peculiar type of Christianity. In this precision or consistency of judgment, M. de Montalembert's volumes appear to us eminently wanting. The peculiar type of monastic religion he not only recognises, but, as we have seen, upholds as the very ideal of Christian perfection. It is easier to prove the former of these statements than to refute the latter; yet we will endeavour to refute it, so far as we may be able, from the writer's own admissions. From his own pages we shall seek to show that even the best of monks sinned against charity and kindly feeling, against tolerance and equity, against faith and godliness; and that they did so by the irresistible necessity of their monastic profession.

With a simple and lively faith in the supernatural, M. de Montalembert professes not to have recourse to it except where the Church compels him, or where every natural explanation fails for facts which are indisputable. We can only regret that he has been most inconsistent in the application of a salutary rule, and that he has allowed himself sometimes to speak of miracles and prodigies as legends, sometimes to rationalise them, and not unfrequently to state as positive facts details which are certainly not less mythical than others which he explains away. Unquestionably the poetry of mediæval Christianity clothes itself in the garb of miracle and portent. It is an ample reason for relating such prodigies; but it is a reason scarcely less conclusive for placing all monastic miracles in a single class. With few exceptions, M. de Montalembert relates, as he would relate facts, all but those wonders which he regards as the mere expressions of poetry. The crags of Subiaco are said 'to rival 'the rugged rock where Francis of Assisi *received* the Stigmata 'of the Passion' (vol. ii. p. 10.). Apparitions of demons haunt Benedict not less than the Egyptian anchorites (vol. ii. p. 23.). He is able at a distance to read the thoughts and designs of his monks (*ib.*). He restores a child from death to the arms of his father (vol. ii. p. 27.). Gregory sees the angel stand on the tomb of Hadrian (*ib.* p. 97.). A father prays St. Maclou to remove the dumbness of his daughter: he obtains from God the necessary miracle (*ib.* p. 348.). Columba marks every stage of his journey by miraculous cures and other prodigies (*ib.* p. 446.). These and a thousand others are narrated as historically as the institution of the Benedictine rule, or the facts of Gregory's Pontificate. We do not see why others should be explained away. We cannot understand, if

the system of Euêmerus may be applied to any, what becomes of the author's lively and simple faith in the supernatural. At the burial of a saintly widow, M. de Montalembert speaks of the spectators as *crying out* that they saw her husband's corpse raise its arm to embrace her. Gregory of Tours simply says that the corpse did so raise its arm; and that the people were thus assured of the fervency of their love. A monk falls into the lake; at Benedict's command, Maurus walks on the water and rescues his sinking friend. M. de Montalembert quotes on this a rhetorical declamation of Bossuet, from which it seems impossible to determine whether he took it as fact or as metaphor (vol. ii. p. 16.). Nor are we sure what is his own judgment on that vast class of marvellous and sometimes beautiful legends which celebrate the familiarity of monks with the most docile or the most savage of brutes. If they merely illustrate the poetry of the age, a few specimens would have sufficed; but these tales fill almost his entire history of the monks under the earlier Merovingians. To deny the supernatural intervention of Providence in the lives of saints for the edification and comfort of the faithful would be, he maintains, a falsification of history. With the truth fable may *sometimes* be mingled; and whether authentic or not, there is not one legend which is a discredit to human nature, or which does not attest the victory of weakness over power, of good over evil.

It is an assertion with which we cannot agree, but on which controversy is useless. We regret more deeply the want of any sound historical criticism in the admission of some narratives which are not miraculous or romantic. The austerities, the persecutions, the holiness of saints, the institution of the successive monastic orders, have each their typical consecrating legend. At the profession of Florus King Theodebert cuts off the first lock of his hair; the surrounding nobles each perform a similar service, until his tonsure is complete. M. de Montalembert sees in this a fact illustrative of the rising glory of monasticism. It might be more natural to regard it as a later myth inaugurating the early fortunes of the order. A similar myth is found in the story of Sequanus, who is warned against inhabiting a wood infested by assassins who were actual cannibals. 'It matters not,' he said, 'they shall become gentle as 'doves:' and so it proved. His first appearance disarmed their ferocity; they declared themselves at once his menial servants (vol. ii. p. 354.). The tale is harmless and beautiful. It is more strange that he should have admitted into his pages the monstrous legend of Febronia, which he cites as a glorious example of endurance under suffering. We need not question this; but

the tale obviously carries with it its own refutation. Renowned equally for her matchless beauty, her rigid asceticism, her profound learning, this saintly virgin gives her weekly lecture to the matrons and maidens of the town. She may be seen by none. The abbess places a veil to guard her from the contaminating glances of women of the world. Under the disguise of a nun, the widow of a senator talks with her and embraces her. The discovery fills her with dismay; the widow makes atonement by taking the veil, and tending Febronia on a bed of sickness. The time of trouble comes. The bishop and clergy, the monks and nuns, fly at the approach of the persecutor, leaving Febronia alone in her cell. She is drawn before the tribunal of Selenus, and stripped of all her raiment. Selenus taunts her because she blushes not. 'I have never seen the 'face of man before,' she said; 'but the wrestlers at the Olympic 'games are not clothed till the strife is ended. I am here for 'the struggle; do the worst that ye can.' They inflicted a mutilation scarcely to be told, while the abbess, a distant spectator, overwhelmed Selenus with her execrations, and cheered Febronia by her prayers, till the final stroke consummated her peerless martyrdom.

The legend is a mass of inconsistencies: it is not less clearly the ideal of such tales of persecution. One account places the scene at Sibapte, near Palmyra, another at Nisibis. The desertion of Febronia is more incredible than her ready citation of the customs of Olympian wrestlers. If the appearance of the fugitive abbess is perplexing, her unchecked abuse of Selenus to his face is beyond all belief. The instant conversion of his nephews, and their profession as monks, is the necessary ending of a martyrdom which is called into question most of all by its own unrivalled glory.

Febronia by her death multiplied the number of penitents who hurried to the cloister. The great triumph of her life had been her victory over the widow, who was about to contract a second marriage. It is the ever-recurring theme of monastic exultation. The disruption of a family, the crushing of natural affection, the ignoring of all earthly ties, the repudiation of all earthly duty, inspires the monastic biographers with their most fervent thankfulness, their most legitimate pride. The most renowned saints had abandoned the duties of parents or children, of wives or husbands, to work out in the cell the one end of their existence. It is not the judgment of an enemy. Every example of such action is eagerly avowed: in the pain inflicted on others the penitent proves his own superhuman heroism. We are brought at once to the first principles of morality; we have

here the crucial test of that monastic Christianity on which M. de Montalembert has placed the seal of his mature and deliberate approbation. The monk is one who flies from the dangers and pollutions of a secular life for the salvation of his soul. If he breaks up the home of a family, if he inflicts an irreparable wound on the tenderest feelings of kindred, he does so the better to promote his own good and that of others in a life of religion. He goes to sacrifice himself, to crush all evil affections of pride, intolerance, harshness, cruelty; to subdue himself into gentleness of thought and moderation of language; to exercise and to set before others an impartial and unfailing equity, which will repudiate all time-serving policy, and scorn to eulogise a crime. How were these promises fulfilled? Was there no flaw in the equity of Gregory and Hildebrand? no defect in the self-abnegation of Jerome and Benedict? It was the longing of Paulla, the devoted friend of Jerome, to leave to her daughter not the smallest fraction of her vast patrimony. Her success exceeded her hopes. She left a mass of debts and a crowd of penitents to be maintained by her. A father seeks admission into a convent with an only child, whom for the love of Christ he endures with a tearless eye to see clothed in rags, encrusted with dirt, beaten and tormented. The perfection of his Christian sacrifice is shown by his readiness to comply with an order to take his child and hurl him into the lake. At the age of eighteen St. Euphrosynê steals away from her father and her husband, and in male disguise buries herself in a convent of monks, where for eight and thirty years she never left her cell.* Her father in utter despair (the husband seems to have taken the loss less to heart) wanders like a troubled spirit over sea and land, till at last before her monastery he begs the prayers of the first monk whom he meets for the assuaging of his inconsolable sorrow. He is speaking to his daughter. 'One day,' she said, 'thou 'shalt again see thy child;' but not until the hour of her death

* From the sequel of the story this must probably mean the monastic premises, unless we are to understand that the wanderings of the father extended over more than thirty-eight years. Alban Butler (in October 8th) refuses to believe the story told by James of Heliopolis, that St. Pelagia during her penance was disguised in man's clothes, such a practice being contrary to the laws of nature, and condemned as an abomination in the Old Testament, and by fathers and councils of the Church. He thinks that her dress may have suited either sex; but Euphrosynê clearly passes herself off as a man. It is but one of the thousand contradictions to be found in monastic morality.

did she make herself known to her father, who spent the rest of his days in the cell which her piety had hallowed (vol. i. p. 81.).

No greater insult to every natural feeling could be offered than by this climax of monastic extravagance. The true monk had no affection except for those who had made the same profession. The tears which never flowed for his carnal kinsfolk, gushed in streams on the loss of his spiritual brethren, or for his natural kindred, when, and only when, they were united with him by a higher bond than that of nature. The child, whose thoughts reverted with lingering fondness to his home, is smitten with sudden death; but the loss of his brother, who had taken the vow, interrupts the eloquence of St. Bernard with a burst of irresistible sorrow. With an indignation not the less inhuman because it was justified by a sound monastic policy, Gregory the Great leaves a monk, who had once tended kindly his own sick bed, to die in solitude, and then, amidst the execrations of the brethren, casts his body on a dunghill because he acknowledged the possession of three pieces of money. The same Gregory could call heaven and earth to share his joy at the blood-thirsty usurpation of Phocas, at the most woeful of all royal tragedies. Words failed him to express his thankfulness and exultation. M. de Montalembert, while he fully allows the sin, holds it to be the only stain of his pontifical life: but his language of unbounded eulogy to Brunehault is scarcely more decent. Even if we grant the incredible statement that her own life was pure, it is impossible to believe that Gregory could be ignorant of her systematic pandering to the worst vices of her sons for her own political purposes. Clovis murders a man whom he had himself tempted to parricide: Gregory of Tours immediately adds that God subdued his enemies because he walked uprightly and did what was pleasing in his eyes. The same corporate spirit which inspired such eulogies as these, led St. Bernard to slander and defame William of York, one of the purest and most single-minded men whom his age produced. He hesitates not to ascribe to him the worst of vices, to lay to his charge the blood of the saints.* It is well matched by the

* The writer of the life of St. William, in the series of 'Lives of 'the English Saints,' attempts to prove that Bernard had direct sources of information in more than one man who was personally acquainted with William. This only makes it the more disgraceful that he should have hunted him down with such persistent malignity for a supposed irregularity in his election. If he knew anything about it, he must have known the statement in which the monks of Fountains (enemies of William) assert that he was 'a man of high 'birth, adorned with many virtues, and in all respects worthy to pre-'side over a cathedral, if his election had been more canonical.'

silence with which St. Thomas of Canterbury passes over the infamous life of Henry II. in his zeal to crush royal rebellion against the immunities of the Church. It agrees with the monastic bitterness which made Peter Damiani class the marriage of clergy amongst the most loathsome forms of sensual vice, and revile Hildebrand himself as an apostate because he surveyed the question in the simple view of ecclesiastical organisation. Damiani is furious in his support of virginity: but a more vehement upholder, a more model monk, is to be found in Jerome. With the exception of marriage, Jerome in putting on the robe of a monk had practically renounced and sacrificed nothing. He was still the fiercest of partisans, the most adroit of flatterers, the most shrewd and calculating of politicians. In his war against all the softer and kindlier feelings of humanity, Jerome had succeeded no better than the Stoics in eradicating the darker vices of jealousy and malignity. No fouler fountain of unlimited vituperation can be found than his declamations against Rufinus, Vigilantius, and Jovinian. No pit can be too dark, no torments too horrible, for the man who dared to question the paramount merits of holy virginity, or to insinuate the possibility of reactions against an overstrained and extravagant discipline. Yet that nature, which he had insulted and which he thought that he had banished, had not wholly resigned its power even over Jerome,—the austere Jerome, whose personal character even Vigilantius ventured not to asperse. No man had ever a more magic influence over women, none ever lived with them in a closer spiritual intimacy. Matrons and maidens from the most noble families of Rome left their palaces to share his hard life at Bethlehem. They read with him, they conversed with him, they hung with rapt attention on his religious teaching. The affections can live even on a little food: there was abundance here. What woman could resist such flattery as that of Jerome? who would not long to be immortalised in such eulogies as his? Of Marcella he speaks as his final judge in the most subtle difficulties of biblical interpretation. The horrors of the storming of Rome are more than compensated by the constancy with which Demetrias preserved her virginity. Paulla he extols as sprung from the blood of the Scipios, of the Gracchi and of Agamemnon, the true representative of Æmilius Paullus, 'who left her home, her kinsfolk, and her children, to 'live in poverty near the cradle of her Lord at Bethlehem.'

There are darker contradictions still. The forbearing tolerance of Cassiodorus, of Gregory, and of Isidore, the noble protest of St. Martin against the execution of the Spanish bishop Priscillian, scarcely relieve the sombre mass of monastic bigotry.

Augustine of Hippo, who could not reconcile himself to the punishment of death for heresy, had not the same reluctance to accept the aid of the temporal power in the infliction of minor penalties. We need not dwell on the ferocious campaigns of Eastern and African monks, on the iniquities of the Alexandrian Cyril, on the apotheosis of Ammonius and the slaughter of Hypatia, on robber synods, and council-chambers polluted with violence and murder, on black-robed monks carrying terror through the streets of cities, and upholding dogmas by the strong arm and the stout club. Not a little of the same morality meets us in the West. Bernard, the general of an order of peacemakers, could urge a crusade against the Moslem with almost a fiercer vehemence than that of the hermit Peter. In his words, 'The Christian who slays an unbeliever, is sure 'of his reward; more sure if he is slain.' It is no marvel that coarser spirits could take a savage delight in hounding on the armies of the Orthodox against the heretical civilisation of Provence. Yet it is astounding that even monastic ferocity could have produced such atrocious miscreants as the Abbot Arnold, and Peter the monk of Vaux Cernay. It is hard to decide whom we should abhor the more,—the detestable zealot who in the battle-field, or amid the carnage of a stormed town, could give the order, 'Slay all: God will know his 'own,' or the cold-blooded historian who could complacently boast in his cell that he had witnessed and exulted in the unexampled atrocities of the Albigensian war.

M. de Montalembert remarks that the Merovingian kings passed with a rapidity, which to our modern notions appears incomprehensible, from the most horrible cruelty to passionate demonstrations of contrition and humility, and the devotion of a faith, whose sincerity it is impossible to deny. We do not care to deny it, while we strongly suspect its utterly spurious quality. In these rapid transitions there is nothing to surprise or perplex. Faith and religion, sacrifice and devotion, were to them alike external. The ungodly might be benefited by the prayers of the saints; the discipline of the saints was wholly concentrated on themselves. Religious acts and divine blessings were joined together by a kind of mechanical connexion. The slaughter of an unbeliever was the salvation of his antagonist. What wonder then that the crusaders of Godfrey and Tancred could go from the butchering of men and women and the slaughter of infants to prostrate themselves with tears and groans before the tomb of the Prince of Peace? It is sad that so erroneous an idea of Christianity should have fastened on such a mind as that of M. de Montalembert. It is sad,

though perhaps from his position and his belief inevitable, that he should accept a view of human life and duty which makes of both an inexplicable mystery, and sets up an antagonism between religious and social virtues. According to this system the first duty of man is to save his soul. He does it most surely, who for this end severs himself completely from his fellows. In this life of merely personal interest he must have an incessant occupation to subdue every rising emotion of the flesh. He must pray and meditate as long as the weakness of his nature will endure; he must work with his hands to fill up all his remaining time. He must have a living faith, or his prayer will be of no avail. But if it be sincere, it wins a blessing not merely for himself, but for others with whom he has not the slightest social connexion; 'it turns away the Divine wrath,' it 'lightens the weight of the world's iniquity;' by it 'the voice of 'the Church goes up incessantly to Heaven to draw down from 'thence the dew of Divine benediction' (vol. i. p. lvii.). His life was to be one of mortification; but the sacrifice was to be shown in chastening his own desires, not in sharing another's burden or adding to another's happiness. If, from this naked idea of mere anchoritism, he passed into a conventual life, he still escaped not from the magic circle of virtues and duties concentrated upon self. He abandoned the exercise of his will, and his obedience became at once mechanical. The rule of Benedict aimed at filling up the whole time of the monks with prayer, meditation, and manual labour. Every hour, and every fraction of each hour, had its allotted task mapped out with the most rigid precision. There was no choice, no spontaneous movement, to one occupation rather than another. Centered in himself, guided by the will of another, not his own, he became the passive yet reasoning instrument of a system which in place of a principle of law had consecrated a coercive discipline.

We are brought to the fundamental idea which lies at the root of Greek and Latin Christianity, and against which Teutonic Christianity arose as a protest, not the less determined because it was in great part unconscious. Between the two systems, there is the same contrast as between the constitutional freedom of England and the centralised despotisms of Europe, between the free and unfettered obedience of Athenian and the drilled mechanism of Spartan polity. It is here that the battle must be fought, it is here that the victory must be won for the one side or the other. On this point the clear statement of our convictions can never be superfluous. For it is not a question of choice between a monastic and a secular calling,—it

is the question of all training, of all education, of every employment in life. It is a question whether we are to have a free and spontaneous growth from which external checks are successively to give way before a deliberate submission to the principle of law, or the rigid petrifaction which must be the result of a multiplication of arbitrary rules. It is the glory of English freedom that it leaves to its citizens the choice of their occupations, the direction of their thoughts, the indulgence of their tastes and whims. It is the pride of English education that it is more and more banishing the ideas of mere coercion, more and more enforcing the voluntary obedience of the young. The English clergyman receives no different training from the English layman; the same range of thought and study is open to both. In striking contrast to this stand out the theological seminaries of the Roman Church, in the vexatious minuteness of their tasks, in the fractional apportionments of their time, in the alternation of inconsistent and contradictory occupations. The system does not aim at producing free men; it admirably serves its end of producing moral and intellectual machines. The human spirit rapidly passes through the stage in which this external manipulation is an irksome monotony, to that passionless state wherein the upholding of an institution or an order becomes the mainspring of all thought and action. Thus then the idea of English freedom is radically opposed, not merely to the idea of monasticism, but to the whole of that organisation, of which the grand result is the mighty fabric of Latin Christianity. The Teutonic idea, like the Athenian, refuses to regard men except as members of a society, as linked with others by manifold bonds, which it is a sin against nature to repudiate. It requires from a man a spontaneous obedience to law; it expects him to be prepared for the discharge of all duties which may be imposed on him as a citizen; it believes that he will be not the worse, but the better prepared for them by the versatile freedom of the Athenian than by the laborious drill of the dull and narrow-minded Spartan. Our words have shaped themselves almost into the expressions of Pericles. We can but insist on the universal truth involved in his comparison of the two little states of Athens and Sparta.

Yet to the æra of mediæval monasticism M. de Montalembert looks back as to the time of a true faith, and a true liberty; not indeed of a faith which possessed a power equal to its authority, or of a liberty of which the terms were acknowledged by all. It was the liberty which resulted from balanced powers conflicting with each other, from the struggle of ecclesiastical and royal supremacy, when neither form of despotism was every-

where acknowledged. From this transitional state, with its positive evils, and its promise of future preponderating good, M. de Montalembert turns with sadness and discouragement to the 'abandoned license and abject servility which alternately 'characterise modern society.' He insists earnestly on the essential difference between the true middle age and that period on which modern France has fixed the name of the Ancien Régime. It is his pride to think that in the former, men knew nothing of that 'unlimited power of the state which is now so 'eagerly invoked, or so easily accepted;' of that strange and fickle mobility which leaves no hope for the legitimate growth of political freedom.

We can sympathise most deeply with the feelings of M. de Montalembert, and we appreciate the force of that contrast which he has so powerfully and so truthfully drawn. But it is a contrast which does not apply to England. It is not true that her citizens 'prostrate themselves before the idol of the day, 'while they reserve the right of breaking, betraying, and forget-'ting it on the morrow.' It is not true that in England, 'the 'absolute independence of the sovereign power has displaced 'the sentiment and the guarantees of personal independence;' or that all local autonomy has been crushed, the better to break the bond which links us to ancient liberty. It is not true of England that 'a dead level is looked on as progress, and a 'common slavery as the guarantee of that progress.' It is not true of England; but it is a terribly true picture and (as we believe) prophecy of the present state and future fortunes of French society. We cannot too strongly express our concurrence with M. de Montalembert's abhorrence and dread of that centralised despotism 'which never dies, and which parades its 'irresistible and pitiless level on a bed of human dust.' His words have the eloquent energy of truth; but the remedy for the evils over which he mourns is to be found, not in any recurrence to the ideas which underlie the system of western monasticism, but to those which have had their auspicious result in the civil and religious Constitution of England.

Art. III. — *Economie Rurale de la France depuis* 1789. Par M. Leonce de Lavergne, Membre de l'Institut, &c. Paris: 1860.

The most cursory traveller who is whirled by steam in less than thirty hours from the coast of Picardy to the shores of Provence, can hardly fail to be struck with the diversified aspects of the soil and rural economy of France. He leaves in the Department of the Pas de Calais a soil and climate less favoured by nature than the southern coast of England; he finds in the Department of the Var a region vying in its products with the valley of the Arno or the *huerta* of Valencia. But throughout this vast and varied tract of country, he will, if he has known the condition of France for any considerable period of time, be not less struck by the astonishing marks of agricultural improvement which are everywhere visible. When we, whose lot it is to belong to what must now be called the elder generation, first visited France in the years which succeeded the peace of 1815, the aspect of the land was that of a country empoverished and devastated by a quarter of century of domestic convulsions and of war. The progress which had commenced under the enlightened ministers of Louis XVI., and the passion for improvement which took possession of the French nation in the eighteenth century, were rudely arrested by the Revolution. Landed property itself was violently transferred from its former owners to a class of men who had for many years neither the confidence, nor the capital, nor the skill to improve the cultivation of the soil. Whatever was beneficial in the former relations of landlord and tenant had been destroyed; whatever is beneficial in the new order of things was as yet imperceptible. The Imperial conscription for the wars of Napoleon drained the rural population to an excess, from which it has not even now recovered in numbers or in physical strength. The appearance of a French village in those days was that of squalid discomfort, in which even the more wealthy of the peasant proprietors were content to live. Their dwellings mere cabins; their farm buildings mere hovels; the church dilapidated from neglect or defaced with whitewash. Carriageable by-roads were unknown: except on the great paved chaussées or royal routes constructed by Louis XIV., the country was intersected by mere tracks, which rendered it equally difficult for the farmer to obtain manure for his fields or

to dispose of the produce of his harvests. Stock was extremely scarce and the breeds of animals wretched. The only relief afforded to the exhausted soil was by a frequent but unintelligent system of fallows—scientific agriculture, rural machinery, artificial manures, drainage and irrigation were alike unknown. Such was the state of agriculture in France about forty years ago, and if we go back another forty years, we must in fairness add that such was the state of agriculture in England also. Modern agriculture is almost the creation of the present century.

Arthur Young lived and travelled about eighty years ago, and he has recorded with admirable truth and sagacity the actual condition of both countries in his time. It was given him to foresee, but not to realise, the splendid profits and advantages to be reaped from the new era, when the science he professed would regenerate the soil of Europe, and enable it to support with increasing wealth and prosperity countless millions of human beings.* Few men now alive can be said to have witnessed this prodigious transformation in England, and the younger generation has a very imperfect conception of the agricultural operations of their grandfathers. A change has been wrought in the land somewhat more gradual, but certainly not less beneficial than those which have taken place in manufactures and in locomotion, though more than half the people of England are probably not aware of it. But in France a similar transformation is going on before our eyes. Owing to the causes we have adverted to it began much later; it has proceeded more slowly; but in these later years its progress is

* Arthur Young was sorely tempted in 1789 to purchase the estate of Riaux, within a few miles of Moulins, consisting of a château, two mills, nine farms, &c., in all 3000 acres of good land. The price then asked for the whole estate was 300,000 livres, the gross rental being 12,500 livres, and the net rental about 8000. The Englishman saw and recorded his conviction that the price was low for 3000 acres of land capable of tripling and quadrupling its produce and value in the hands of a farmer who could handle it; but he shrewdly adds, 'the state of the government, and the fear of buying 'my share in a civil war, prevented me from contracting this engage-'ment at present.' At that time he was assured that there were six thousand estates for sale in different parts of France. M. de Lavergne has ascertained that this very estate of Riaux was sold in 1799 by its owner (who escaped the Revolution and did not emigrate) for 201,000 livres; in 1826 it was again sold for 315,000 livres; and at the present time such an estate in the Department of the Allier is worth about 600,000 livres, or double what it was in 1826, and triple what it was in 1800. This is a fair example of the increase of the value of land in France in the present century.

astonishing, and the results are the more striking as they are favoured by a climate in many parts of France very superior to our own. They are indeed apparent to the most superficial observation. A vast amount of building for farming purposes and for the abode of the rural population is rising on every side. Great as the architectural improvements have been in Paris and in all the great towns of France, the enormous increase of domestic rural buildings of solid materials and good workmanship is even more remarkable, for these are the practical unostentatious results of private wealth and industry. Here and there the old château or the new country house, surrounded by its park, and restored to the uses of country life, marks the increase of these tastes and pursuits among the upper classes. Roads and railroads have already opened the great majority of the departments.* The food and clothing of the peasantry have improved. Fallows are less frequently to be seen; there is an enormous increase of green crops, and a proportionate augmentation of stock; and the whole system of farming is neater, more liberal, and more productive.

M. de Lavergne has undertaken to relate the course of this economical revolution in the unpretending but highly interesting and instructive volume now before us. We need hardly remind our readers that M. de Lavergne, whose admirable volume on the 'Rural Economy of England, Scotland, and Ireland' we had occasion to notice at some length on a former occasion, (Ed. Rev. No. 209, 1856), is the most distinguished writer of the day on a science which he has made peculiarly his own, and which we must call, for want of a better name, 'agricultural economy.' The term 'rural economy' is commonly applied in a narrower sense to the conduct of rural operations, and the management of land. But agricultural economy embraces all the varied and important questions which arise in connexion with the production and distribution of agricultural wealth: these are, in other words, precisely the most important questions political economy has to deal with, for the soil is the

* There are in France about 250,000 miles of roads, of which about 20,000 are first-class highways, 50,000 second-class, the rest country roads. It has been calculated that twenty-five years would be required to put these all in good condition at the expense of the communes. One of the latest measures of the Emperor has been to allow a million sterling in aid of the improvement of rural roads, justly observing that a complete system of roads is the best present he can make to the peasantry, and will be one of the most glorious monuments of his reign. A much larger sum is however required to perform this vast work.

fertile mother of almost all produce, and the arts which increase and develope that produce have the most direct bearing on all the political and social relations of man. M. de Lavergne is not merely a scientific writer on agriculture, for on that ground we have probably several agriculturists in England who are his equals. But he has brought his agricultural knowledge to bear with great ingenuity and good sense on the whole state of his country. By this key he explains with remarkable lucidity the natural geography of France; he interprets the national character and the past history of the people; and he has given us a book of simple facts and sound reasoning, which is an excellent guide to the true state of the nation. We strongly recommend every intelligent traveller in France to give M. de Lavergne's volume a place in his carpet-bag by the side of Mr. Murray's indispensable red handbook. It is, in a very portable form and a most agreeable style, a complete topography of the rural districts of France, which are still far less known to our travellers than the remotest corners of Germany and Italy, although to the archæologist, the politician, and we may now add, the agriculturist, no part of the Continent deserves a more careful attention.

The reign of Louis XVI. is a period in the history of France to which very scanty justice has been done. The tremendous catastrophe which closed the career of that unfortunate sovereign in blood and darkness, seemed to have erased from human memory the preceding fifteen years,—from 1774 to 1789,—which were devoted by the King and the ablest of his ministers to useful and intelligent reforms. It is not too much to say that the reign which began by M. de Turgot's celebrated ordinances for opening the trade of the country and abolishing the Corn Laws, and which carried into effect in 1786 the Commercial Treaty with England, did in reality anticipate some of the most important economical reforms of the present century. Before Turgot's reforms the agriculture of France lay under a system of close protection. The price of corn, the trade in corn, and even the amount of corn to be sown were regulated by authority. All changes in the usual course of husbandry were prohibited, as if corn could be grown without other crops. Vines could not be planted without the permission of government. To all these absurdities Turgot gave the death-blow when he declared, in the preamble to one of his laws, 'The 'prosperity of the country is mainly based on the cultivation of 'the land, on the abundance and profitable sale of its produce, 'which is the only proper encouragement of husbandry. This 'profitable sale can only be the result of the most absolute

'liberty in buying and selling. It is this liberty which secures 'to the farmer his just recompense, to the landlord a fixed 'income, to the industrious labourer regular and proportionate 'wages, to the consumer what he needs, and to citizens of all 'ranks the enjoyment of their rights.' This language was used by the ministers of Louis XVI. thirteen years before the commencement of the Revolution. The same enlightened spirit manifested itself in the Provincial Assemblies of 1776, in which many of the great nobles and prelates of France took a most active part. The records of these assemblies prove that the Church and the aristocracy of France were not, at that time, insensible to the wants of the country; and that they might, under judicious direction, have laid the basis of constitutional government and national prosperity.

If the government of which Turgot was the head had had the power to carry three such measures as an Act for the Commutation of Tithe, an Act for the Enfranchisement of Copyholds, and an Encumbered Estates' Act, it is perhaps not too much to assert that the worst effects of the French Revolution might have been averted. But the monarchy, though nominally absolute, had no such power, for absolutism is essentially weak unless it is backed by great military strength. The measures which Turgot did propose were for the most part defeated by a combination of the privileged orders. It became necessary to convoke the States-General to obtain the sanction of the nation to necessary and indispensable reforms; the States-General overshot the mark, and the whole social edifice was thrown down.

M. de Lavergne doubts whether the abolition of tithes and seignorial charges on land had the beneficial influence on agriculture which has commonly been attributed to them by French writers, and he points to the example of this country to show that great progress may be made in agricultural improvements without any violent invasion of the property of the Church or the rights of the Manor. The annual value of the tithes in France before the Revolution was about three millions sterling, to which must be added another million lost in the process of collection*; but the maintenance of the ecclesiastical

* In the concluding chapter of this work M. de Lavergne states that the tithes of France amounted in 1789 to 133,000,000 on two milliards and a half of gross produce, but this includes the lay impropriations. Tithe in France did not amount to above one-twentieth of the gross produce, and Arthur Young remarked that this charge was proportionately much heavier in England than in France. The whole

establishments by the State costs at the present time upwards of two millions sterling. The difference in amount is, therefore, not very large, but the burden is transferred from one class of tax-payers to the whole nation. In addition to the tithes the productive lands and property of the Church and the religious orders of France in 1789 were worth two and a half millions more. There were then about 17,000 men and 30,000 women in regular orders, so that the average per head was 50*l.* a-year. But, after all, the effects of the seizure and sale of this property are much less than is commonly imagined. Many of the religious orders have now landed property in France not much inferior in value to what they possessed in 1789; and as for their numbers, it is certain that in 1851 there were in France 29,486 women in religious vows, and several thousands of men.*

The value of the lands confiscated from the emigrated nobles was upwards of one hundred millions sterling; and this extent, added to the confiscated domains of the Church and the Crown, amounted to one-third of the whole territory of France. But there was in truth no possibility of disposing, in the then state of the country, of this enormous extent of lands thus suddenly thrown on the market. The quantity actually sold fetched forty millions sterling; the remainder was restored to the former owners; and, indeed, of the portion sold the larger part found its way back to them. The Restoration allotted forty millions to indemnify the emigrants, and this sum was distributed in 1825. The list of these claims proves how limited the resources of the French landowners really had become before the Revolution. A few names are inscribed for 40,000*l.* and upwards,—but a great many for only 40*l.*, — and the majority of the compensations paid did not exceed 2000*l.*; some, indeed, were mere peasants who claimed and got less than one hundred francs. The truth is that the condition of the French landed aristocracy before the Revolution was for the most part pitiable and contemptible. They were the nominal owners of a quarter

benefit of the suppression of tithe in France has gone into the pocket of the owner of land, not of the farmer, for rents have risen in the same proportion.

* These statements of M. de Lavergne are contested by M. Paul Boitteau, in a curious and instructive volume recently published by him under the title 'Etat de la France in 1789.' M. Boitteau is a far more eager champion of the Revolution than M. de Lavergne, but his book is a careful collection of the statistical records of the time. He estimates the whole income of the French Church in 1789 at ten millions sterling, but we suspect him of exaggeration.

of the soil of the country, but they were encumbered with debt, destitute of capital, incapable of intelligent enterprise. The higher nobles flocked to the court to make their way by pensions, places, and court favours; the lower gentry vegetated in their pride and poverty on wretched freeholds, often not bringing in 100*l.* a-year of net income. It cannot be denied that in a great degree they deserved their fate; though the violence with which their extinction was effected defeated for many years the salutary results which might otherwise have attended a change in the tenure of land throughout France.

The advantages which have resulted from the Revolution to the rural population (except, perhaps, that least honourable class which found means to speculate on the misfortunes of their neighbours), were for a long time doubtful, and always indirect. The same force which tore the noble from his château and sent him to die in exile, tore the peasant from his cabin and sent him and his fellows to die by millions in the armies of the Republic or of the great Emperor.* It is false to contend that the regeneration of France could only be wrought by such means. Whatever be the value of the results, they were purchased at an excessive cost, and whatever was most valuable in them might have been attained at no such cost whatever. The period of the lowest depression of France in her rural and popular interests, is precisely that when she was covered with military glory and in the full tide of revolutionary success; and the evils inseparable from war were greatly aggravated by the stupid legislative prohibitions of the Imperial government. Thus as late as 1812 a law was passed rendering it penal to speculate in corn, and fixing a maximum price for wheat at thirty-five francs the hectolitre! In 1789 the annual value of the agricultural produce of France was estimated by Lavoisier at about a hundred millions sterling, or rather more than a hundred francs per head of the population of the country at that time. In 1815 the agricultural produce was valued by Chaptal at one hundred and twenty millions, a small increase for a quarter of a century, and one barely in proportion to the increase of the population. This small augmentation of one element of national wealth was more than balanced by the destruction of the foreign and colonial trade.

* The ex-director of the conscription under the first empire, computed the actual loss of men born within the old limits of France and destroyed in the imperial wars from 1804 to 1815, at 1,700,000. This estimate does not include the wars of the Republic, or the loss of men not born in the kingdom of France.

'A few public works, more ostentatious than useful, had been undertaken with great parade by Napoleon. Others were commenced or projected, but without results, as the war devoured all the resources of the country. These exceptional creations of an arbitrary power, glorifying itself in its works, contributed much more, like those of Louis XIV., to the splendour of the sovereign than to the greatness of the nation. France was still, to say the truth, without roads, except some royal highways, without bridges over her rivers, without flourishing ports on her coasts, almost without capital and without men. The frenzy of the Revolution and the ambition of a ruler had successively consumed the greater part of that which the labour of a great people had produced.' (P. 48.)

In spite of the disasters of a double invasion, peace was no sooner concluded, than an immense impulse was given to the resources of France. Since 1815, her foreign trade has quintupled, her manufactures have quadrupled, her agriculture has doubled its produce, under the influence of those three great principles of peace, justice, and freedom, which are the eternal counterpoise to the hateful effects of war, violence, and despotism. Eighty thousand miles of roads have been opened in the country; ten thousand miles of railway have been completed or are now in progress; canals have been made, rivers rendered navigable, ports and docks constructed. The progress of rural economy, especially from 1815 to 1847, kept pace with this great movement, and has not been sensibly thrown back by the unfavourable and extraordinary courses of the last few years, in spite of bad seasons, the potatoe disease, the vine disease, the mortality of the silkworm, and the disturbed state of the political world. The tenure of land has of course been modified to a considerable extent by the laws of succession established in France, but this change is less rapid and complete than is commonly imagined in England. Taking the area of France at 45,000,000 of hectares, M. de Lavergne computes that one third of the soil is still held by 50,000 large proprietors, possessing an average of 750 acres; another third by 500,000 middling proprietors possessing an average of 75 acres; and the last third by 5,000,000 of small proprietors possessing an average of 7 acres. This calculation is obviously merely approximative; but it is certain that there are in France 16,000 landowners paying 40*l.* a-year and upwards in land tax to the state, and about 37,000 landowners paying from 20*l.* to 40*l.*

In the allotment of the soil it seems that since 1789 about 5,000,000 of acres have been added to the productive area of the country; vineyards and orchards and meadows have considerably increased; woods have diminished. In tillage culti-

vation the fallows have decreased by one half; the growth of wheat, barley, and oats has increased a third; that of rye and the inferior kinds of grain has diminished. Water-meadows have tripled in extent, and the cultivation of roots, which was hardly known in 1789, now covers 5,000,000 of acres. But the quality of the crops has risen even more than their extent. The quantity of wheat actually grown has nearly doubled; live stock has also doubled in number and value; the silk crop and the rape oil crop have quintupled. The production of home-grown sugar has come into existence, and the growth of wine has also doubled. From these facts M. de Lavergne concludes that the total value of the agricultural produce of the empire must now exceed 200,000,000*l.* sterling, or at the rate of about 6*l.* per head of the population. He also infers that rents have risen since 1789 in the proportion of 12 to 30; farmers' profits in the proportion of 5 to 10; outlay in that of 1 to 5; taxes on land and dues have diminished in the proportion of 7 to 5; and labourers' wages have doubled.

The subdivision of the French territory into eighty-six Departments, which was preceded by the establishment under the old French monarchy of thirty-one 'generalities,' each governed by an Intendant named by the Crown, and even the prodigious political changes of which that country has been for eighty years the theatre, have not obliterated the ancient provincial landmarks of the realm. The old names of Normandy, Britanny, Burgundy, Flanders and Provence, insensibly recur when we have to speak of the rural life and national character of these regions, for these divisions are indelibly rooted in the soil; and even the lesser provincial districts of Artois, Maine, Berri, la Sologne, Perigord, &c. may still be traced in the language or manners of the inhabitants and in the produce of the land. For the purposes of his work, M. de Lavergne, not unmindful of these ancient and natural internal boundaries of the provinces, has grouped them in six large divisions, through which he successively conducts the reader. Our limits forbid us to accompany him in this tour of France, but we shall extract some pages, beginning with the north-eastern district, in which he includes the provinces of Flanders, Artois, Picardy, Normandy, and the Isle of France, now forming fifteen departments, less favoured by climate than many other parts of the empire, but by far the most prosperous, wealthy, and civilised part of the country. For these fifteen departments, being one sixth of the realm in extent, contain 9,000,000 of inhabitants, or a quarter of the population, and these 9,000,000 inhabitants pay nearly 28,000,000*l.* sterling in taxes to the public treasury, exclusive of local dues

and rates. It is true that the Department of the Seine and Paris itself are included in this calculation.

'The Department of the Nord, which opens the ball, is the best cultivated country in France, and one of the best cultivated in the world. I only know the counties of Leicester and Warwick in England, and Hainault in Belgium, which can be compared to it. The average produce of the land over the whole area of the department is 300 fr. an hectare (about 5*l.* an acre), which, deducting the woods and other less profitable parts, gives 450 fr. the hectare of tillage, which is three times the average production of France. The population is at the rate of 213 inhabitants per 100 hectares. If the whole of France were as densely peopled it would contain thrice its present population.

'In the sort of microcosm of Europe which is to be found in France, the department of the North represents the Low Countries. The drained marshes near Dunkirk resemble those of Holland; the rest of the country is a continuation of Belgium. The country is generally flat; the climate damp and foggy. The stratum of arable land, a mixture of clay and sand with a calcareous subsoil, is deep and rich; in some places too sandy, in others marshy; but these drawbacks have been corrected by active industry. It would seem that these dark and dreary regions, where water is for ever permeating the air and the soil, are the best adapted to the growth of the human race, since it is always in them that population reaches its maximum.

'Such as it is, the agriculture of Flanders has no rival, or at least no superior. Notwithstanding the wealth continually raised by it, the fertility of the land still increases. The reason is that the domestic animals take a large share in this splendid development of life. The Flemish cart-horses are well known. The Flemish cows are some of the best milkers known; this department contains 200,000 of them. Sheep are not numerous, but enormous. Pigs, poultry, and the domestic animals, all in the same proportion.

'This multitude of animals produce immense quantities of manure. But the Flemish farmers are not satisfied with this class of manure only: they use the sweepings of the streets, the residue of the oil mills, bones, sea sand, and especially one peculiar sort of application, which no other people prepare and use with equal skill, I mean night-soil. This manure, which is rejected with disgust by many countries, and especially by the English (who are beginning to think better of it), is a most powerful fertilising element, and to waste it is to throw away a vast amount of wealth. This manure has enabled the Flemish farmers to extend their exhausting crops, without impairing the fertility of their land, and to exceed even the English in productive power. Whilst England devotes three-quarters of her area to the grazing of cattle, Flanders employs only one quarter: yet she has in proportion a larger head of stock; the difference is made up by the application of night-soil.' (Pp. 73–5.)

This magnificent cultivation is probably the oldest of the

kind in Europe, for it was in full activity in 1776, and it was described with enthusiasm by Arthur Young in 1789. Flanders had in fact nothing in common with France, to which it had been comparatively recently annexed, and Arthur Young remarked that the old boundary of the province and the kingdom might still be traced in his time by the good and bad farming.

One highly important element of agricultural prosperity has, however, been added to the province since 1789, which is less familiar to our English readers: —

'In the first class of these productions must be ranked one created in the present century, and which takes rank as the finest agricultural conquest of our age, — beet-root sugar. The invention was made in Prussia, and in 1799 a chemist at Berlin had produced some native-grown loaves of sugar. In 1809, during the war, it was introduced into France; the peace of 1815, by reopening the colonial trade, gave it a check, but it has ever since gone on to improve. Of 350 manufactories of home-grown sugar in France, 150 are in the department of the North.

'It might be apprehended, at first, that the production of beetroot sugar would be injurious to the production of meat and corn, by employing and exhausting the best lands. But this apprehension turns out to be unfounded, at least in well-cultivated districts. It is now demonstrated that the manufacture of sugar not only creates a new source of profit, but also augments the other produce of the soil. The extraction of saccharine matter from the root only takes away a portion of its substance; the pulp and the leaves are excellent fodder for cattle, and the profits of the sugar houses cover the expense of abundant artificial manures. In 1853 the city of Valenciennes, which is the chief seat of this trade, inscribed on a triumphal arch these words: —

'"*Growth of corn in the district before the introduction of sugar-works*, 353,000 *hectolitres; head of cattle*, 700. *Since the introduction of sugar-works, corn*, 421,000 *hectolitres; cattle*, 11,500 *head*."

'This piece of statistics may admit of a reply, inasmuch as it is not certain that the increase of corn and cattle would not have been still greater in forty years, if the Flemish farmers had applied themselves to those objects exclusively. The English do not grow sugar, but the happy alternation of beef and bread, by the commixture of pasturage and tillage, has also made immense progress in England. In any case, however, this department succeeds, by the extent of its manures, in cultivating 20,000 hectares of beetroot, each hectare bringing in 40*l.*, 80*l.*, or 120*l.* of gross return. No other crop produces so much in the same area. It is the highest exploit of our rural industry. By dint of a careful choice of seeds, artificial varieties of the beetroot have been created, which produce far more sugar than the old kinds. The famous principle of *selection* may thus be

applied to plants as well as to animals, and extend to unknown limits the victories of man over nature.

'Oleaginous seeds, rape and others, cover about 20,000 hectares, flax 10,000, giving on an average 40*l.* the hectare; some flax lands have returned as much as 200*l.*, and even 240*l.* a hectare. The growth of corn per acre is equal to that of England. In the districts of Lille and Valenciennes the average rent of land is at least 150 fr. the hectare (2*l.* 10*s.* an acre); in those of Dunkirk, Hagebrouck, Cambrai, and Douai, 100 fr. Besides sugar, the country has other lucrative rural manufactures, such as the preparation of potato starch, breweries, oil mills, and distilleries. During the late scarcity the government prohibited distilling from grain,—a measure to be regretted, since the more numerous are the purposes to which corn crops can be applied, the more profitable it is to grow them, and the more will be grown.

'Unhappily the highly profitable (small) culture has a radical defect which restores the balance in favour of the English system of husbandry, — the excess of the rural population. In spite of these resources of manufactures and trade, those who live by husbandry alone form about half the population, at a ratio of 100 per 100 hectares, which is more than in any other country except perhaps in China. This superabundance of hands is not a necessary consequence of small farming, but it is the natural tendency of it. If Flanders produces more than England in proportion to its extent, it produces only half as much in proportion to its population. There are nowhere so many paupers as in this rich and fertile country. The city of Lille is deplorably distinguished by the fact that *one third* of its inhabitants are assisted by public charity; and in many of the rural townships the proportion is equally great. This curse of pauperism materially diminishes the splendour of these finely cultivated districts.' (Pp. 79–83.)

M. de Lavergne's testimony on this last point is the more valuable as he is, upon the whole, a strong advocate for small farms, and the subdivision of land, when not carried (as it is in Alsatia) to excess. But the truth is that the relative merits of small and large occupations depend very much on the nature of the soil and produce. In the mountainous regions of the Jura, of the Doubs, and the Vosges, results have been attained by the cottier system which would probably have been impossible on a large estate. In the Vosges especially, the intelligent reforms introduced fifty years ago by the good Pastor Oberlin in the Ban de la Roche, and imitated by an equally virtuous Catholic priest at Gérardmer, have proved in the highest degree beneficial to the pastoral and industrious population. But in the great plains and valleys under tillage, M. de Lavergne himself quotes numerous examples of farms of from 300 to 600 acres, as the best examples of rural economy in France.

The best test of the success of the cultivation and manufac-

ture of beetroot sugar in France is the contest which the home-grown root has carried on against the cane-grown sugar of the French colonies. In 1830 the whole production of beetroot sugar was ten millions of kilos; in 1840 it had risen to forty millions: but during this period colonial sugar was heavily taxed and home-grown sugar free of duty. The colonies loudly demanded equal freedom or equal protection. A progressive duty was put on beetroot sugar, and in 1847 the two sugars were equally taxed. The question excited the liveliest interest at the time, and amongst the pamphlets written upon it was one entitled 'Analyse de la question des Sucres, par Louis 'Napoleon Bonaparte; Fort du Ham, Août, 1842.' The revolution of 1848 was followed by the abolition of slavery in the French sugar colonies, and the farmers of Flanders derived no small advantage from the check thus given to their tropical competitors; for the equality of the tax operated unjustly upon the unequal conditions of the rival producers. It was no longer the beetroot sugar growers who required protection against the colonial interest, but the colonial interest which required protection against beetroot sugar. In spite of the inferiority of climate and of the raw material, the industry, the capital, and the science of France produced sugar on terms more advantageous to the consumer, than the West Indian planter with his rude agriculture and his scanty means. By the law of 1860 the duty on colonial sugar was fixed for some years somewhat below the rate of duty on home-grown sugar, but the beetroot sugar grower holds his ground; and there is reason to believe that he will continue to prosper even though the French colonies are fast recovering more than their former productive power, and the French market must be opened ere long, like our own, to the sugar of the world. These are the facts which justify M. de Lavergne in asserting that to the farmers of Northern France beetroot sugar has really been the finest agricultural conquest of our age.

It is a remarkable peculiarity of France that some of the largest estates and the most important farming establishments are in the neighbourhood of Paris. The 'Isle of France,' as it was called before the Revolution, contained the most magnificent endowments of the great abbeys of the capital, some of them dating from the reign of Charlemagne, and in passing into secular hands the traditions of these great ecclesiastical estates have not been entirely lost.

'Large fortunes have at all times been made by agriculture in the neighbourhood of Paris, but more especially in the last half century. Some of the farmers have their million of francs, many more their

20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* Farming is here an art, employing large capitals and returning large profits, especially in that district called France *par excellence*, because it formed part of the original domain of Hugh Capet. Large estates are here also less divided. More than 3000 of the rural assessments exceed 1000 fr., and there are many landowners having from 2000*l.* to 4000*l.* a-year.

'The Duc de Luynes is said to have 40,000*l.* a-year in land, chiefly in this district. The estate of Ferrières, near Ligny, now belonging to Baron Rothschild, contains 7500 acres, the park alone 1000. Estates of from 1250 to 3000 acres are tolerably numerous, especially in Seine et Marne, one of the departments of France in which land is least divided. The two aristocracies of birth and of fortune have, at all times, sought to hold large possessions in the environs of Paris, and in spite of revolutions they have succeeded. Most of these estates have changed hands, without much subdivision.

'In many of these properties clustering round the royal domains of Versailles, St. Germain, St. Cloud, Meudon, Rambouillet, and Fontainebleau, agriculture has long been held in high honour. Thus, near Rozay en Brie, thirteen leagues from Paris, stands the Château de la Grange, rendered illustrious by the long residence of General Lafayette. The course of events is so mutable that the conduct of public men is open to the most opposite opinions; and different judgments may be formed of the political influence of Lafayette; but no one will contest the nobleness and dignity of his life. On quitting his glorious prison of Olmütz, he took up his residence at La Grange in 1801, and remained there throughout the Empire and the Restoration. The château is a massive building, flanked with five large towers, and surrounded by a park of 150 acres, half grass and half wood; the farm consisted of 500 acres of arable land. There it was that Lafayette, surrounded by his family and his friends, long presented that noble and dignified spectacle, so rare in France, but so common in England and America, of a great public man cultivating his own fields. Like his friend Washington, Lafayette was fond of agriculture, and practised it with success. He contributed notably to propagate the race of merino sheep in the province of Brie.' (Pp. 109–11.)

To this example might be added another of more recent date. Since the Revolution of 1848, M. Guizot has resided almost continually in the old Augustine monastery of Val Richer in Normandy, which he purchased twenty-five years ago, and the adjacent farms, under the skilful management of his son-in-law, are a model of drainage and dairy farming to the whole country. To speak more generally, the revolutions which have made the most eminent men in France strangers to the contests of the capital and to the seats of ministerial or parliamentary power, have thrown their energy back on country life, and have powerfully contributed to the beneficial change we remark in the rural economy of the whole nation.

The great stream of the Loire, taking its rise to the east of the volcanic mountains of central France*, and bending in a mighty curve of five hundred miles till it reaches the Atlantic, may be said at once to divide the Northern regions of France from the Southern, and the East from the West. From its central course, from its vast extent, from the fertility of the valley which it waters, and from the historical associations crowded on its banks, the Loire is the great artery of France. It was there that in the secular contest of the kings of France with the armies of English yeomen, the monarchy took refuge, and the first exploit of Joan of Arc was the relief of Orleans. Louis XI. passed the greater part of his gloomy life among the pleasant vineyards of Touraine. Charles VIII. was born and died at Amboise; Louis XII. lived at Blois, and that stately palace, once the scene of the splendour, the policy, and the crimes of the House of Valois, was not deserted until after the Wars of the League. The presence of the Court and the generous soil and temperate climate of the country, had raised it, even in those troubled ages, to extraordinary prosperity. The city of Tours, in which St. Martin had reared, ages before, the ensign of Christian civilisation, and which at one time disputed with Paris the first rank in France, had formerly twice as many inhabitants as it now possesses. The banks of the river were crowded with country residences, which still retain abundant traces of the Italian taste introduced into France by the Medicis, and which modern fashion has within the last few years magnificently restored to more than their former luxury. Here, as elsewhere, the Revolution committed acts of devastation and vandalism which sixty years have not entirely effaced; but one of the most gracious acts of the French nation to the Bourbons was the purchase of the Château de Chambord for the Duke de Bordeaux, though it has served only to give a title taken from the banks of the Loire to another Pretender. If country life is to be found anywhere in France, as we understand it in England, it is on the banks of the Loire, partly on the vine-clad slopes of Touraine, partly in the more remote departments of the west, where the habits and pursuits of the

* The geology of this most interesting region has been admirably investigated and described by M. Poulett Scrope, in his volume on the extinct volcanoes of central France, republished in 1858. The volcanoes of the Puy de Dome present on a small scale all the phenomena of a volcanic chain in comparatively recent activity; and to the south of them extends the magnificent plain of the Limagne, not to be surpassed by any region north of the Alps in fertility and beauty.

gentry as well as of the peasantry are exclusively agricultural. We shall leave M. de Lavergne to speak of the cultivation of this interesting region: —

'The Valley of the Loire is deservedly considered one of the finest parts of Europe. From Orleans to the sea, for a distance of about 100 leagues, a long plain of alluvial soil extends, conquered from the stream by the hand of man, and not unfrequently invaded by the stream from which it was conquered. These lands, of exuberant fertility, have been seized upon, as is always the case in similar instances, by the small proprietors: more and more subdivided into narrow allotments, they fetch as much as 400*l.* the hectare (160*l.* an acre), and present a complete spectacle of garden cultivation. A whole people of small farmers, who dispose of their produce in the towns adjacent to the river, inhabit a string of villages and cottages on the slopes of the valley, and even on the banks of the stream, protected by dams which are as old as Charlemagne. In ordinary times the Loire drags its idle waters along its sands, or at least, when swollen by rains, respects the dykes which enclose it. Occasionally, however, the river rises to excess, bursts or surmounts the artificial barriers, sweeping away harvests and habitations: but the soil is so productive and the climate so mild, the small farmers are so persevering, and the market so good, that no sooner have the waters retired than the luckless victims set to work again, and the damage is soon effaced.

'If the plain of the Loire offers this fine range of cultivation, her chalky cliffs are not less covered with vines. The vineyards of the Loire cover an extent of 250,000 acres, nearly equally divided between the two banks. Rabelais, who was himself a "Tourangeau" (native of Touraine), boasted of the light wines of his native soil. The annual produce amounts to 2,000,000 of hectolitres, chiefly drunk in the country, though some of it makes excellent vinegar for exportation. Vineyards as well as plains are infinitely subdivided. The vinedressers hollow out their dwellings and their cellars in the soft, chalky rock which grows their vines, and when the year is favourable and the liquor good, they live happily in these humble earths. Paul Louis Courier was born amongst these people, and affected the name of "Vigneron" in his writings; not wrongly, for the name belongs to one of the most democratic sections of the French population. A very small plot of ground, planted with vines, supplies occupation and a competency to a whole family.' (Pp. 188–90.)

To these literary recollections M. de Lavergne might have added that Beranger retired during one of the happiest periods of his life to a cottage on the banks of the Loire, and that some of his most pleasing letters and most cheerful songs were dated from 'La Grenadière.'

The old provinces of Maine and Anjou, which may be said to belong to the region of the Loire, though not immediately contiguous to the river, are now superior to Touraine in

point of farming, and rank amongst the most improving departments of France—especially that of La Sarthe, renowned alike for its poultry and its hemp. But the agricultural progress of this district is closely connected with its political history. It borders on the Bocage, and it was the scene of the Vendean wars. In no part of France before the Revolution of 1789 were the relations of the nobles and the peasantry so friendly. In no part of France was the Revolution so ill-received. At the first levy of the conscription the people rose, together with their lords, in defence of the throne and the altar; and it was only by a war of extermination that their resistance was overcome. Indeed, their spirit remained unbroken by the military triumphs of the Empire; and in 1815, the Vendean country-gentleman had little change to complain of beyond the sufferings and losses inflicted on himself and on his dependents by that terrific contest. The weapons which have really changed La Vendée are not those of war, but of peace. During the reign of Louis Philippe, roads were cut through inaccessible districts, the market was opened, agricultural produce has risen incalculably in price, the application of lime-dressing to the soil has enabled the farmer to grow wheat instead of rye, four-course husbandry has made its appearance, water-meadows have been introduced with the greatest success in that moist and mild climate, and the Durham breed of cattle has effectually taken root in the country. The proprietors of the soil of Maine and Anjou are principally small resident country gentlemen, farming their own land in conjunction with the peasantry; and M. de Lavergne assures us that if such a thing as a true French country gentleman can be said to exist, it is here we must look for him; indeed, he goes so far as to add, that a Yorkshire squire would here find himself not entirely out of his own latitude. We are convinced that although agriculturists have fewer opportunities of exchanging their feelings and opinions with those of foreign countries, there is at bottom a genuine interest and sympathy between men in different countries who are engaged in the same noble and honourable pursuits; and we would wish for no better proof of it than the reception given a short time ago by a party of Essex farmers to the Marquis de Vogué, a great legitimist nobleman and farmer of France, who came to England for the express purpose of joining in one of our agricultural meetings in that county—an event which would certainly have appeared impossible to preceding generations of farmers both in his country and in our own.

In endeavouring to trace the progress of the agriculture of

France, we are embarrassed by the incalculable variety of the products of a soil and climate which include in the same territory all the temperate zones of Europe. We have seen in French Flanders the combination of the careful tillage of the Low Countries; on the eastern frontier, the Vosges, the Jura, and the Alps remind us of the magnificent pastures of Switzerland and the industrious dalesmen of the Black Forest; to the north, in Normandy, we find a reflection of the southern and midland counties of England, large dairy farms, a fine breed of horses, and a peasantry still retaining the shrewdness and strength of its northern descent; farther to the west, the Celtic population of Britanny, inhabiting a granite-bound coast, which owes whatever fertility it possesses to the mild breezes of the ocean, rears an immense herd of cattle, compensating in some degree for the imperfect tillage of the soil. But when we reach the south-western and south-eastern regions, in a warmer latitude, the value and variety of the products of the soil become far greater.

Saintonge and the Angoumois have been for centuries the seat of the great brandy distilleries, which, in spite of imitations, give Cognac a monopoly in the world. In good years the brandies produced from these districts are worth three millions sterling, and as the greater part of them are exported, Henry IV. might well call the Charente 'le plus beau fossé de mon 'royaume.' In these climates every kind of vegetation contributes in different ways to the agricultural wealth of the country — the chesnut produces an abundant esculent crop — the walnut-tree is so valuable that one-third of the oil made in France is prepared from it and rivals the produce of the olive groves, whose grey foliage fringes the bare and burning rocks of Provence. In the valley of the Garonne, the plum trees alone produce a crop of prodigious amount, known all over the world as the 'French Plums' of our desserts: and indeed throughout the South of France, and even in the mountains of Auvergne, the preparation of dried fruits is an important branch of culture and of trade. The mulberry tree and the vine cover the plains of Languedoc, and as we approach the ancient seats of Roman power at Arles, and of Papal dominion at Avignon, the agriculture, as well as the majestic ruins of those ages, remind us that we are on the confines of Italy.

'Everything here becomes Italian; the climate, the crops, the associations of the past, the manners of the people, and almost their language. Near us is Nimes, that Rome of the Gauls, whose monuments are better preserved than those of Rome herself. Before us is Arles, inhabited by Constantine, and once destined, it is said, to be-

come the capital of his empire. An immense arena, ancient theatres, magnificent aqueducts, attest, on every side, the power of Rome. If from antiquity we pass to the Middle Ages, we encounter at Avignon the greatest institution of Italy and the world, the Papacy; and in earlier times still that court of Provence which was the harbinger of Italian taste, and the home of troubadours who preceded Dante and Petrarch.

'The greater part of the department of Vaucluse was papal soil down to the Revolution. Its agricultural prosperity, which is second to scarcely any part of France, is due to one word — irrigation. The crops of Lombardy are justly lauded: the county of Avignon is not less prolific, and for the same reason. The pontifical government early introduced the Italian method of distributing water. One of the streams which serve to fertilise the plain in its myriad channels, is the Sorgia, springing from the Fountain of Vaucluse, not more celebrated in poetry than for the abundance and utility of its inexhaustible waters.' (P. 267.)

The olive tree begins to appear at Montelimart, and increases as we proceed towards the south. But the mulberry becomes more rare. Indeed although attempts have been made to cultivate the mulberry for the silkworm in many parts of southern France, the production is not entirely successful except in the Cevennes, more especially in the districts of Alais and Uzès in the department of the Gard and of Argentière and Privas in the Ardèche. The mulberry tree, to produce an abundance of nutritive leaves at the proper season, requires a cool soil under a brilliant sky: the silkworm requires throughout the months of May and June warmth and pure air. Both the tree and the caterpillar require an infinite amount of delicate precautions, which are only to be obtained from a population long trained to this peculiar operation. But the value of the produce and the value of the land combining these conditions is enormous. Plantations of mulberry trees have been sold for 600*l.* an acre, and the silk crop of France down to 1853 had reached the value of four millions sterling. In 1854 one of those mysterious diseases which attack the very sources of production began to affect the silkworm. The loss has been at least three quarters of the crop in France, and as yet no effectual discovery has been made of the cause or the remedy of the evil.

The whole territory of France does not exhibit in an equal degree the signs of agricultural improvement to which we have adverted, and the high table lands or mountain ranges of the central departments, frequently crossed by English travellers on their road to Switzerland and Italy, afford the least favourable aspect of what may in more favoured regions be called 'la belle 'France.' Yet even here something has been done to reclaim

the desolate heaths, and to convert the sandy tracks into roads. Fifty years ago people used to say that the land in La Sologne was worth three livres an acre, *if there was a hare upon it.* Now the large estates of that district are under cultivation. The Emperor himself has built a sort of farm-château, where he goes to watch the progress of the works he has ordered: and possibly the interest he takes in the country may have been heightened by the fact that it was the original residence of the Beauharnais family. In the character and composition of that singular man, the blood of the Beauharnais flows as near the heart as the blood of the Buonapartes. There is too, it must be acknowledged, a picturesque charm in those rural districts which modern improvement has not squared and levelled and embellished. Rural life as it existed half a century back was a true picture of the oldest existing state of manners and the most primitive state of civilisation. It has been remarked by a recent traveller in modern Greece, that although you may seek in vain for the gods and heroes, the warriors and orators, of the mythological and historical ages of the Greek commonwealths, the old man with his ass and his faggot — the eagle and the tortoise — and a thousand other unchanged rural traditions still present the living reality of Æsop's fables. M. de Lavergne makes the same remark on the primitive districts of central France.

'Berri is the heart of France. It was there that in the English wars the expiring nationality of France took refuge. Charles VII. was at one time only king of Bruges; and to this day no province retains so much of the stamp of ancient France. The manners, the dialect, the accent of the people, are those of the seventeenth century. Except on the line of the principal roads, the towns retain the calm and monotonous air of the old *bourgeoisie;* the rural districts still resemble the imperishable picture drawn by La Fontaine of rural France in his day. The shepherd still leads his flock; the housewife still plies her distaff; the woodman brings back his faggot; the horse and the ox are in the same meadow; nature in all her wildness still skirts the cultivated lands; the heron stalks beside the streams; the hare and the frogs, the rabbit and the weasel, are all there; with the fox robbing the poultry yard and the wolf robbing the fold. This region, half a desert and half cultivated, which lives and speaks by the imagination of the fabulist, has lost nothing of its old aspect. At the corner of a field and a common, one might still fancy that ancient colloquy of the wolf and the dog; and the breeze which sweeps over the mere still repeats the dialogue of the oak and the bulrush. This mixture of civilisation and solitude, which takes us back two centuries, cannot last much longer; the wolf, especially, is quite out of date. But these destructive animals still abound in the east and the centre of France, and the sums they cost, partly from the sheep they

kill, and partly from the fences and watchers required to preserve the flocks, are enormous.' (P. 371.)

We trust that these brief extracts may suffice to direct the attention of our readers to M. de Lavergne's delightful and instructive volume, which is too succinct to admit of further condensation. But before we conclude, one or two general remarks suggest themselves to the mind. It is evident that these results of agricultural improvement, which have already doubled the wealth and prosperity of the French people, are due in the first place to the maintenance of peace. They have not acted with equal intensity upon the growth of the population; and in speaking of the last census of the Empire, in 1856, we took occasion to show that the augmentation of the population in the rural districts was incredibly slow and small. In fact throughout France hands are wanting to the thorough cultivation of the country; and as the introduction of farming machinery to do the work of hands can only be the result of time, the value of the peasant-labour absorbed by the military conscription, at the rate of 100,000 able-bodied men per annum, is a heavy loss to the country, and a burden which falls with especial weight on the rural districts. This evil would, of course, be incalculably augmented by any interruption of the peace of Europe; and it may be confidently asserted that France gains much more in all that really constitutes the power and wealth of a nation by devoting her whole strength to the improvement of her internal resources, than she could do by the conquest of the most coveted provinces of neighbouring states. The present Imperial Government owes everything to the peasantry of France; and the only political principle to which the Emperor can fairly lay claim, is his practical discovery that a government based on the firm support of the masses of the agricultural population can hold its ground, not only against the revolutionary passions of the great towns, but even against the great majority of the educated classes. But the peasantry are precisely the class which have most to lose and least to gain by war. The army itself, which is dreaded by some politicians, as a formidable engine for the disruption of Europe, is in reality little more than the peasantry trained to arms; and nine-tenths of these conscripts and soldiers have no higher ambition than to fall back, at the expiration of their term of service, upon the villages and homesteads in which their lives are to be happily and usefully spent.

Of all the measures which the Emperor Napoleon, in his full possession of unlimited power, has thought fit to adopt, by far the wisest for his dynasty and the best for the country, are those calculated to ameliorate the conditions of the rural dis-

tricts. He said the other day with truth to the peasants of the Allier, that the improvement of the country was, upon the whole, a more useful and important work than the transformation of great cities. And, upon the whole, his measures for this purpose have been well-conceived. He has learned that the interference of the Government by way of protection is rather mischievous than beneficial: he has abolished the sliding scale of import and export duties on corn; he has opened markets by the expansion of roads at home and by treaties of commerce with foreign countries; and he has evinced an active and intelligent solicitude for these, the first, interests of the country. It would be unjust to preceding governments, and especially to that of King Louis Philippe, not to add that the same path was trodden with no mean success by the ministers of that reign; and that the splendid results we now witness are the fruits of improvements commenced under the constitutional monarchy, momentarily arrested by the convulsions of 1848, and vigorously continued and enlarged by the present Emperor. Whatever may be the opinions we entertain of the political institutions of the second Empire, on the ground of material improvements it is absurd to deny that the Emperor has rendered great services to France — services indeed so great, that one of the charges brought against him by his uncompromising opponents is, that these benefits have caused the nation to forget even that loss of freedom by which they have been purchased. However this may be, nothing is more certain than that the policy which has enriched the rural districts and rebuilt the towns of France — which is doubling her agricultural produce, and has more than doubled her foreign trade — is irreconcilably opposed to the policy of aggression and war. The two things cannot co-exist. And whilst we exult in all that contributes to the welfare, industry, and intelligence of a great nation, our satisfaction is enhanced by the reflection, that in the successful pursuit of these pacific and honourable objects, the French nation have in reality given pledges to peace, greater than they are perhaps themselves aware of; and that all the true permanent interests of the country would suffer from prolonged hostilities with foreign nations in exact proportion to the prosperity they have already attained, and the yet more brilliant promises of the future.

ART. IV.—1. *Historical Memoir of the O'Briens, with Notes, Appendix, and a Genealogical Table of their several Branches.* By JOHN O'DONOGHUE, A.M. Dublin: 1860.

2. *Irish History and Irish Character.* By GOLDWIN SMITH. Oxford: 1861.

'WHEN the last O'Ruarc was driven from Breffny, the 'Paystha hid the evidences of his state in a cave 'beneath the waters of the Linn, and there they remain unscathed 'by time, and will reappear in their ancient shape, when the curse 'of the Saxon has left the country.' This quaint old legend expresses a truth, though not in the sense intended by its author, with respect to many of the antiquities of Ireland. Her historical and genealogical records are numberless, and have been preserved with great exactness; but they have lain concealed for several generations beneath the tide of war and revolution. At length, however, in the present age, when Ireland is blessed with comparative peace, and the long strife of Saxon and Celt is giving way to a kindlier feeling, they are finding a place in our national literature; and their richness, fulness, and interest may be estimated by such specimens as the 'Irish 'State Papers,' and Dr. O'Donovan's 'Annals of the Four 'Masters.' One of the most important additions to the series will be a translation of the Brehon laws which is now in course of publication with the aid of a Parliamentary subsidy.

That this mass of materials for Irish History will sooner or later be thrown into form, analogy leads us hopefully to anticipate. It is much to be wished, in the interest of literature, that such stores of information should be turned to account, and be moulded into a regular narrative. It is, also, we think, of some importance, their angry feuds having partly ceased, that Irishmen should know more of their country than is found in compilations on the subject; and should feel linked with the life of their forefathers by the tie of genuine historical association. Accordingly we sympathise with efforts in this direction; and this, in truth, is the principal reason that we give space to a review of Mr. O'Donoghue's volume. It is an attempt, however crude and imperfect, to make use of the elements of Irish History which of late years have been brought to light; and although it is a failure in point of art, it bears marks of care and study, and its tone and spirit are generally impartial. To praise it further is however impossible, for it has not a single trace of genius; it is

very deficient in style and arrangement; in some particulars we think it inaccurate; and it seems to have been composed in defiance of the laws of effect and perspective in writing. A real 'Historical Memoir of the O'Briens' would give the reader a lively image of the Ireland which saw the battle of Clontarf, and acknowledged 'Brian of the Tributes' as its sovereign. It would make him acquainted with the genius of the age when the Princes of Thomond bade defiance to their nominal lords, the Plantagenet Kings, and swept the Pale with their Celtic vassals. It would place before him that eventful drama in which the O'Briens were prominent actors—the subjugation of Ireland by the Tudors, and the civil wars of the Revolution—and it would make him feel in the Ireland of 1782, when sketching the life of the 'Great Sir Lucius.' Mr. O'Donoghue, however, appears to be ignorant of the true end of historical biography; and although, as critics, we have no desire to measure his work by a high standard, we are bound to complain that he should have written it without regard to acknowledged principles. As it stands, it is only an undiscriminating genealogy, connected by a weak and tedious commentary. No greater contrast could be offered to Mr. O'Donoghue's desultory volume, than the essay by Professor Goldwin Smith, which we have also placed at the head of this Article. It is in fact a masterpiece of historical analysis, of profound and accurate thought, and of ingenious observation, conveyed in language of singular purity and precision. We shall not attempt to review this most remarkable volume, for it is in itself the critical essence of Irish history, and not a word can be subtracted from it without injuring the marvellous effect of the composition. After all that has been said of Ireland, this essay has the freshness of truth, and we do not think we overrate its excellence in placing it among the best specimens of political writing in the language. We shall avail ourselves occasionally of some of Mr. Goldwin Smith's luminous remarks, which throw a beam of light on the sources of Irish history; but we now resume the humbler labour we have imposed on ourselves in following the fortunes of the O'Briens.

Mr. O'Donoghue traces the line of the O'Briens through a long series of Milesian chiefs ascending beyond the Christian era. We shall not follow these phantom shapes, the denizens of a shadowy land, where the light of history has never shone, and the faint gleams of Celtic tradition only make the general darkness visible. The prowess of Con of the Hundred Battles, the deeds of Niall of the Nine Hostages, the feuds between the sons of Olioll Olum, and the crimes of Mong-finn of the fair

tresses, are the proper theme of bards and sennachies; and we shall only say respecting these legends that they are quite at variance with the vague notion of the præ-historical civilisation of Ireland. When at length, about the eleventh century, the void assumes a different form, the scene it presents is very different from that bright mirage of peace and piety which for ages mocked the fancy of the Celt as the true image of the land of his fathers.

From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, barbarian tribes spread over a land of hill, plain, forest, and morass, with scarcely a mark of culture upon it. Their wild cattle were their principal wealth; and rude burrows of turf or mud, here and there crowned by a low-browed church, were their only permanent habitations. The savage customs of the aborigines were inconsistent with national life, secured the continuance of war and disorder, and made hereditary property impossible. A nominal monarch was crowned at Tara; but his crown was usually the prize of a war between the Septs of the North and South, and his reign was almost always inaugurated by a royal raid on his weakest subjects. The tribes, however, were independent of each other, and owed allegiance only to their chiefs, who ruled them with a despotic sway, not unlike that of a Turkish Pasha. Each chief was absolute owner of the soil within the territory of the tribe, and parcelled it out among his followers who held it at will in miserable vassalage. The barbarous nature of this relation many years afterwards astonished Normans accustomed to the feudal severities; and in Spenser's time the English language had no terms to express its harshness. As for the chief, his title depended on election, although confined to certain families; and every election was usually preceded by a desperate strife among the clansmen, and was followed by a massacre of the vanquished, and a general redistribution of the territory. Mr. Goldwin Smith shows with great distinctness how the peculiar tenures of land by tanistry in the Irish Septs, which the English lawyers called 'no estate, 'but only a transitory and scambling possession,' arrested the social and economical developement of the Irish people at an almost primitive stage; and probably laid deep in the hearts of the people those indelible passions, which still look on the theory of feudal property as a robbery of the inhabitants, and break out to this day in agrarian outrages and theories of tenant right. The whole history of the island is a commentary on the original land tenures by the Septs, irrespective of any strict law of personal inheritance by descent. Thus separated into distinct communities, each a centre of murder,

violence, and rapine, Ireland had no real national existence; and her records tell only a weary tale of war, dissension, crime, and misery. Already, too, the Danes had ravaged her coasts, and were making settlements on her sea-board; but the Septs, 'huddled into hostile nations,' maintained their state of chronic discord, and never combined against the invader. On such a land, religion of course had only a weak and precarious influence; and the Church, cut off from commerce with the Continent, beset all round by chaotic barbarism, and deeply tainted with Pagan superstition, could only oppose a feeble barrier to wide-spread anarchy and lawlessness. 'The 'government,' said the old chronicler, was 'hayled into con-'trarie factions, the nobilitie lawlesse, the multitude willfull, 'and religion waxing cold with the temporalitie.'

The genius or valour of Brian Boroimhe reduced this medley of savage tribes to something more than nominal subjection. This Milesian chief was the Alfred of Ireland: he routed the Danes on the field of Clontarf, gave law to the land from the hill of Tara, divided the country into tributary districts, and secured a moment of repose to the nation. His memory still lives in Celtic tradition; and the tourist in Ireland occasionally may see the effigy of the chief on the village ale-house, and may hear how Brian held state at Kincora, how he filled the Tolka with the slain of Sigurd, how he quelled the pride of the northern Hynialls, how he opened roads through Leatheon and Leathmogha, and how he strengthened the bonds of kindred by enforcing the use of surnames in families. His influence, however, ended with his life; and during the ensuing century and a half Ireland lapsed again into her ordinary state, or at best made little progress in civilisation. The sceptre of Brian passed to his descendants—the chieftains of the Dalcassian tribes that possessed the plains of Clare and Limerick then known by their ancient name of Thomond—but they proved unable or unworthy to wield it; and after a dreary period of war, of bloody 'hostings' and domestic strife, it became the prize of the race of O'Connor, the last Milesian sovereigns of Ireland. The change of course reduced the O'Briens—the surname borne by Brian's offspring—to their former rank as chieftains of Thomond; and many details may be gathered from this volume as regards the plan and genius of their government, and the measure of welfare enjoyed by their subjects. The attacks of the Danes, the feuds with the O'Connors, and the ravages of the neighbouring tribe of Macarthy, made Thomond a scene of constant warfare; and the disposition of the Dalcassians, the law of elective succession among the chiefs, and their barbarous

tenure of landed property, assured the continuance of internal disorder. It seems probable however, that, during the period between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, the tribes of Thomond, like the rest of Ireland, advanced a little in the arts of life; that they learned the rudiments of building in stone from the Danish settlers on the southern coasts; that they acquired the use of better weapons than the Celtic sling and feeble bow; and that the humanizing influence of the Church in some degree increased among them. So, at least Giraldus Cambrensis informs us, and the synods of Killaloe and Drogheda give evidence in the same direction.

Donaldmore, the sixth successor of Brian, filled the throne of Thomond at the memorable period when, to use the words of the four Masters, 'the treachery of the King of Leinster, and 'the tread of the mailclad Norman horse, made Ireland shake 'like a sod of the valley.' Being brother-in-law of 'Dermod 'the accursed,' he fell in force on Roderick O'Connor when that monarch led his Kerne against Fitzgerald; and he bowed in homage to Henry II., at the 'great banquet of Cranes' in Waterford. Soon afterwards, however, as the Norman invaders pushed forward along the Suir and Blackwater, and began to menace the skirts of Thomond, he threw off his hasty allegiance to the stranger; and the native annalists tell with pride how he scattered the archers of Strongbow at Thurles, and fired the line of the Norman castles, which were rising along the banks of the Shannon.

From this period to the accession of the Tudors, the history of the princes of the race of Brian is that of the other Irish chieftains whom the Norman invasion had left unvanquished. Driven back at first behind the Shannon, they gradually advanced to the Slievebloom hills, as the English power declined in Ireland; and they spread over the broad plain between the King's County and the Atlantic. Here fenced in front by the O'Connors of Offaley, and on either side by Desmonds and De Burghs, who had long abandoned the Norman culture, they reigned in barbarous independence, retaining their ancient government and characteristics, and scorning the unknown 'Lord of Ireland,' whose title appeared an empty phantom. Though 'one of the five Hibernian 'races who enjoyed the right of English law,' they knew it only as a foreign custom in use among the strangers of the Pale; and they held their Celtic gatherings on the hills, administered their ancient Brehon jurisprudence, maintained their rules of succession and tenure, or wedded their children to degenerate Normans, with scarcely a thought of the distant

Plantagenets. Once only during this long period, the English colonists penetrated their dominions; but the race of De Clare soon perished in Thomond; and towards the close of the fifteenth century the O'Brien princes had fully regained the frontier of their ancient territory. Their influence thus continually increasing, while their mode of life remained unchanged, it is easy to imagine the course of their history; it is merely a long and dreary succession of wars, raids, massacres, and revolutions, and we leave it to Celtic minstrels to boast of the mighty deeds of Conor na Siudaine, and the lofty ambition of Teige na Clomhaid. Tradition informs us that the latter chief aspired to restore the monarchy of Brian, and to drive the Saxon colony out of Ireland; and even down to the time of Elizabeth, the English settlers were wont to repeat 'how he had broken faith 'like a suddaine' tempest, and overrunning Munster and Connaught, had utterly 'wyped out many strong places.' We should add, however, that in one respect the chiefs of Thomond in these three centuries advance beyond the ideas of their fathers; they borrowed from the Normans their noble architecture; and the abbeys of Holycross and Ennis, and many a shattered keep on the Shannon, attest at least their skill in imitation.

During the first thirty years of the sixteenth century, few signs appeared that the race of Brian were about to lose their rude sovereignty. Torlogh Donn, their chieftain in 1520, exacted blackrent from the hybrid colony, which preserved a shadow of the English name within the narrow township of Limerick; and Henry VIII. admitted his independence by classing him not as a rebel but an enemy. Allied with the Houses of Desmond and De Burgh, now sunk completely in Celtic barbarism, the chief assailed the whole force of the Pale on the bloody field of Cnocktuagh; and he dealt as an equal with Francis I., when that monarch planned a descent on Ireland before the fatal defeat of Pavia. But the time had come when a great change was to pass over the life of Ireland; and her Norman lords and Celtic princes were to yield alike to English conquest. The decline of feudalism, the cessation of civil war, the craft of Henry VII., and the policy of Wolsey, had given strength to the monarchy of England; and Yorkist plots, intrigues from France, the low state of the English power in the Pale, and the rude independence of the aboriginal tribes conspired to make Ireland a point of danger. Henry VIII. was not slow to perceive these truths; and the Irish State Papers, recently published, attest his eagerness to 'make Ireland con-'formable to good order and civility.'

A clear idea of the Ireland of 1530 may be gathered from

these important archives. The Pale, which had once comprised twelve counties, had dwindled down to a narrow strip between Wicklow, Louth, and Kildare; and this last refuge of the English name was filled everywhere by the 'Irish enemy.' The knights of Meath and the burghers of Dublin paid tribute to the septs of O'Connor and MacMorrogh, and the warder along the English Marches often saw the line of the Saxon homesteads ablaze with the fires of the Celtic foray. Even within this district, the power of the Crown, and the influence of the law of England, did not extend beyond the capital; for the Earls of Kildare, in close alliance with the native chiefs of Ely and Offaley, were virtually lords of the rest of the Pale; and under their rule, the Celtic customs, commingled with a lawless feudalism, were rapidly gaining complete ascendancy. Outside the Pale, studded round with castles, and hemming in neglected towns, no longer protected by obsolete charters, lay the vast lordships of degenerate Normans, 'more 'Irish than the Irish themselves;' and beyond extended the Celtic region, in broad wastes of forest and plain, only thinly marked with human dwellings. The race and institutions of England retained no hold on these wild districts, which embraced more than nine-tenths of the island, and groaned under the iron yoke of petty Norman and Celtic tyrants.

From 1509 onwards, the State Papers contain a variety of plans for rescuing Ireland from this state of anarchy, and bringing her back to subjection to England. They usually advocate the same policy, the strengthening the power of the Crown in the Pale, the planting English colonies in the interior, the reducing the privileges of the Normans and Celts, and the substitution of English law and tenures for the feudal and aboriginal customs. Several causes, however, prevented Henry from setting his hand to a work which, though severe, was certainly necessary, and perhaps would have had a triumphant result had it been attempted before the Reformation. He had neither army nor revenue in Ireland; and his foreign wars had crippled his resources; and thus it was that till 1534, he did not commence an undertaking of which he had long perceived the urgency. At the very crisis of his breach with Rome, when his throne in England was rocking doubtfully beneath the shock of the great revolution, the Geraldine rebellion broke out in Ireland; and a formidable league of Normans and Celts, supported by Clement and Charles V., and owning a common Catholic allegiance, appeared suddenly in arms against him. Soon afterwards, at the perilous time when the Pilgrims of Grace had shown to Europe the extent of disaffection at home, and Scotch

borderers and Flemish sails were threatening a speedy descent on England, this league was followed by a second confederacy, which openly proclaimed the independence of Ireland, and aimed at the ruin of the English colony. The able Tudor took the resolution to trifle no more with Irish affairs; and from this juncture the conquest of Ireland became a main point of Tudor policy. At first this appeared sufficiently hopeful, and was not marked with the mournful incidents which fill the later history of Ireland. The attainder of the Kildare Geraldines laid the Pale open to the power of the Crown, and a series of able English deputies, supported by the council in Dublin, brought the district under the control of Government. From this outwork English influences were spread in numerous ways through the island; and a steady, growing, and invincible power began to subdue the brute chaos of feudal and Celtic anarchy and license. The arms of Lord Grey, and Anthony St. Leger were carried beyond the Suir and the Shannon, and on all points bore down opposition. The old convention of the Pale began to assume the form of a Parliament, and to pass laws binding on the country. Strong garrisons depending entirely on the deputy were planted in several parts of the island; and the English name, habits, and husbandry were borne into the districts which had lapsed to the Crown through confiscation or the fall of the monasteries. At the same time every effort was made to bring back the degenerate Normans to their allegiance; and the Celtic chieftains were generally encouraged to exchange their royalty for English titles, and to hold their lands by English tenures. Immense as this revolution was in strengthening the power of England in Ireland, and bringing the latter country to subjection, it was not marked with violence in general; and it is due to Henry VIII. to admit that his Irish policy on the whole was statesmanlike.

The progress of this momentous change was of course felt by the chiefs of Thomond; but, although at first they struggled against it, they saw its real tendency in time, and secured considerable advantages from it. Torlogh Donn, dying in 1528, his eldest sons, Conor and Morrogh, became chief and tanist of Thomond, the latter title giving its owner the right of immediate succession to his brother, if confirmed by the tribe. As usual these chiefs were at feud with each other; and Donogh, the eldest son of Conor, having married a daughter of the House of Ormond, then allied to the Crown through Sir Thomas Boleyn, the generals of Henry found it easy to establish an English interest in Thomond. Donogh fought at the side of Skeffington and Ossory, at the crisis of the Ge-

raldine outbreak; and though his father 'comforted the rebel,' when flying from the vengeance of Henry, and even joined in the wild attempt to invade the Pale in 1538, his strife with his brother made him unite with Lord Leonard Gray in a foray on that chieftain. How 'O'Brene's bridge,' which for many years had been a pass for the Celtic Kerne as they poured into the plains of Munster, was stormed by the deputy on this occasion, and how, led by the treacherous chief, the men at arms bore the standard of St. George into wilds hitherto untrodden by the Saxon, will be found duly chronicled in this volume, and in one of Mr. Froude's most interesting chapters. From this time forward the Thomond princes agreed to join in submission to England; and Conor having died in 1539, his brother and son consented to an act, which, although painful to Celtic pride and ruinous to the Celtic institutions, was fraught with benefits to themselves and full of important results to their descendants.

The chieftaincy of Thomond, as we have said before, was an elective not an hereditary honour, and while it conferred an absolute power on all the landed property of the tribe, that power was merely a life interest. Any member of the sacred race of O'Brien, who was 'raised to the stone' by Dalcassian votes, was master of the Dalcassian territory; but he had no assurance that the precarious title would convey an acre of land to his offspring. When, therefore, the nature of English tenures became known to the Celtic tribes, every chief in possession perceived the advantage of gaining an hereditary right to the soil by bringing it under the law of England, and was strongly induced to try the experiment. Of course, it was equally an English interest to efface the aboriginal customs, to bind the allegiance of the chiefs to England by the powerful link of self-interest, to make whole districts amenable to a law which enforced obedience on pain of forfeiture, and perhaps to sow the seeds of discord among a number of baffled expectants, deprived of the chance of Celtic sovereignty. Accordingly, in the progress of the Revolution which ended in the subjugation of Ireland, it was always the aim of English statesmen to introduce their tenures into the country; and, although fraud, violence, and wrong were often called in aid of the process, it was sometimes seconded by the native princes. In the instance of the chieftains of Thomond a compromise was easily arranged; and in 1545 Donogh and Morrogh exchanged their sovereign rank for the English titles of Ibrickan and Thomond; and ceded their ample territories to the Crown, to be held as fiefs by hereditary tenure. How 'in the closet new strewn with rushes,' surrounded by the

chivalry of England, and 'after mass with Garter present,' they received collar and robe from Henry, as the price of this act of Celtic treason, is told graphically in one of the State Papers; and we doubt if even their doughty descendant, who played the farce of rebellion in our day, would in calmer moments challenge a step which gives him a right to his fair patrimony.

The policy of Henry had the desired effect; and henceforward the elder branches of the O'Briens, connected with England by the strongest ties, adhered closely to the Tudor dynasty. A slight change was made in their titles upon the accession of Edward VI.: the earldom of Thomond being conferred on Donogh as the eldest representative of the tribe, and the barony of Inchiquin being limited to the heirs of Morrogh, the first earl. As might have been supposed, the juniors of the race resented fiercely a revolution, which destroyed their chance of Celtic sovereignty, and reduced them to dependence on their brethren. A new element of strife being added to the usual causes of discord in Thomond, its history during the next generation is chiefly a series of violent struggles between the elder and younger O'Briens, in which the former, backed by the aid of the ever-advancing power of England, attained at length complete ascendancy, and the gradual subjugation of the province became the natural result of the conflict. It is useless to dwell on these petty details, or to tell how Donald, the brother of Donogh, was long a thorn in his nephew's side when he claimed the rights belonging to the earldom; how Donogh, the youngest son of Morrogh, incensed at the rank of his elder brother, the second Baron of Inchiquin, was hanged as a rebel for daring to attack him; how Conor, third Earl of Thomond, for a moment threw off allegiance to the Great Queen, and assailed Fitton at the abbey of Ennis, but soon afterwards obtained his pardon, with a large grant of escheated territory; and how, involved in the Desmond rebellion, a number of the scions of the race were 'given to the birds and fowls of the air, as a terror 'and warning to evil-doers.' Within less than forty years from the day on which the chiefs had knelt to Henry, the consequences of the change in their rank and of the family feuds which followed, had made themselves apparent in Thomond. The earldom of Thomond and barony of Inchiquin descended on Donogh and Morrogh O'Brien, the grandsons of the original grantees; and these noblemen, firm in allegiance to the Crown, and dominant over the territory of their tribe, bore English influences through the province, and held it solely in the English interest. After a vain struggle the junior O'Briens had sunk to the rank of landed gentry; the law of England and

English tenures had superseded the Celtic customs; and the president of Connaught, with an English garrison, supported by the Government in Dublin, kept watch over the subjugated province. Many a bard, whose harp had sounded in praise of the last of the Dalcassian kings, had lived to mourn the evil days when the sons of Brian had bowed their necks to the Saxon ruler beyond the sea, and had given 'the ancient lands of the 'Sept in tribute to the Saxon strangers.'

The fourth earl of Thomond, Donogh, repaid the favours conferred on his house by eminent services in the Irish wars, which marked the close of the sixteenth century. A number of causes had prevented the gradual conquest of the island, which had been the object of Henry VIII., and had led to a struggle of race and religion. The menacing schemes of Catholic Europe, ever searching the weakest point of England, made the thorough subjugation of Ireland a point of vital moment to Elizabeth. With a small army and a weak executive, she was forced, with this necessary end in view, to rely on able and reckless proconsuls and on a swarm of grasping colonists, who made the spoliation of the country the price of giving assistance to the Government. Oppression, of course, produced resistance; the opposition of Norman and Celt was given the convenient name of rebellion; and vast districts were torn from their owners, in part, no doubt, for real treason, but in part also by fraud and violence. Meantime the English name and blood were spread through the whole of Leinster and Munster; the Pale grew into twelve counties, so rapid was the invaders' progress; and with the aid of vigorous presidents, the law and institutions of England were planted even in the wilds of Connaught. The ancient races, assailed by a force which advanced alike in peace and war, rose up in fierce but ill-organised strength, and began to look to Spain for aid in a strife in which their all was at hazard. Spain, at the head of a Catholic league against the heretical Queen of England, was not slow to answer the summons; and the history of Ireland at the end of this reign is a contest between an English colony supported by the mother country, and a furious but disunited nation, relying on the failing arm of Philip. Another element of discord came in to increase the strife between the combatants. Conformity to the established faith was made the test of citizenship in Ireland; catholicism in Elizabeth's eyes being held a sign of probable treason, and justly liable to civil disability. As the English colony were all Protestants, while the old Norman and Celtic races adhered generally to the creed of Rome, a war of religion was superadded to an internecine struggle of races. We shall not dwell

on the scenes of blood, beginning with the massacre of Smerwick which ended with the capture of Kinsale and the subjugation of Ireland by Mountjoy. Instead of assimilating Ireland to England by means of law and civilisation, the conquest only produced the ascendancy of an alien colony over a nation of different race, feeling, and religion, humiliated by a succession of defeats, and by a narrow sectarian policy kept brooding over the hope of vengeance.

In the various phases of this mournful strife, the houses of Thomond and Inchiquin engaged actively on the side of the Crown against Norman and Celtic Ireland. Donogh, Earl of Thomond, named the 'Great,' was next to Mountjoy the ablest soldier who sustained the doubtful fortunes of England against the league of the northern chieftains. A Protestant and a courtier of Elizabeth, this stern warrior had no sympathy with the cause of the race and faith of his fathers; and, whether in the hour of O'Neill's triumph, when the phœnix plume, which the Pope had blessed, seemed a true type of the chieftain's future; or, at the most anxious crisis of the struggle, when the bands of O'Donnell had penetrated Munster; or finally, when the Spanish sails were vanishing from the southern coasts, and the scouts of Mountjoy were hunting down the last of the Desmonds in his dark retreat, the banner of Thomond was ever seen in the front of the battle for the Queen. Sir Daniel O'Brien, brother of the Earl, and afterwards the first Viscount Clare, was prominent also on the same side; and though a Catholic and a Celt, and the son-in-law of the Earl of Desmond, he upheld the Tudor cause so well, that Elizabeth singled him out for distinction, and conferred an ample estate upon him. Lord Inchiquin was less fortunate, having been struck down at his cousin's side in one of the first encounters with O'Neill; and it was not till the next generation that the name reappears in Irish history. If ever, in the hours of her melancholy decline, the great Queen was wont to reckon on the hands which would strengthen the reins of Government in Ireland, when her hold upon them had been withdrawn, we may well believe that among the surest were numbered the elder race of the O'Briens.

During the following reign, Lord Thomond and his brother took opposite sides in the war of creeds, which, more lasting and fatal than that of the sword, divided the hostile races of Ireland. Sectarianism having apparently broken the ties of family and profession, Lord Thomond gave the weight of his name to securing the domination of the Protestants, while Sir Daniel struggled earnestly to uphold the cause of his persecuted fellows in religion. In the parliamentary contest of 1613, respecting

Sir John Davies's election as Speaker, the brothers opposed each other with vehemence, and in most of the angry debates of the time they appear usually as eager antagonists. We now approach that eventful period in which the fate of Ireland was settled, amidst the shocks of a revolution, and the ascendancy of an oligarchy of race and religion became the permanent system of her government. As the strength of Spain had gradually declined, Catholic Ireland had sunk in humbled exhaustion in the first years of the seventeenth century. This was the time for a generous and tolerant policy, to staunch the bleeding wounds of war, and to gain for Ireland a chance of civilisation. But such a policy was never thought of, and the severance of the Englishry and Irishry was made perpetual by fatal injustice. The war which had been waged in the field was now pursued by fraud and bigotry; Irish Catholics were charged with imaginary treasons, which led to unjust attainders and confiscations; great forfeitures were obtained by inquiries into titles; the law of England appeared to the natives as an engine of spoliation only; fresh swarms of colonists were thrown into the districts, thus filched away by stealthy injustice; and a ban was laid on Catholic Ireland by the exclusion of Catholics from offices of trust, and by the proscription of their religion. The results were such as might have been anticipated. When the Long Parliament met at Westminster, the Anglo-Protestant colonists of Ireland were, with a few individual exceptions, the only tie between the island and England; the old line between Norman and Celtic Ireland had been obliterated by common oppression; and the mass of the Roman Catholics of the Pale united with the aboriginal race were ready to join in any outbreak.

How this long train of odious misgovernment, inflaming the feuds of race and religion, produced the rebellion of 1641; how that rebellion, atrocious itself, especially provoked the English Parliament, and pledged it against the Popish conspirators, who seemed the open adherents of Charles; how Catholic Ireland, in the struggle that ensued, espoused the cause of the falling monarch, and swelled the accumulating debt of vengeance; and how the triumphant host of Cromwell, supported by the Protestant colony, exacted that debt with a fearful usury, and sweeping over the entire of the country, established Puritan tyranny in the land, and planted it with a new nation of settlers, must be known generally to most of our readers. The race of O'Brien, as might have been expected, had several prominent representatives on the stage of this long, tragic, and complicated drama. The two sons of the 'great Earl,' who enjoyed their father's honours in succession, adhered steadily to Protestant

Ireland; and the younger, although he was noticed by Strafford 'as firm in his master's interest,' and he really was a moderate loyalist, took care to avoid the ominous alliance between Charles and the Catholic confederates. At the outbreak of the civil war in Ireland, he surrendered a very important fortress to the forces of the Parliamentary generals; and though he abstained from mixing in the strife, we find him afterwards in relations with Cromwell, and even seeking office from his Government. Sir Daniel O'Brien, on the other hand, fell into the ranks of Muskerry and Preston, 'when the torch of Catholic rebellion 'had become a lamp of loyalty,' for the House of Stuart; and he fought as vigorously for the Crown and his faith, as fifty years before, in early youth, he had led the soldiers of Mountjoy against Desmond. The aged soldier distinguished himself greatly in several of the phases of the cruel struggle; and when the fall of Limerick had destroyed the last remains of Catholic opposition, he joined the knot of enthusiastic cavaliers who followed Charles II. into exile.

The most eminent O'Brien of this period, however, was Morrogh, Baron, and afterwards Earl, of Inchiquin, a name still quoted in Ireland as a byword of savage cruelty and faithless treachery, and yet perhaps too severely judged by the undiscriminating censure of party. This nobleman's military genius was remarkable even in the age of Montrose and Cromwell; and although his career was sometimes devious, and he did not err on the side of gentleness, we think he was free from the selfish baseness which has often been made a charge against him. Having received a regular training as a soldier, and seen war in its sternest aspect, in the bloody campaigns of Tilly and Gustavus, Lord Inchiquin at an early age attracted the penetrating eye of Strafford, who seems to have thought him a promising tool to work out the cause of tyranny in Ireland. At the outbreak of the rebellion of 1641, he became Vice President and commander of Munster; and his talents in the field were soon made evident in a series of murderous encounters with Mountgarret. At this time he was a Protestant cavalier, attached to the Crown, yet hostile to the Catholics—a character then uncommon in Ireland, but which found a noble representative in Ormond; and when Charles had begun to treat with the confederates, he went in person to Oxford to protest against a course so obviously impolitic. His protest, however, was ill received; and whether from disgust at the favours shown to the envoys of the rebel army, or because, as his zealous enemies asserted, the King refused him the presidency of Munster, he inclined thenceforward to lending an ear to the overtures of the

parliamentary leaders. Whatever his motive, it must be remembered that in this he only followed the example of several men of the loftiest patriotism; nor is he to be blamed if what then appeared little short of treason to England in the King should have led him to think of a higher allegiance.

During the next few years he held a commission as general for the Long Parliament in Ireland; and until Cromwell appeared upon the scene he proved himself by far the ablest supporter of the arms of the Anglo-Protestant nation. We should not perhaps scrutinise too severely the acts of a soldier in civil war; and although Irish tradition asserts that those acts in his case were peculiarly atrocious, the evidence of this is at least insufficient. When at length, after a faint resistance, the Parliament was destroyed by the spirit it had evoked, and the Independent army had overthrown the Crown and the Church in a common ruin, Lord Inchiquin hastened to take the side which then, we think, was that of a patriot; he declared openly for Charles II. against the triumphant power of Cromwell; and the marked disinterestedness of this perilous act is scarcely, we think, consistent with the selfishness which is made a prominent feature of his character. As a general for the King, with the illustrious Ormond, he upheld the royal standard as long as resistance to Cromwell was possible; and when all was over he hastened to France to share the fortunes of his youthful sovereign. For his services at this time he was made an earl; and was held in high esteem at a court where personal dishonour at least was not welcome: nor did one of the noble-hearted cavaliers who followed the heir of the Stuarts into exile stand higher in the eyes of the chivalry of the Great King, than 'Inchiquin, the 'famous soldier of Ireland.' One phase in his career, however, is singular, and betrays inconsistency, though certainly not meanness — he became a Roman Catholic in his later years; and the change prevented his subsequent advancement upon the return of Charles to his kingdom.

The Restoration brought wealth and honour to several of the leaders of the race of O'Brien. The Act of Settlement protected Lord Thomond from the consequences of his trafficking with Cromwell, and his large inheritance passed unimpaired to a son Henry, who at the Revolution remained true to the family politics. Lord Inchiquin, now an Earl and a courtier, recovered all his ancestral estates which had been allotted to Puritan veterans; but although he continued a favourite at Whitehall, his new creed excluded him from office. Sir Daniel O'Brien was made Lord Clare, as a mark of his valuable services to the Crown, and his forfeited lands were restored to him by a special

clause in the Act of Settlement. The course of his long and eventful history had measured the space in Irish history between the age of Elizabeth and Cromwell, and must have been fraught with chequered recollections. The series of wars and of revolutions in which he had played an important part had as thoroughly changed the Ireland of his youth as an earthquake changes the face of a landscape. His infancy had been nursed with tales of the state held by his chieftain fathers, when they dealt with the House of Tudor as equals, and awed the Pale with their Celtic armies. In boyhood he had seen the wave of conquest sweep over the Ireland of Norman and Celt, and overwhelm in its resistless course long-settled races, customs, and institutions. Instead of bringing with it the elements of a healthy national life and civilisation, he had seen in manhood how conquest in Ireland had led to a war of sect and race, and how the subjection of a nation to a colony had been the unhappy issue of the contest. And now, in his age, all around appeared the marks of the great Cromwellian struggle—the land torn by repeated confiscations, and knowing no more its ancient owners,—an old aristocracy laid in the dust, supplanted by an aristocracy of religion — the influences of Law and Government, unable to soothe the hatreds of civil warfare—and a future of evil omen opening on the vanquished people of Catholic Ireland. Though fortune, in her insolent play, had been profuse of her favours to him, we may well conceive what the old confederate must have felt when dwelling on these reminiscences.

The settlement in the reign of Charles II. secured the ascendancy of Protestant Ireland, and reduced her Catholic races to vassalage. This state of things lasted down to the time when James II. abandoning England, appealed to Catholic Ireland for aid, and set up his short-lived government in Dublin. How the grandsons of the former confederates obeyed too eagerly the second appeal which the House of Stuart had made to Irishmen; how the wild assembly at St. Mary's Abbey proscribed the lives and fortunes of the caste which had long been the mark of their hatred; how the whole polity and law of Ireland were overthrown by the knot of anarchists who then rose to momentary importance; how the island became again divided into two camps of furious enemies inflamed against each other by the fiercest passions; how the strength of England was again put forth in aid of her struggling Protestant colony; how Catholic Ireland, backed by France, resisted this formidable league for a time, but at length was forced to give up the contest; and how, after a long series of deeds of civil and military oppression, the reign of Protestant ascendancy was re-established,

and Catholic Ireland restored to bondage, has been made familiar to this generation by the most brilliant of English historians. In this dark hour of Ireland's destiny, religious difference, as might have been expected, decided the fortunes of the O'Briens. Lord Thomond took the Protestant side; and his son served under Marlborough in the campaign which ended in the fall of Cork and Kinsale. Having been attainted by James's Parliament, they were soon restored to their honours and lands; and from this time forward the House of Thomond became settled on English soil, and flourished in a line of Hanoverian noblemen. The House of Inchiquin was also proscribed, and shared also in the triumph of the Revolution—the grandson of the first earl having been a distinguished soldier of William; and during the course of the eighteenth century, it remained a prop of Protestant ascendancy. The fate of the Clare O'Briens was different, and in our settled and tolerant age may well claim sympathy and interest. When James had joined with Catholic Ireland, in a contest equally ruinous to both, the grandson of the first Viscount Daniel made haste to pledge his sword and fortune to the cause, as he thought, of loyalty and religion. He was sworn on the Catholic Privy Council, became James's governor of Munster, and having equipped the famous regiments which were soon to bear his name over Europe, he led them in person to the Boyne, where Clare's dragoons, as their foes admitted, for a moment changed the aspect of the contest, and nobly redeemed the national honour. At the close of the war, with his two sons, and the faithful band which shared his fortunes, he followed his discrowned master to France; and an act of attainder and confiscation soon afterwards severed the only link which bound him to his unhappy country. His estates, which amounted to thirty thousand acres, were sold at the close of the seventeenth century; and yet so strong in Ireland are the ties of long hereditary and religious association, that they are still known to the Celtic peasantry 'as the territory of the Clare O'Briens.'

The life of Lord Clare in exile was short, but his two sons, Daniel and Charles, commanded the regiments called by his name, and died like soldiers on the field of battle. The Clare dragoons were honourably eminent among that celebrated band of warriors who, under the flag of the French monarchy, attested Irish valour and misfortune on many a day of triumph or disaster. At first composed, except in cavalry, of the raw levies of Celtic Kerne, who had risen at the call of their priests and landlords, to fly in ignominious rout at the Boyne, the Irish brigade became at length a formidable stay of the French army, and gathered in its ranks those ardent spirits whom the Penal

Code in the last century would have doomed to a life of humiliation in Ireland. Without a country, except the camp, and inspired with hatred of the English name, the Irish exiles were the forlorn hope of many a desperate siege and encounter; and the exclamation of George II., 'A curse on the laws 'which deprive me of such subjects,' explains their history and points its moral. At Landen they headed the onset of Luxemburg; at Blenheim they checked the advance of Marlborough; they saved the honour of France at Cremona, and joined in the shout of triumph at Almanza; and the one great victory of the last century which France won from an English army, was gained by the men whom a policy of justice would perhaps have made good soldiers of England. Through the various fortunes of the Irish brigade, the heirs of Lord Clare succeeded to the command of the gallant regiments raised by their ancestor; and Charles O'Brien, the hero of Fontenoy, rose to high distinction in the French service. This nobleman was a nephew of the illustrious Berwick, and during the peaceful period of the Regency he visited England and was well received at the tolerant court of the House of Hanover. It is not improbable at this juncture, that, but for the harsh and iniquitous laws, which disabled a Roman Catholic from holding land, he would have become a British subject; for his cousin, Lord Thomond, being childless, was anxious to leave his estates to him; but the Penal Code prohibited the gift, and secured a formidable enemy to England. The Nemesis of persecution, at the appointed time, exacted a just but mournful retribution on the memorable day when the Clare dragoons pierced through the staggering column of grenadiers which had hitherto crushed its bravest adversaries. It is pleasing to think that the residue of the debt has long ago been redeemed by England; that the descendants of the victors and vanquished at Fontenoy have mingled their blood in a common cause on many a splendid field of fame, and that the Irish brigade of the present day—the feeble puppet of England's enemies—is as justly an object of general contempt as its prototype is of historical admiration.

The line of the Viscounts Clare terminated with the life of the son of Charles O'Brien. Meantime the Houses of the elder O'Briens, reposing upon their ancestral honours, gave no remarkable names to the state; and in our day their titles have been extinguished. The earldom of Thomond with the family estates, instead of passing to the heirs of Lord Clare, devolved on the son of Sir William Wyndham, as nephew of Henry the last Earl, who, as we have seen, had no issue. Through him, the lands, but without the honours, have become vested in

Lord Leconfield, the present representative of the Earls of Egremont. The change from Irish to English ownership has probably, at least in this generation, been a blessing to these magnificent estates, Lord Leconfield being a model for landowners; and the Celtic peasantry on the O'Brien domains are perhaps more attached to their Saxon lord than they ever were to their ancient chieftains. As for the earldom of Inchiquin, at the opening of this century, it became merged in the Marquisate of Thomond; and this honour expired in 1855 upon the death of the last Marquis. Since then, the process of the Encumbered Estates Court has divided the Inchiquin Estates among a number of new proprietors; and Cork merchants and Clare shopkeepers, with not a few of the farmers upon it, are now the owners of Earl Morrogh's heritage. A peaceful confiscation has done what Cromwell and Ireton failed to accomplish, nor is it likely that these fertile lands will ever revert to the name of O'Brien.

But although the stem of the elder O'Briens has thus become decayed and extinct, a younger branch in the last century put forward one remarkable scion. From the son of Morrogh the tanist, Donogh, whose violent death we have already referred to, descended the Dromoland O'Briens; and the life of Sir Lucius O'Brien of Dromoland, requires a passing notice from us.

The career of this eminent man embraces a chequered period in Irish history. The sixty years which followed the Revolution, reduced Ireland to a state of abasement such as seldom has fallen to the lot of a nation. A series of fresh attainders and confiscations effaced any remaining distinction between the Norman and Celtic Catholics, and the sons of the Plunketts and the sons of the O'Neills were placed on an equal level of degradation. Then had come a cruel and fatal attempt to make that degradation perpetual, and to take an assurance from legalised wrong that Catholic Ireland should never emancipate herself. Against public faith and justice, and in spite of a strong opposition from England, the representatives of Protestant Ireland deprived three-fourths of the Irish people of the commonest rights of security and property. The faith of the Irish Catholics was proscribed and its celebration made highly penal. The learned professions were closed against them; they were interdicted the use of arms; and along the whole range of civil employments they were shut out from the chance of admission. Even the right of acquiring lands was denied them; and a series of cruel and ingenious devices which split up Catholic property into fragments, and sowed the seeds of family disunion between Catholic parents and children,

precluded them from enjoying any lands which confiscation may have left to them. The results were such as generally arise when the natural laws of society are violated. Expelled like outlaws from their native land, the more energetic of the Irish Catholics became the inveterate enemies of England in every army upon the Continent, and their plots against the Protestant colony in Ireland were a source of perpetual fear and annoyance. But the great mass of the Catholic nation, excluded formally from the state, exposed to the numerous social wrongs which are not perhaps the least galling result of the domination of race and sect, forbidden industry, deprived of property, and even debarred from hope itself, sate down in listless penury on the land which had once been their fathers' inheritance, to become a people of outcasts and slaves, the scorn, and yet the reproach of the empire.

The settlement of Ireland which followed the Revolution had been also injurious to the Protestant colony. Confiscation, indeed, had augmented their numbers; and in the middle of the eighteenth century it was supposed that nineteen-twentieths of the soil had become vested in a Protestant squirearchy. They had also by law the right of domineering over all that remained of the Catholic nation, and monopolised the local administration of the country with the social position attached to it. But the degradation and poverty of the people had not failed to react disastrously on themselves, and they formed a weak and embarrassed oligarchy, estranged from the nation that should have supported them, abandoned generally to the pursuits which characterise an irresponsible caste, and wanting the weight and independence which belong to a real and strong aristocracy. The mother country, profiting by their weakness, kept them bound in the strictest colonial subjection, and made their legislative and commercial dependence the price of their right to tyranny in Ireland. The constitution of Protestant Ireland in the first half of the last century was only a decent name to conceal the nearly absolute government of England. The statutes and judgments made at Westminster controlled Ireland and the Irish tribunals; and the Privy Councils of Harley and Walpole initiated the legislation of the Irish Parliament. That body was merely a registry of the Castle, being composed of English officials and placemen, with the nominees of a few great landlords; and it was utterly impervious to popular influences since it lasted as long as the life of the sovereign. Add to this, that the Mutiny Acts were perpetual; that the power of the Irish Commons over the supplies was even in theory ill-defined, and was scarcely ever in fact exercised; that the judges in

Ireland held their commissions entirely at the will of the Crown; and that no national spirit existed to check a wealthy and powerful executive. Thus, kept under, humiliated, or corrupted, it is probable that the colony of Ireland was worse governed and less free than any colonial dependency of the empire.

Nor were persecution and restricted franchises the only wrongs of Ireland at this period. The Catholic nation being out of the account, and the Protestant colony unable to resist, the industry, trade, and enterprise of the island were sacrificed to imaginary English interests. The harsh machinery of the mercantile system was applied with steady injustice to Ireland, and kept her bound in commercial subjection. For the sake of protecting English agriculture, the wool, the sheep, and the cattle of the island, which have always been her staple products, were prevented from entering English markets. For the sake of protecting the English shipowner the trade between English and Irish ports was confined exclusively to English bottoms; and a merchant of Cork, Limerick, or Galway was disabled from sending a cargo to Bristol, in a vessel manned by Irish seamen. In addition, prohibitory duties were placed upon the export of linen and glass—almost the only manufactures of Ireland — the markets of every colony in the empire were jealously closed against Irish produce; and Irishmen were excluded from the Companies which then monopolised our foreign traffic. The import trade was equally restricted, the products and manufactures of the empire being only made admissible into Ireland through an intermediate passage from England, and foreign imports being exposed to an adverse tariff arranged at Westminster. Though other and deeper causes concurred, this odious policy certainly contributed to keep Ireland poor and barbarous; to check her agriculture and commerce; and to stifle her trading and maritime energy. How the Protestant colony exclaimed against it, and placed it foremost amongst their grievances, must be known to every student of the period. It gave fuel to the *sœva indignatio* of Swift, edged the graceful irony of Berkeley with bitterness, and many years afterwards quickened into anger the sober sense of Arthur Young.

Such, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, was the state of Protestant and Catholic Ireland. The next generation witnessed a struggle between the colony and the mother country, which had at least the beneficent effect of shaking the bonds of the subjugated nation, though it failed to secure the welfare of the island. We need not detail the events of that contest,—how a Whig opposition grew up in Ireland which, step by step,

exacted from the Government important constitutional franchises — how that opposition turned for support to the prostrate race of Catholic Ireland, and began to proclaim its title to freedom— how, in the agony of the American war, the nominal independence of Ireland and the first relaxation of the Penal Code were extorted from the weakness of the empire — how that independence proved a delusion which only inaugurated the reign of corruption, notwithstanding the efforts of the patriotic party, and revived the discords of race and religion—how the growing jealousies of the emancipated colony retarded the progress of the Catholic cause—and how the last years of the eighteenth century saw Ireland torn afresh by dissensions, and about to plunge into civil warfare. Of the eminent Irish Whigs of this period none were more conspicuous than Sir Lucius O'Brien for moderation, sound judgment, and skill in arranging practical reforms. Though not an orator, he had more weight than almost any orator of his time, in a Senate prone to over-estimate eloquence; and he owed this eminence in part to his character, and in part to his mastery of the 'Case of Ireland' in all its financial and commercial aspects. Indeed, few statesmen of that generation were equally versed in political science; and his singularly clear and penetrating mind was well fitted to embody its doctrines in actual subjects of legislation.

He was elected for Clare in 1761, soon after the short but interesting contest in which the leaders of the Irish Whigs had established the right of the Irish Commons to allot the surplus revenue in estimates. Having joined this party, we find him in 1766 bringing in a Bill to secure for the Irish Bench the independence of their brethren in England; in 1767 contending for an Octennial Bill to make the irresponsible Irish Commons in some degree a representative assembly; and in 1771, protesting against the claim of the Privy Council to initiate all the legislation of Ireland. Soon afterwards, when the exigencies of the strife between the colony and the empire had induced a section of the Irish Whigs to seek the aid of the Roman Catholic nation, he appears prominent among the advocates for relaxing the worst of the Roman Catholic disabilities. The celebrated Acts of 1778 — the happy heralds of a larger emancipation — which assured to Catholic Ireland the rights of the free exercise of its religion, and of purchasing freehold property and enjoying it, received his cordial support and approval; and none of the Irish Whigs of the day were more imbued with that true principle, enunciated in noble words by Grattan, 'that Protestant Ireland could never be free 'while Catholic Ireland remained a slave.'

It was chiefly, however, in the numerous attempts to relieve Ireland from commercial bondage, which were made by his party at this period, that Sir Lucius O'Brien was most conspicuous. At the crisis of 1778, when the league of France and Spain with America had almost ruined the only commerce which Ireland possessed in that age of restriction, and an angry people and menacing army were clamouring for instant separation from England, he was honourably prominent in arranging a compromise which perhaps saved the empire from dismemberment. As the representative of the Irish Whigs, he went to London to negotiate with Lord North the terms on which the commerce of Ireland was to be, in part at least, emancipated. The Acts of 1779, which partially opened the ports of England to the various staple products of Ireland, removed a number of prohibitory duties from most articles of Irish exportation, and gave Ireland the nominal right of trading with Africa and the West Indies, were mainly due to his strenuous exertions; and for these he was somewhat rhetorically styled 'the father of 'the free trade of his country.' In 1784 we see him again at a juncture memorable as foreshadowing the Union. Notwithstanding the settlement of 1779, the Channel trade between England and Ireland had continued checked by many impediments. Moreover, as Ireland had no mercantile navy, and, owing to the effects of the Act of Navigation, could not use English vessels as carriers to interchange commodities with the colonies, her right to a partial colonial commerce had proved merely a shadowy privilege. With a just sense of national interests, and probably with an ulterior object, Mr. Pitt proposed, in 1784, that for all purposes of traffic in the Channel, the ports of England and Ireland should be free to each other, and that power should be given to Ireland and the Colonies to exchange their respective products through the medium of a carrying trade in British bottoms. He was forced, however, by clamour in England, to make considerable changes in this scheme; and at length it issued clogged with the condition—that the laws respecting the navigation of both kingdoms should be framed first by the Parliament of Great Britain, and be ratified afterwards by that of Ireland. A loud outcry arose in a Senate especially jealous of British interference; and Flood and Grattan denounced the proposal as a blow aimed at the settlement of 1782, which had nominally made their country independent. Almost alone among the Irish Whigs, Sir Lucius O'Brien supported the plan as 'calculated by degrees to raise 'us to a manufacturing and opulent nation;' and his sensible language on this occasion attests the manliness of his character,

and the soundness and depth of his economic knowledge. It is very significant of the weight of his character that, in a proud and passionate assembly which considered 'truckling to English 'interests' the most unpardonable of public crimes, even calumny never insinuated that this conduct was wanting in disinterested patriotism.

Sir Lucius O'Brien did not live to see the close of the History of Ireland as a nation. He died in 1794, when the fierce spirit of the French Revolution, reanimating the passions of Irish parties, was about to cause the violent convulsion which was only in part composed by the Union. His name and title have descended to a grandson who fitly represents his eminent ancestor and the long line of the younger O'Briens. The elder branch of the race having fallen with the Houses of Thomond and Inchiquin, the barony of Inchiquin has devolved on Sir Lucius O'Brien of Dromoland as the next heir of Morrogh the Tanist, although this right has not yet been established. We trust that the difficulty of the negative proof required by the Committee of Privileges—the extinction of all antecedent claimants through a period of more than three centuries—will not prevent the recognition of this Peerage. Confiscation, war, and exclusion from the state, have told heavily on the Celtic families which represent the chieftains of Ireland; and few of them hold their natural place among the ennobled Houses of Great Britain. We may hope that the historical name of O'Brien will not be classed with Bohun and Mowbray as an evidence of the sport of fortune in putting an end to family distinction.

ART. V. — 1. *The Church History of Scotland from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the present Century.* By the Rev. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, Minister of Crieff. 2 vols. 1859.

2. *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution Settlement.* By the late Rev. JOHN LEE, D.D. LLD., Principal of the University of Edinburgh. With Notes and Appendices from the Author's Papers. Edited by his Son, the Rev. W. LEE. 2 vols. 1860.

THE best friends of the Church of Scotland will have no reason to complain, if the ignorant and superficial attacks which have recently been directed against that institution have the effect of attracting the attention of our countrymen in the southern part of this island to the eventful history of the Church which has prevailed for three centuries in the northern part of it. We therefore gladly seize the first opportunity to notice some recent publications on the subject, by men who have treated it with far greater knowledge and far less prejudice than Mr. Buckle. The Church of Scotland since the Reformation offers a subject of singular and in some respects of unique interest to the student of Church History. If the field be a narrow one, it presents on this very account great unity and completeness of view, while, as Mr. Cunningham has remarked, it shows at the same time a fuller and freer developement of the spiritual element than is to be found elsewhere within the sphere of Protestantism. The Scottish Reformed Kirk, in short, has a life and history of its own independently of the biographies of the illustrious men who have adorned it, and its connexion with the general intellectual and mental progress of the country — a life and history concentrated in the working of its republican constitution, and especially its great Representative Court or General Assembly.

It is not to be wondered, therefore, that the subject has attracted many writers. Scotch divines have naturally taken a pride in contemplating the successful struggles of Presbytery, and in recording the course and consummation of those struggles. They have done so in some cases with learning, care, and impartiality, yet without being able to invest the subject with any attraction to the general student. Dr. Cook's 'History of the Church of Scotland from the Reformation to the 'Revolution' is a specimen of this class of history. No one has treated the facts more carefully than Dr. Cook; no one's opinion

deserves more weight upon any disputed point; but the formality and coldness of his style, and his want of appreciation of some of the broader and more picturesque aspects of the subject, warn off any but those who are really determined to read his volumes. Others again, such as Dr. Hetherington, have only given life to the subject by the infusion of a spirit of polemical zeal, and a warmth of contentious sophistry, which it requires a Scotchman to understand, and a very 'true blue' Presbyterian to reciprocate.

It is the great merit of the first of the works placed at the head of this paper, that it has for the first time given a sufficient interest to the subject, without the least tincture of polemical bitterness of any kind. In its method of treatment and style, it rises above the didactic and formal treatment of Dr. Cook, while it is entirely free from the intense Presbyterian one-sidedness of Dr. Hetherington. The author says in his preface, that he has endeavoured to purge his heart 'of all 'leaven of polemical and party hatred, and to follow faithfully 'both truth and charity.' We believe that he has really done this: his volumes throughout show no traces of the controversial narrowness of mind and opinionative vehemence so apt to beset such a subject. Even where he is mistaken, and fails to comprehend the full meaning of certain phenomena, he is always good-tempered, candid, and fair in intention. Considering the length of time over which he travels, and the multiplicity of details which he has to group, the sustained interest and liveliness he has imparted to his narrative are particularly deserving of notice. There are few dull pages — there is no barren detail; yet there is a constant reference to sources, and the traces everywhere of conscientious and laborious investigation. The style is clear and flowing, if somewhat wanting in dignity and here and there in accuracy; the liveliness inclines to be jaunty; and in hitting off a portrait or characterising some crisis of ecclesiastical conflict the handling is apt to be too free and easy. The diversity of topics that arise for treatment, and the attempt of the author to embrace within his design the præ-Reformation period of the Church History of Scotland, have necessitated a vagueness and slightness of touch at some points. This is, perhaps, especially apparent in his view of the progress of Christian opinion and manners, and the rise and progress of Dissent from the Kirk in the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding Mr. Burton's volumes*, and what our author has here

* The History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection (1689—1748).

done, this is a part of the Church History of Scotland that really yet remains to be written.

The volumes of Principal Lee are of a different character from those of Mr. Cunningham. Although both writers traverse so far the same ground, they scarcely interfere with one another. Mr. Cunningham's work forms a history in the usual sense, and comprises both what are called the external and internal aspects of the subject — the former particularly. Dr. Lee's are only 'Lectures on the History of the Church of 'Scotland,' and mainly—according to his own statement, 'almost 'entirely, confined to the internal history of the Church,—viz.: 'its learning, its theological doctrines, its modes of worship, its 'government and discipline, or what has been called its eccle- 'siastical polity.'

By general admission no man was more entitled to treat of these subjects than the late venerable Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Possessed of great learning and patience of research, with a singular affection for every detail of Presbyterian antiquities, and a most omnivorous capacity of collecting and treasuring them, he had accumulated in the course of a long life a minute and special knowledge of the history of his Church which no one pretended to rival. He could tell the lists of members in General Assemblies, while others had forgotten the very existence of the Assemblies themselves. The most obscure work or document of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was more fresh to him than the newspaper of yesterday. Dr. M'Crie, in his labours on the 'Life of Andrew 'Melville,' acknowledged his great obligations to him, and expressed a wish, then, in 1819, that he would devote his 'exten- 'sive acquaintance with the subject, and his habits of patient 'and discriminating research,' to a history of the literature of Scotland. When we add to these qualifications the advantage of general cultivation and knowledge of the world, and the command of a style of great compass and power of expression, although with a tendency to monotony, it may be said that his country was entitled to look to him for some enduring work devoted to the history of its literature or religion. This hope, however, was destined to disappointment. Like many men besides, Dr. Lee kept so constantly filling his cup of special knowledge, and stirring its contents, that he seemed to lose all sense of the important uses to which it might be applied. The very riches of his information became an embarrassment to him, and he stowed them away in his mind as he did rare books in his library, in such multiplied forms that he forgot their due

distinction and proportion, and above all their historical unity and aim.

The work before us, although we are grateful for it, and readily acknowledge its peculiar merits, does not answer our expectations. Written more than forty years ago, in the shape of lectures to his Divinity class in St. Andrews, it was not possible that it should meet the present exigencies of the subject. It is valuable for the insight and carefulness with which it discusses the constitution of the Scottish Church, and its primitive documents of faith and worship; the notes and appendices, selected with judgment and care from the author's papers, are in some cases very curious and interesting. But as a whole, it must be confessed, the work merely suggests what Dr. Lee might have done had he mastered his literary irresolution and bound himself to the task, without showing any adequately accomplished result.

Mr. Cunningham has embraced in his volumes, as we have said, the history of the Church of Scotland before the Reformation, and this on the ground that the Church before the Reformation, Roman as it was in its architecture and usages, was yet 'built on Scottish ground,' and had for its worshippers 'Scottish men and women.' 'It is impossible,' he adds, 'to 'understand our Church History subsequent to the Reforma-'tion without knowing something of our Church History prior 'to it.' Every one will admit this. Complete as the Reformation was in Scotland — having altogether displaced the old ecclesiastical conditions of the country, and brought a new moral and religious life to the surface, — the Reformed Church was in many ways, and even by various external links, connected with the old Papacy. Every old idea was not rooted out, every ancient landmark was not carried away. To mention nothing else, the universities remained as points of visible connexion between the old and new faith. Nevertheless, if anywhere the Reformation may be held to be a valid beginning of Church history, it may certainly be held to be so in Scotland. The history of Scottish Presbyterianism presents in itself a distinct and complete subject. It is sufficiently large, important, and interesting. It is a separate drama, with its own plot, its own heroes, its own *dénouement* we may say. In like manner the early missionary and Culdee Christianity of Scotland, and again its mediæval Catholicism, are separately important subjects, which demand and would reward by themselves detailed and full treatment. No part of the line of Scottish ecclesiastical history can be quite disjoined from the rest and

viewed apart; but at the same time there is perhaps no country whose national Christian life along its course, from the time of its commencement, is less continuous, coherent, and compact. Disruptions meet us everywhere as we survey it; and as we try to hold the line of connexion in our hand, it escapes us at various points.

In themselves, however, Mr. Cunningham's chapters on the early Christian history of Scotland are both interesting and instructive. With a rapid and easy hand he sketches the introduction of Christianity into the country, and the labours of those self-devoted missionaries who planted the seeds of a higher faith among a rude and barbarous people. From the fabulous twilight that invests the figure of St. Rule as he landed with the bones of St. Andrew on the rocky shore which has henceforth borne the name of St. Andrews, and the clearer morning in which are seen St. Ninian with his glistering stone church on the shores of the Solway—an object of wonder to the people who had never seen any structures more imposing than their mud and log cabins, and which has perpetuated itself in the name of the parish till this day *; and St. Columba in his island home; and St. Kentigern by the waters of the Molendinar where the great city of Glasgow now stands; to the comparative daylight of the twelfth century, in which the fabric of Roman Catholicism under David I. is beheld everywhere displacing the primitive and degenerate form of the Culdee worship, down again to the overthrow of this same Catholicism, crushed under the burden of its own sins; all is set forth in a plain and impressive narrative, without any parade of learning, yet with an ample reference to the best authorities.

Of the earliest missionary period of the History of Christianity in Scotland, ranging from about 400 to 600 A.D., it is impossible to distinguish the true history. The facts loom in dim and shadowy perspective, shrouded in a veil of legendary miracle which it is hopeless to penetrate. Yet it is rather the proportion of events, and the exact features of creed and worship and ecclesiastical government that are lost in the distance, than the characters of the Missionaries. These shine as lights amid the darkness. Through all the later myths that have surrounded them, they plainly exhibit a rare simplicity, holiness, and high-hearted devotedness. St. Columba and St. Kentigern are genuine heroes of the Cross, preaching mercy, and purity, and righteousness to a rude, savage, and disorderly people. In a time when 'might was right,' and there

* Whithorn; in Saxon, Hwhitherne: in Latin it was called *Candida Casa.*

was no power of civil adjustment but the sword amongst the conflicting tribes of Picts and Scots, who fought for mastery in the country, these men were the representatives of a principle of moral order amidst the chaos; and by the magnanimous simplicity of their character more than anything else, contributed to spread around them a beneficial influence, and to bring into some measure of harmony the discordant elements.

One interesting relation of this early missionary Christianity of Scotland is brought out with distinctness by Mr. Cunningham. It extended from Iona as a centre not only throughout Scotland, but into England. A special mission settled in Lindisfarne or Holy Isle, off the Northumbrian coast. Aided by Oswald King of Northumbria, the Ionian monks laboured to spread the truth among the heathen Saxons of the North of England, and greatly succeeded. 'Many of the Scots,' says Bede, 'came daily into Britain, and with great devotion 'preached the Word to those provinces of the English . . . 'Churches were built in several places; the people joyfully 'flocked together to hear the Word; money and lands were 'given of the King's bounty to build monasteries: the English 'great and small were by their Scottish masters instructed in 'the rules and observances of regular discipline.' Thus shortly after St. Augustine arrived in the island of Thanet off the coast of Kent, and began from the South his great work of evangelisation among the Saxons, the Scottish monks of Iona began the same work from the North. Two separate streams of Christian enterprise from different directions were poured into the country, destined ere long to meet in conflict. The Kentish monks of course were altogether Roman in their modes of worship, and especially in their observance of Easter — that famous point of dispute and asserted prerogative on the part of Rome from the beginning. The King of Northumbria had taken his queen from the South, and she had brought a southern priest in her scanty train. This was enough to kindle the controversy about Easter as about other things. A synod was convened at Streaneshalch (now Whitby): the king opened it in a sensible speech, counselling to moderation and unity; the Ionian monk stated his case; the Kentish monk replied; and the result was a decision in favour of Rome. The text, 'Thou 'art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church,' made a strong impression upon the mind of the king; Rome found these words now as so often afterwards a charm potent to work her purpose. The Culdee monks retired from the field, even abandoned their home in the Holy Isle, and Italian priests and practices were left dominant in England. This issue is a subject

of lament with Neander. 'It could not fail,' he says, 'to be 'attended with the most important effects on the shaping of 'ecclesiastical relations all over England; for had the Scottish 'tendency prevailed, England would have obtained a more free 'Church Constitution.'

This conflict naturally leads Mr. Cunningham to an examination of the supposed points of difference betwixt the Culdee and the Romanist priests. The true character of the Culdees is a very old *quæstio vexata*, obscure in itself, but rendered much more so by the dogmatic glosses of later controversialists. Presbyterians would fain see in the simpler ritual of the Culdees the exemplar of their own system; Episcopalians have laboured with anxious zeal to avert this conclusion. It may be safely said, as in many such disputes, that neither party has made good its case against the other. Historical truth obstinately defies later dogmatisms. Plainly enough, the Culdees were not Presbyterians, as Mr. Cunningham frankly admits. Their monastic institutions and discipline, and their gradations of ecclesiastical rank, are quite opposed to Presbytery. 'They performed 'penances, fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays, used a liturgy, 'and had something very like to auricular confession, absolu-'tion, and masses for the dead.' At the same time they were not Episcopalians in any modern sense. Columba himself, and his successors, were only presbyters. Yet they exercised an authority superior to any others within the range of their influence. Bede expressly says that 'all the province and even 'the bishop' were subject to the Abbot of Iona. It may be that Columba is never found ordaining presbyters; but this cannot be held to prove that he considered himself incompetent to do so. He and his monks were plainly independent of all ecclesiastical control save that which they themselves recognised in the order of their institution. The truth is that the religious system of Iona and of the Culdees represented an earlier form of ecclesiasticism which had spread from the south of Gaul to Ireland, and thence to Scotland. From the Roman ecclesiasticism with which it came in contact, and before which it fell, it differed in the comparative simplicity of its ritual and the originality of its observances: as in the matter of Easter, in which it conformed to the primitive Eastern practice. It differed also in regard to the marriage of the clergy; for not only did the Culdees marry, but, as shown by the registry of St. Andrews, they were frequently succeeded in office by their sons. As a system, Culdeeism was, in comparison with that of the Latin Church, free and self-governing, and, it may be even conceded, pure and primitive; but that it was, as some have

contended, a vanished ideal of church purity, is one of those fond traditions which a real acquaintance with the facts at once dissipates.

It is apparent that the Culdees owed their overthrow in the twelfth century to internal decay as much as anything else. We cannot trace the progress of this decay. During the intervening centuries from the Synod of Streaneschalch in the latter half of the seventh (664 A.D.), to at least the middle of the eleventh century (1057 A.D.), the history of Scotland is a total blank. And when the curtain again begins to rise on the course of events in the eleventh century, the Culdees are found a degenerate race. The Scottish and Pictish monarchies were then united under one king. Malcolm III. had married a Saxon queen of great piety, the sainted Margaret; and her life, written by Turgot her confessor, who was promoted from the monastery of Durham to be Bishop of St. Andrews, has been preserved. We gather from this life and other sources some idea of the ecclesiastical condition of the country, and the relation between the Roman system, now everywhere consolidating its power, and the decaying system of the Culdees.

The latter had greatly departed from their first faith and love; they had not only become indolent and self-indulgent, but they had lost intelligence and capacity to defend their distinguishing practices, and even abandoned some of the most solemn rites of the Church, as the celebration of the Lord's Supper. This degeneracy made them an easy prey to an encroaching power. To the arguments of Queen Margaret, who 'three 'days,' says Turgot, 'employed the sword of the Spirit in com-'bating their errors,' they had nothing to say. To the more active measures of eviction and deprivation of her son David, 'the sainted son of a sainted mother,' they could show no power of resistance. They had sunk into a state of inactive ignorance, and the simple-hearted and heroic piety which five centuries before had gone forth from Iona as a civilising influence among the 'savage clans and roving barbarians of Cale-'donia,' had become a corrupt and weak superstition, which knew not how to protect itself. The Romish Church, on the other hand, was at this time at the full height of its influence — enthusiastically supported by the intellect and piety of the age — and as a natural consequence it entered into the inheritance of the Culdees. David I. was no mere patron of a priestly party, 'sair saunt for the crown' though he may have been; but he was a wise national leader who saw the signs of the times, and, in the establishment of Roman Catholicism, sought to strengthen and advance thereby the most powerful elements of moral civilisa-

tion in his kingdom. Mr. Innes, in his 'Scotland in the Middle 'Ages,' has compared him to Charlemagne and Alfred in their respective spheres of action. If this seems to any to be too lofty a commendation for the Scottish king, whose name suggests few associations in comparison with those that surround both Charlemagne and Alfred, we may at least admit that of all the Scottish kings David I. has the highest claim to be considered the founder of Scottish civilisation, both ecclesiastical and legal.

The great work initiated by David grew and extended itself during four centuries. The bishoprics—the parochial system of Scotland — and nearly two hundred monastic institutions — all owe their establishment to this period. Of the bishoprics only St. Andrews can be said to have had any existence within the preceding period. Diocesan Episcopacy came into Scotland with the influence of Rome in the twelfth century; parochial clergy and monks in swarms came from the same source. Mr. Cunningham has traced intelligently this 'sudden developement of 'ecclesiastical vigour,' and the various struggles through which it passed, now in conflict with the Primacies of York and Canterbury in England, and now with Rome and its legates. The Scottish Church upon the whole maintained its independence bravely against the encroachments of both. Under a Bull of Honorius, 1225, it received authority to hold Provincial Councils; a privilege by which it sought to secure its power of self-government rather than to carry out the Papal intentions. Two important Councils were held at Perth in 1242, and 1269, the canons of which are incorporated in the chartulary of Aberdeen, and published by Wilkins in the first volume of his 'Concilia Brittanniæ.' Principal Lee has devoted one of his early lectures to an analysis of these canons, and gives an interesting glimpse into the ritual and social observances of the Church.

For nearly three centuries after the establishment of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in Scotland, there was no *studium generale* or university for the education of the clergy. The burghs had their schools in some cases, such as Perth and Stirling, as early as the twelfth century; and every monastery was more or less a seminary for the education of the sons of the nobility and the aspirants to the priesthood. It was customary for the latter to resort to Oxford or Paris to complete their education. Many circumstances contributed to strengthen the connexion between the Scottish clergy and France, and nothing more so than the institution in 1325 of the Scots College at Paris, by David Bishop of Moray. In the course of the

following century, the three Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen were successively established. It is singular and somewhat sad to contemplate this evidence of ecclesiastical energy and awakening literary activity almost on the eve of the great overthrow awaiting the hierarchy in Scotland.

It would be a long story to endeavour to estimate in full the influences which led to the corruption and utter subversion of Catholicism in Scotland. The fair fabric reared by David I., had in the course of four centuries extended itself throughout the country, attained to a universal supremacy, and at the close of this period was secretly undermined by its own rottenness and toppling to its ruin, proud and imposing as was the appearance which it presented. 'One half of the national wealth 'had passed into the hands of the clergy;' this had brought its usual consequences of indolence, pride, and decay: swarms of monks had settled in every locality and displaced the parochial clergy, who became degraded and inefficient. There remained only the great prelates on the one hand, and hordes of friars on the other, who, whatever temporary strength they may have imparted to the Church by their first activity, soon sunk into disgraceful idleness and contempt of all that was holy and good. While there was no country in which Roman Catholicism had reached a more rapid and complete triumph than in Scotland, there was none in which its triumph seems to have been more wantonly abused. Its success proved its ruin. The circumstances of the country which made way for its speedy growth and power, helped to prepare its downfall. At the end of the fifteenth century it stood, so to speak, alone, — the royal power greatly weakened, the greater nobles looking on with ill-disguised aversion, the mass of the people utterly ignorant — while a new power was gradually rising and making ready to enter into conflict with it. The lesser barons, gentry, and burghers were becoming a powerful estate in the kingdom — the most powerful in intelligence, industry, and resources. The Church had not only no hold upon these burghers and gentry, it was greatly disliked by them. Even before the 'new learning' spread from Germany and England, there was a spirit of easily provoked hostility between the sharp-witted sense of this rising *middle* class and the clergy. When the conflict really came between them, Catholicism in Scotland was found to have no national backing. Proudly as it looked; cruelly as it put forth its power with the first signs of opposition, it proved destitute of all real elements of national strength. Unlike the Church of England, it had neither entwined itself with the popular heart, nor won to itself the devotion of great territorial interests.

Catholicism had done its civilising work in Scotland as elsewhere; it had reared abbeys, and built cathedrals, some of which survive, but most of which are only the ruined memorials of an extinct system. It gave the country but one permanent element of constitutional and moral polity — its admirable parochial system. But the Church had not incorporated itself with the people; it had not made itself the cement of its different social conditions, the conserving life-power of a complicated national existence; and so it perished utterly as soon as it lost the weapons of its carnal warfare and ceased, in its own arbitrary manner, to predominate.

The problem of the Scottish Reformation thus imperfectly indicated has been very summarily settled by Mr. Buckle in his recent volume, reviewed in our last number. According to him it was merely the issue of the long-pending contest between the royal power supported by the Church, and the power of the nobles; and he has even ventured on the remarkable assertion that by this means we perceive 'that the great Protes-'tant movement, which in other countries was democratic, was 'in Scotland aristocratic.' Under pretence of dealing peculiarly with facts and the great laws by which they are marshalled into history, there never was an historical writer more regardless of facts and more arbitrarily devoted to theory, when it suits him, than Mr. Buckle. Generalisations, imposing in statement, but of the most loose and mechanical character, are made to do the work of comprehensive investigation and to stand in place of a careful analysis and reduction of conflicting phenomena. And his view of the Scottish Reformation is an eminent specimen of this historical method. The conflict in Scotland between the Crown and the Church on the one hand, and the nobles on the other, is one of those broad and patent issues in history which charm Mr. Buckle, and he cannot have enough of it. The Reformation dissolves into a mere manifestation of this long-standing schism. The nobles having got the upper hand despoiled the Church, and Protestantism reigned in its stead. But of the living spiritual forces apart from which Protestantism in the sixteenth century had nowhere any existence, and which were certainly not less active in Scotland than elsewhere, he takes no account. 'In Scotland,' he says, 'the Reformation 'not being the work of the people, has never produced the effects 'which might have been expected from it, and which it did pro-'duce in England.' But surely in such a case the well-known democratic character of Scottish Presbyterianism is a perplexing phenomenon. If the Reformation was not the work of the people in Scotland as in England, it is strange that the

Church of Scotland should be in its history and characteristics so intensely popular in contrast to the Church of England, characteristically aristocratic. Mr. Buckle indeed says that when the new clergy found that the nobles failed them, they turned to the people, and that this is the explanation of the democratic activity of the Church of Scotland. But the truth is, Mr. Buckle's theory is simply one of those half-truths which serve to distort rather than to clear up such an historical problem as the Scottish Reformation. The schism between the nobles and the Crown allied with the Church materially helped this great movement; its political relations were very much determined thereby; but the real spring of the movement in Scotland as everywhere, and conspicuously more so than in England, was the awakened intelligence and spiritual earnestness of what may be truly called the people—the burghers and gentry, the 'merchants and mariners,' forming that middle class of which we have spoken. Wishart, Knox, Erskine of Dun, and many others were representatives of this class. And apart from them and the deeper influence which they represented, the power of the nobles would have been helpless to produce the result that was so speedily accomplished. This power was in fact notoriously divided, although no one would gather this from Mr. Buckle. Most of the great families,—the Hamiltons, Gordons, Douglases, Atholls, and many others,—remained on the side of the old Church, and have never in any degree been identified with the national Presbyterianism. The nobles of the first rank who joined the cause of the Reformation were comparatively few. Argyle, Glencairn, Cassels, make up the number. Had the Reformation been in any true sense made by the nobles, it would have collapsed, as speedily as it triumphed; for it soon became evident how little they cared about Protestantism and the holy Evangel which lay so near to the heart of Knox. And on Mr. Buckle's supposition that the people had no interest and no hand in the result, it is a mere absurdity to conceive the Protestant preachers turning to them in their hour of need. Never surely did an imposing historical generalisation rest on a less satisfactory basis of facts. If the science of history is to be constructed in this manner, the further the fabric is from being reared the better.

It has scarcely been made a question by the historians of the Church of Scotland, whether there was any party in the country which, in more favourable circumstances, might have succeeded in saving Catholicism as in England, while adopting, as the Church of Edward and Elizabeth did, the principles of the Reformation. There was plainly a party for Reformation within

the Church, as the Councils of 1549, 1551, and 1558–9 show; and had the canons of the first of these Councils been adopted at an earlier period, Lord Hailes is of opinion that the more violent progress of the Reformation might have been stayed. Knox, as some of his earlier writings * show, was in the first instance disposed to more moderate measures than he ultimately made the object of his contention and ambition. But, with all this, it may be safely doubted whether there was any capacity of amendment in the hierarchy of Scotland. No tinkering of Councils, no conversions of bishops, it is to be feared, could have saved it from the doom which it had prepared for itself. This may have been a misfortune — in many respects we believe it was; there were principles of good in mediæval Catholicism, the loss of which Scotland may well regret — but it is at the same time a useless weakness to mourn over such historical issues. 'The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole 'disposing thereof is of the Lord.' As much as England was destined to conserve a great catholic institution, hoary with the veneration of years, and beautiful with the comeliness of antique usages — so much was Scotland appointed to receive a new church life, and take a new start in her national existence from the bracing vigour and rough simplicities of her Presbyterian system.

Mr. Cunningham has dwelt at length upon the historical circumstances which terminated in the establishment of the Reformed Church of Scotland. Dr. Lee has devoted his main attention to an exposition of its doctrinal and constitutional foundation. Fair and sensible as the tone of the latter generally is, we cannot help thinking that he is severe and unjust in some of his criticisms at this point. He deals harshly, for example, with the remarkable and now extremely rare book known as Archbishop 'Hamilton's Catechism,' in the contrast which he institutes between it and the original Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland. It is an easy enough task to show the higher doctrinal orthodoxy of the latter document; that is not a point which could well be in dispute. The real question of importance is as to the worth of the Catechism when viewed as an expression of the Catholic belief of the time, and when compared with other manuals of this belief — as for example, the 'Institution of a Christian Man,' put forth by the Bishops in England about ten years before, with a similar object. Considering all that has been said of the corruptions of the

* Petition to Queen Regent, 1558. Hist. vol. i. p. 305. Works, vol. iv. p. 518.

Scottish hierarchy, the Catechism is not without merits which could hardly have been anticipated. It is marked in many places both by simplicity and earnestness of Scriptural statement, and amidst many later frivolities sets forth the fundamental elements of Christian truth. It consisted, like the 'Institution of a Christian Man,' of an exposition of the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Sacraments, and the Lord's Prayer.

The original constitution of the Church of Scotland, as is well known, was not so strictly Presbyterian as it afterwards became. The order of Superintendents, while not Episcopal, was yet clearly at variance with later notions of Presbyterian parity. Even Knox, while he had no love for bishops, and, according to his own statement, had refused, mainly from his dislike to the order, an English bishopric, had no fanatical devotion to Presbytery. All *jus divinum* in church government is expressly repudiated by the Confession of Faith, of which he was one of the chief authors. Its language is clear, that, while all things are 'to be done decently and in order in 'the church or house of God,' there is 'no one policy nor 'order in ceremonies appointed for all ages, times, and places.'

The same flexibility is apparent in other matters. Forms of prayer, so far from being disused and forbidden, were expressly recognised; yet not as excluding free prayer. In the 'First 'Book of Discipline' there is frequent allusion to the 'Common 'Prayers' appointed for public use, and a question has been raised as to the signification of this expression. Some have contended that it meant King Edward's Book of Common Prayer, as this is known to have been certainly used by the Scottish Protestants for some years before the final outbreak of the Reformation. The Lords of the Congregation, in 1557, passed a resolution 'that the common prayers be read weekly on 'Sunday and on the Festival days in the churches, with the 'lessons of the Old and New Testament conform *to the order of* '*the Book of Common Prayer*.' That this was the prayer-book of Edward VI. there can be no doubt. A letter from Cecil to Throckmorton (July 1559), in which he says, 'the Protestants at 'Edinburgh have received the Service of the Church of England 'according to King Edward's book,' settles the point. This does not, however, settle the meaning of the expression, 'Common 'Prayers,' in the First Book of Discipline. A closer inquiry and comparison of this phrase with other phrases throughout the book, such as the 'Order of Geneva,' and the 'Book of our Common 'Order' (chapters vii. and xi.), makes it pretty plain that it was the Genevan Service Book which Knox used at Frankfort, and

not the Book of Edward VI. which is meant; and both Dr. Lee and Mr. Cunningham incline to this conclusion. The point is one of some curiosity; but whether we adopt the one conclusion or the other, the fact remains that the early Reformed Church of Scotland was liturgical in its service. In this respect it was merely consistent with the churches of the Reformation generally. All of them, even those that most widely departed from the old order of service, retained or substituted certain forms of prayer. In what were specially called the *Reformed* churches, in contradistinction to the Lutheran and the Anglican, a certain latitude was allowed to the minister; but in none of them were liturgical forms disused altogether.

It required the rise of a new polemical principle to bring about this result. Had the Church of Scotland been allowed a free and fair field for its development, it might have clothed itself still more with catholic forms, and after its first ebullition of iconoclastic zeal, sought to repair some of the 'waste 'places which it had made.' No one can tell. Certainly never was a Church more violently and recklessly interfered with in its natural course of developement. The victim of State intrigue from without, and contentious, and ignorant, and presumptuous zeal from within,— it has from its beginning until now led a troubled and unhappy life. Like the burning torch in the emblem which it boasts to wear, it has been constantly in flame, except when it settled into the calm deadness of the eighteenth century, — that time of *moderation* which to the true Presbyterian is a symbol of all ecclesiastical and religious evil.

While the sands of Knox's wearied life were running out, but while he was still able to raise his indignant voice in the parish church of St. Andrews, whither he had retired for a time for security, a convocation met at Leith, under the advice and inspiration of the Earl of Morton and others; the result of which was to renew or revive the Episcopal framework of the Church and reattach the old bishoprics to it by a degrading and injurious bond. Many of our readers may remember Mr. Carlyle's humorous description of a Tulchan; a stuffed calf-skin, set before the cow to induce her to give her milk freely; and Morton's Tulchan Episcopacy has passed into a bye-word of ecclesiastical opprobrium. He and the other nobles in reality cared little or nothing for the Church; but their greedy souls hankered after the Episcopal revenues. The Tulchan bishop was their device to secure these revenues — the stuffed ecclesiastical skin that they set up to represent the order, while they drained its wealth into their own coffers. From the day of the Tulchans, Episcopacy has been doomed in Scotland as a national institu-

tion. An institution may survive everything but popular contempt and the pity of the good; and the weight of disgrace now heaped on the representatives of the ancient order of the Church in Scotland affects the national consciousness to this hour.

It is melancholy to contemplate the influence of his false position upon so respectable a man as Patrick Adamson, who, after Douglas, was raised to the titular Archbishopric of St. Andrews. His 'acknowledged talents and learning could confer 'no honour upon the office. When he attempted to teach in 'St. Andrews after the temporary flight of Melville in 1584, the 'students met his instructions with scoffs and denunciations. 'When he sought refuge in Edinburgh, the Privy Council were 'required to interfere to save him from insult. While the respec-'tability of Adamson encountered such treatment, the equivocal 'character of Montgomery of Glasgow called forth still more 'violent assaults. When residing at Ayr he was mobbed by a 'crowd of women and boys, who heaped upon him the vilest 'abuse, calling him atheist, dog, schismatic, excommunicate 'beast, unworthy to live.' The system could not have been saved by the most undoubted excellence of character in its occupant; but it was in its very nature to attract for the most part men like Montgomery, whose folly and vanity reacted to the additional disgrace of the system.

The man who most of all distinguished himself by opposition to this bastard episcopacy, was Andrew Melville, whose fame is only second to that of Knox in the history of the Scottish Church. He has, indeed, a far clearer claim than Knox to represent the Presbyterianism of Scotland. It owes its peculiar characteristics more to him than to the Reformer. Of gentle birth and scholarly training, in Paris and Geneva as well as St. Andrews, Melville was an accomplished and able man, of strong will and keen ambition, a politician and statesman almost more than a theologian. His love for government had been fostered by the contemplation of the well-ordered spiritual aristocracy of Geneva. He imbibed strongly the theocratic principles which he saw with admiration at work there; and on his return to Scotland about the age of thirty, in the year 1574, he was probably possessed of clearer notions of ecclesiastical policy than any man in it. By a natural consequence he took the lead in the opposition to the confused and disreputable Court system which had been set up. In his hands the 'Second Book of Discipline,' which had been some time in preparation, assumed a dogmatic tone regarding the privileges of the Church ('the power of the keys' it was called) as distinct

from the civil government, quite unknown to the simplicity of the 'First Book.' From this fruitful germ — the assertion of a *jus divinum* in the Church, not merely in virtue of the divine truth of which it is the repository, but in respect of its organised action in ecclesiastical assemblies — has sprung all that spirit of assumption and those claims of divine rights which have made such a noise in recent Scottish ecclesiastical history. The Church of Melville abjured the miserable dignities which the Court would have thrust upon it, not from any impulse of humility, but in order that it might vindicate its own inherent power and dignity more effectually. It shrunk from the forms of the ancient sacerdotalism as from contact with idolatry, but it revived, under the garb of Presbyterian purity, an ecclesiasticism scarcely less pretentious, arbitrary, and interfering than that of Rome. James VI. never forgot the spirit that encountered him in the Presbyterian clergy that surrounded his earlier throne—the grip of Melville on his wrist, and his complimentary exclamation of *God's silly vassal*, on one occasion when argument ran high between them. His favourite motto, 'No bishop, 'no king,' dates from this experience; and it was too happy a relief to his wounded pride when he exchanged the proud intolerance of Scottish Presbytery for the fawning servility of the Anglican Episcopacy that delighted itself in his smiles when he crossed the border.

It was scarcely possible with such an experience as that of James, that he should not have formed the design of restoring a full-fledged Episcopacy in Scotland. For a few years, indeed, at the time of his marriage, he had entered into conciliatory and pleasant relations with the Presbyterian clergy; he had even abused, to their delight, in the General Assembly of 1590, the services of the Anglican Church as 'an evil said mass in 'English;' and under the impulse of their temporary bias the parliament of 1592 had gone the length of virtually abolishing the shadow of Episcopal polity that had subsisted since the Convention of Leith, and establishing Presbytery in its stead. But this royal sunshine towards the Presbyterian system proved only a glimpse. The General Assemblies, gratefully peaceable for a while, soon renewed their interferences; the affair of the Popish lords stirred up their wrath to the uttermost. James soon unlearned his Presbyterian predilections, and, before his advent to the English throne, for some years he had deliberately formed the plan of restoring Episcopacy.

How he accomplished his purpose by the abduction of Melville from the scene of his triumph, and the diligent patronage of a new set of clergy, of whom Spottiswoode is the most dis-

tinguished representative, it is unnecessary to relate. For a period of about thirty years (1610-38) Episcopacy had its own way in Scotland. Melville, at first confined to the Tower and then expatriated to Sedan, spent his remaining years in peaceful and studious exile, only embittered by the recollections of home and country. Others, more pliable, occupied his old hall at St. Mary's College; and Spottiswoode and his associates proceeded from point to point till they had set up the old order, and even resumed the old revenues of the Church. At first the occupants of the sees did not even claim the title of bishops; they were to have votes in parliament merely as commissioners from the Church; but gradually they assumed the full dignity, and in the Assembly of 1606 obtained the recognition of being the permanent presidents of such presbyteries as lay within their dioceses. Spottiswoode was, moreover, made a Lord of Session, and invested with every attribute of power that could grace his position as Primate, or strengthen the influence of his order. The Assemblies at Glasgow in 1610, and at Perth in 1618, mark the progress of the system. The latter is famous for the attempt, known under the name of the 'Five Articles of Perth,' to introduce the ceremonies and festivities of the old Catholicism. The opposition excited by this attempt was a foretaste of the popular enthusiasm which, twenty years later, burst forth with such tremendous and irresistible force.

All looked fair, probably, to James at a distance. The old diocesan fabric seemed at length to have got a firm footing; and doubtless Spottiswoode, and men like him on the spot, thought the same thing. But at heart all was weak and contemptible. The indelible disgrace of the Tulchan mockery was still stamped on the popular mind; and although no one would fairly compare the Spottiswoode Episcopacy with the prior system, it yet suffered from its absurdity. Besides, in itself it was bad. Although we may not think so ill of Spottiswoode as Dr. Lee and others, he was the representative and the chief promoter of a system which had its origin, not in any national instinct or interests, but only in the tyrannic and lawless will of a foolish monarch. It expressed this will and nothing else. It might look strong and imposing, therefore, while all remained quiet, but as soon as the storm came it went down like a house of sand.

By-and-by the storm did come through the mingled folly of Charles and Laud. Every one is familiar with the memorable scene in the church of St. Giles, on the 23rd of July, 1637, and the Jenny Geddes uproar, in which Laud's ceremonial machinations for Scotland perished in the hour of their

birth, and the whole system with which they were identified was blown to the winds. It was an evil hour for Charles and for his devices when he thought of conferring a new liturgy on the Scottish people. The spark kindled at Edinburgh spread to England, lighting up the latent and oppressed Puritanism in many hearts there; it blew into a flame under the glow at which Scottish patriotism was heated to an intenser force than it had known since the days of Knox. The scene of February, 1638, in the Grey Friars' churchyard, was one fitted to warn any tyrant; and could Charles have looked upon it with undeluded eyes, he might have seen the abyss into which he was plunging.

We cannot touch upon the fortunes of Scottish Presbytery during the period of the Rebellion and the Commonwealth. They are strangely varying and complicated; now in conflict with royalism, and now actively assisting it; now fighting at Marston Moor, and now at Preston; now welcoming the great hero of the Commonwealth in the 'Earl of Murrie's house in 'the Cannigate,' and feasting with him there, and now in deadly struggle with him at Dunbar; conducting an epistolary argument with him from the castle of Edinburgh, or 'railing 'on him to his very face' in the High Church of Glasgow; now striving after union, and now bitterly disunited under obscure and scarcely intelligible names; — the history is sufficiently exciting, but in some of its aspects very petty and narrow. Scottish Presbyterianism has shown itself capable of great heroism, but seldom of great thoughts *; and no period of its history illustrates this more than the one under notice. Cromwell it never understood; whereas he fully understood it and a great deal more. He recognised its spiritual basis, but he repudiated its exclusive rights. He triumphed against it both by material and intellectual weapons — on the field of Dunbar, and in those wonderful letters which he wrote 'For the Governor of 'Edinburgh Castle,' in the autumn of 1650.

With the Restoration came a new attempt at Episcopal government in Scotland, the most hateful and disgraceful of all. The Tulchan Episcopacy was simply contemptible, the avarice of the nobles and the Court was its main spring: the Spottiswoode Episcopacy, while arbitrary in its origin and unnational in its pretensions, had yet claims to respectability in the still traceable links that connected it with the ancient system, and

* Burnett ('History of His Own Time,' Book ii.) tells us that this was exactly Leighton's opinion of his Presbyterian brethren: 'He found that they were not capable of large thoughts.'

in the moderation with which, upon the whole, it exercised its powers: but the Episcopacy of Sharp and the Restoration was an unmitigated and degraded tyranny, born of falsehood, nurtured in violence, and only made strong by crime. It was the insolent defiance of an insolent and immoral reaction, flung in the face of a people that had mistakenly spent its blood and perverted its religious earnestness in defence of the royal profligate who thus wantonly repaid its devotion. The memorable prayer of Cromwell, when he upbraided Covenanting Presbytery with its reception of Charles II., — 'Whom you 'have received like fire into your bosom, of which God will, I 'trust, in time make you sensible,'—had come true. Presbytery would fain have put its trust in princes, notwithstanding all the bitterness of past betrayals; it clung to the Stuart dynasty; it hailed the wanton who at Breda made a 'pretence of long 'prayers,' that he might be overheard by the Presbyterian clergy waiting in the antechamber and rejoicing themselves in the devotional enthusiasm of their beloved sovereign; it had fondled this fire in its bosom, and it was now destined to find how it could scathe and torment. The Scottish Episcopacy of the Restoration was one of the worst institutions that ever disgraced a government and oppressed a country. It was represented by a Primate of whom it has been said that, 'like all his 'predecessors, he was a traitor to the cause he had professed to 'serve,— that in a degree much worse than any of them he was 'false and selfish, unscrupulous in his ambition, cruel to those 'below, and abject to those above him.' There is a strange mixture of softness and polish, with a cunning and furtive cruelty, in the portraits of Sharp. We pity his bloody and miserable end on the bleak moor, a few miles from St. Andrews, a place still lonely in the quiet grey of a May afternoon such as that on which he perished; but aversion mingles with our pity when we think of the treachery, the craft, and the cruelty of the man.

That Leighton should ever have been associated with Sharp —that his sainted name should adorn the annals of a system so false and feeble as the Restoration Episcopacy of Scotland — must ever remain a puzzle to the student. A nobler, purer spirit has seldom lived. A character so simple, sweet, and holy might have covered a multitude of sins in any system; but as it is, the very excellence of his character only serves to bring out the more flagrantly the incurable vices of the Restored Prelacy. Disgust at his companions, their motives and their measures, made him separate from them in their way down from London — he took no part in their triumphant return to Edin-

burgh — he stood aloof from their schemes of oppressive legislation; by himself he struggled for awhile to maintain his ground, and to persuade to the adoption of a milder and more equitable policy; but feeling his powerlessness, and the badness of the system more and more, he at length threw up his office, shook its soil from off his feet, and went into retirement. The flight of Leighton, in its way, is scarcely a less touching commentary on the nature of the system than the murder of Sharp.

After twenty-five years of bloody and useless struggle, the Revolution brought peace to the tormented Presbyterians of Scotland. The memory of these twenty-five years will never be erased from the Presbyterian heart. The rule of Lauderdale, of Dalziel, and of Sharp; the brigandage of Claverhouse, and the hate of Mackenzie; the cruelties of the Bass Rock and Dunnottar Castle, remain facts sufficient to disgrace the memory of any cause, and to warrant the still unforgotten aversion of a high-hearted nation. In looking back on this long struggle of Presbyterianism there is much to kindle admiration in every heart capable of heroic impulse; but there is also a good deal fitted to repel sympathy and to awaken pity, and even dislike. It is one of the most saddening views of human history, as it is of every-day life, to see spiritual earnestness and courageous devotion to principle so frequently combined with mean conceptions and a narrow and darkened bigotry. And of these there is enough in the theology of the Scottish Covenanters. Their gloomy superstitions and their wild conflicts naturally gave a colour to the doctrines for which they suffered. Christian ideas became clothed to them in the shapes of their own rude and fierce imaginations, and were narrowed to their own bitter prejudices. A species of mythology very strange to contemplate now, but quite consistent with their circumstances, mixed itself with their faith, and clung to it in many fantastic expressions. It requires a mind with somewhat of poetic instinct as well as theological discernment to estimate their peculiar theology, and to analyse and render intelligible its component elements.

Without a particle either of poetry or theology, Mr. Buckle has attempted this task, and the picture he has drawn is one of the most fantastic ever presented by the pen of the historian. The effect is so curious,—apparent facts are mixed up with false or perverted inferences in such a ludicrous conjunction,—that at times we begin to doubt whether he is serious. It is only possible that he can be so through a total absence of any spark of the humorous spirit which he fails to perceive in Scottish

intellect and history. If we were to try to translate the first Book of Paradise Lost into the style of the Positive Philosophy, the effect could not be more absurd. We are far from affirming that the dark shades in Mr. Buckle's picture of the theology of Scotland in the seventeenth century find no counterpart in reality. On the contrary, it is freely admitted that the gloom and prejudice of the times, the untamed fierceness of a half-civilised people and a half-enlightened clergy, to whom the retributive drama of the Old Testament history was far more familiar than the gentle spirit and precepts of the New, impressed themselves necessarily upon their creed, and in many respects miserably degraded their notions of the supernatural. But what we complain of in Mr. Buckle is, that he has failed to see the true meaning and explanation of the theological doctrines to which the Scottish intellect devoted itself in the seventeenth century, and that he has consequently misinterpreted to a large extent the character of that intellect, and the comparative vigour of its efforts in the next century. In their application to theological subjects in the age succeeding the Reformation, the Scottish people were merely employed as the English and every Protestant people more or less were. The whole history of Puritanism is nothing else than the evidence of this: and there is scarcely an opinion attributed to the superstition of Scotland which cannot be abundantly paralleled in the Puritan theology of England. An intense theological speculativeness and endless theorizing as to the supernatural and the manner of man's intercourse with it, was a characteristic of the time. In Scotland it possessed peculiar features, some of them wretched and poor enough, some of them, however, picturesque and interesting. Mr. Buckle has treated the subject in a uniform spirit of sceptical Positivism, without any regard to its connexion with the general theological movement of the seventeenth century, or even with the Puritan theology of England. He seems to have no conception of what is Catholic and what is Puritan, and still less of what belonged to the general stock of Puritan theology, and what was the accident of Scottish growth. Ideas essentially Christian are mixed up indiscriminately with the most absurd exaggeration of the history of opinion, and above all of theological opinion. Had the spirit of the Church of Scotland been what Mr. Buckle conceives it to be, it certainly never could have achieved those results which even he cannot deny to it.

With the Revolution the last and worst Episcopacy of Scotland perished, and perished utterly. It sent its emissaries to London, to watch the progress of events; it waited in dubious

anxiety at home as the storm gathered round it; but it can scarcely be said to have made any struggle for existence. William himself was a Calvinist, and in Holland had been a Presbyterian; but above everything he was a statesman, and he had no wish, therefore, for extreme measures. He would have tolerated Episcopacy in Scotland, if it could have been tolerated—if it would have owned his government, and made itself tolerable to the Scottish people. But neither of these things could it do. The Episcopal clergy obeyed their natural instincts when they clung to the cause of the dethroned monarch, and they would have required to change their whole spirit and principles before they could have conciliated any section even of the moderate Presbyterians. In these circumstances the matter was left in the hands of the National Convention, which met at Edinburgh in the spring of 1689. The result was not doubtful. It declared, first of all, that King James, being a Papist, had 'violated the fundamental laws of the kingdom and 'forfeited his right to the crown;' and, further, it declared in memorable words: 'That Prelacy, and the superiority of any 'office in the Church above presbyters, is and hath been a great 'and unsupportable grievance and trouble to this nation, and 'contrary to the inclination of the generality of the people ever 'since the Reformation, and therefore ought to be abolished.' This was followed by an Act of Parliament in the following July abolishing Prelacy, and promising that their Majesties, with consent of the Estates, would establish such a church government as would be agreeable to the inclinations of the people. About a year later the promise was fulfilled. On the 25th of April, 1690, Parliament met to arrange the ecclesiastical establishment of the country. The first proceeding was to abolish the Act of 1669, which asserted the King's supremacy over all persons and in all causes. It then restored the ejected Presbyterian ministers, and at length laid anew the foundation of the Presbyterian Church, by ratifying the Westminster Confession of Faith, and confirming the Act of 1592, the original Charter of Presbytery. While incorporating in its documents, and so legalising, the creed of the new establishment, it left its ritual undefined and unsettled. The Westminster Directory of Worship was not incorporated along with the Confession. The story goes that the Members of Parliament suffered so intolerably from the tedium of hearing the Confession read over, that they would hear no more, and so the Catechism and the Directory remained without legal sanction, although the Church itself, by its solemn acts, had approved and sanctioned both.

In what respect the New Presbyterian Establishment of Scotland differed from the Original Reformed Kirk of Knox, or the 'True Kirk' of Melville and 1592, has not, we think, been sufficiently considered by Scottish writers. The same in idea and in the Presbyterian imagination of the time, it was in reality different from its predecessors. Scottish Presbytery had not passed through the waters with English Puritanism without bearing traces of the passage. The struggles of a time (1640–60), which had seen such a disturbance, not merely of political but of religious and moral elements,— in which the deepest mysteries of Theology had become party watchwords — had left their scar upon it. It remained the only National Institution in which the Puritan dogmas survived in their full strength. The English nation never adopted these dogmas as a whole*; even the Presbyterian clergy, who hailed the return of Charles and who debated with the bishops at the Savoy Conference, never insisted upon them as their chartered faith; but Scotland, not only in the early heat of Puritan fervour (1647 and 1649), but now, when that fervour had died down, accepted them without hesitation, and built its Church upon them.

Of English rather than of Scottish origin—the production of an Assembly convened by an English Parliament and sitting in the chapel of an English abbey—the Scottish Church hailed the Puritan Confession as its own, and forgot, for it, its earlier and simpler creed. The advantage of this may be greatly questioned. Could Knox have taken part in the proceedings of 1690, he would no doubt have had something to say in favour of his own Confession; not, perhaps, that he would have seen any important discrepancy between his own opinions and those of the Westminster Assembly, but that he would have traced in the latter polemical distinctions which he little understood, and for which he could not have cared. Puritanism was a great practical heroism, and the Scottish Church could never have too much of its pious zeal and evangelical fervency; but it was no philosophy. Its intellectual vision was microscopic and not telescopic. It could split a dogma into fragments and fix the relation of its several parts; but it could not see the broader and more comprehensive bearings of Truth as a whole. The divines of the Reformation, in all the higher qualities of mind that range with an intelligent sympathy and comprehension over nature, and life, and thought in general, were greatly superior

* The English Parliament of 1648 ratified, with some modifications, the doctrinal part of the Confession of Faith.

to the mere systematic divines of the seventeenth century; and to the former could far more safely be entrusted the making of a creed which should stand the strain of ages and the expansions of modern speculation.

The Presbyterian Establishment, thus set up by the Parliament of 1690, was not launched upon its course without difficulty. There were many points to settle; the country remained in an excited and in many parts in a disaffected state; the Government was anxious to consolidate itself by every security in its power, and to the oath of allegiance, accordingly, was added the oath of assurance, in which the swearer declared William was king *de jure* as well as *de facto.* It was believed that the Presbyterian clergy would have no scruple to such an oath, and their great patron, the Earl of Crawford, gave his word for them. He was found, however, to be mistaken. The General Assembly of 1694 firmly refused to subscribe the oath. His Majesty's Commissioner, Lord Carmichael, had instructions to dissolve the Assembly if it continued obstinate in its refusal. Reluctant to proceed to this extremity, and perplexed what to do, he had despatched a messenger to London to receive final instructions. The King had drawn up a peremptory answer to the Commissioner to maintain his alternative in the face of what he considered little else than rebellion, and despatched a messenger with the answer, when one appeared on the field to whom, not only in this business of the Scottish Church, but in many other grave state matters, William owed, perhaps, as much as to any of his other friends and counsellors—Principal Carstairs. Carstairs was a man of great address, of infinite tact, of strong intellect, and kindly feelings. He had known the torture of the thumbscrew in the days of Lauderdale, and yet he was no fanatic. He had gone into exile, and earned and enjoyed the confidence of William at the Hague, and yet he was no mere politician. At the Revolution he had been made Principal of Edinburgh College, and to him more than to any man the Church of the Revolution owes the terms of its establishment and the nature of its constitution. He knew his countrymen and he knew his royal master. And he now ventured on a step which showed the bravery of his devotion to both, and averted a collision that might have been disastrous. He was in London when the messenger came from Scotland, but he had gone from home and learned nothing of the matter till the messenger was despatched on his return. On reaching home, reading his letters and learning the nature of the business and the answer which the King had sent off, he saw the crisis was urgent, and hesitated not what he should do. But

we shall quote Mr. Cunningham's spirited narrative, which will furnish a very good specimen of his style.

'Carstairs managed to get hold of the messenger just as he was ready to start, and required him in the King's name to deliver his despatches to him. In possession of these, he went directly to the King's apartment. The lord-in-waiting told him that his Majesty was gone to bed; but Carstairs said that he was come on business of the greatest moment, and must get admittance. On entering the room he found his Majesty asleep. He drew aside the curtain, went down on his knees at the bed-side, and then awakened the King. Amazed to see his chaplain at such an hour and in such a posture, he asked what was the matter. "I am come," said Carstairs, "to beg my life." "Is it possible," said William, "you have done anything deserving of death?" Carstairs told him that he had detained the royal messenger, and produced the despatches he had taken from him. William was not a man easily to brook such an interference, and sharply asked Carstairs how he had dared to countermand his orders. Carstairs begged to be heard in his defence. William listened attentively while he urged that the Episcopalians were already his enemies, that this oath would make the Presbyterians his enemies too; that oaths were of little avail to a prince if he lost the hearts of his subjects; but that if he yielded this to them, he would bind them for ever to his throne. The frown gradually left William's countenance as Carstairs proceeded; and, in the end, he told him to throw the despatches into the fire, and write such instructions as he thought best. It was done; and the messenger was soon upon the road, travelling post haste to Edinburgh.

'Meantime both the Commissioner and the ministers were in the utmost perplexity. On the very next day the Assembly was to meet, and still the messenger had not returned. Lord Carmichael, by the instructions he had, was bound to dissolve the Assembly. The ministers were determined to assert their authority and meet notwithstanding. Both alike dreaded the result. Happily the messenger arrived on the morning of the eventful day, and when his packet was opened, it was found, to the joy of all, that it was his Majesty's pleasure to dispense with the oaths. When the Assembly met, every minister was more hearty than another in the praise of the King. From that day to this there has been no collision between the Church and the Sovereign in regard to the calling of Assemblies. The Commissioner dissolves the Assembly as if all the power were with him; the Moderator dissolves it as if all the power were with him. Either, in like manner, nominates a day for a new one. Thus the old question is still kept alive, but the perfect understanding and inviolate faith of both the parties have prevented it from assuming a troublesome shape.' (Vol. ii. p. 307.)

With the eighteenth century the Church of Scotland entered upon a new career. Peaceably established in its long-contested rights, there seemed before it a grand mission. And so there was. That it failed in the mission, it would be too much to

say. That it fully realised it and rose to the height of it, its best friends will scarcely maintain. The truth is, that the Church of Scotland shared, like every other Church, and some will say more deeply than many other Churches, in the strangely negative spirit that everywhere crept over religion in this century. It is a singular and instructive study — the progress of this change. The rise and meaning of *Moderatism*, as it has been called; the causes which contributed to it; the intellectual and literary influence, the personal and social characteristics that distinguished it; the good as well as the evil that were in it; the philosophy, sense, and fairness; the spirit of toleration and genuine human heartiness, that counterbalanced the lack of spiritual insight, and practical zeal and pious faithfulness, for which it was famous; all this, perhaps, remains to be told fully, impartially, and impressively. Mr. Cunningham has done his part here, as in every division of his work, well. There is a special vigour and felicity in many of his sketches of this period, while his rare candour and instinct of justice seldom fails him. There is no other work where the student can find so connected a survey of the conflicts of opinion, and the variations of ecclesiastical and social feeling that now grew up in the Church of Scotland. But even since the publication of Mr. Cunningham's volumes, new light has been thrown upon this subject by the remarkable Autobiography of Dr. Alexander Carlyle, reviewed in a recent Number. In the graphic touches of Carlyle we see various aspects of the change unfolding before our eyes; research into other sources would still more fully disclose the details of the history; and to do it justice it would require a more special and extended treatment than Mr. Cunningham has been able to give it.

In describing the case of Professor Simson of Glasgow, who was first accused of Arminianism and then of Arianism, and whose prolonged trial for the latter heresy Mr. Cunningham has told very graphically, he speaks of the uniformity of belief which has always characterised the Scottish Church, in comparison with the English, with its Calvinistic creed, Romish liturgy, and Arminian clergy. But we cannot help thinking that Mr. Cunningham's own narrative is enough to show that this uniformity has been more apparent than real. It is very true that the Church of Scotland has not tolerated the definite teaching within its pale of opinions opposed to the Confession of Faith. This could not well have happened. But if the opinions of a Church are to be judged not merely by its creed, but by its literature, it may be doubted whether the theological literature of the Church of Scotland—such as it is—does not

present as remarkable a diversity as the literature of any other Church. From a sermon of Boston's to a sermon of Blair's, from a chapter of S. Rutherford's 'Disputatio Scholastica de 'Divina Providentia' to a chapter of Dr. Hill's Lectures on Divinity, there is almost as great a change of tone as can be conceived. Hooker is not more different from Laud nor Toplady from Tillotson, than is Hill from Rutherford, or Blair from Boston. Warburton is not a more independent logician nor Sherlock a colder reasoner than Principal Campbell of Aberdeen. The fact is, that the same varied tendencies of thought, the same cross-currents of religious speculation, reappear everywhere. Varieties of religious opinion have their root in radical diversities of human nature; and there never was a greater delusion than that of absolute uniformity of dogmatic belief in any Church. Dogma takes form and colour from the intellect that deals with it. As men's minds are differently constituted — some dialectic, some intuitive, some gifted with argumentative subtlety, some with spiritual insight; as the ages expand or contract in their capacity of religious comprehensiveness and imagination — so will Christian thought vary.

The eighteenth century in Scotland shows, on a smaller scale, and with far less important results, the very same peculiarities of religious opinion that mark the century in England; and we may add, although in these under very significant modifications, in Germany and France. The extreme Calvinism of Harvey and of Toplady, verging constantly on a sentimental Antinomianism, is, although of later origin, very much the same spiritual phenomenon as the 'Marrow Divinity'* of Boston and his coadjutors. The Arianism of Professor Simson of Glasgow is nothing else than a timid reproduction of the views of Dr. Samuel Clark. It is the same spirit of logical acuteness, characteristic of the 'Demonstration of the Being of 'a God,' without the same philosophical mastery that is seen working in the reasonings of the Scotch Professor. In the latter part of the century the doctrinal analogies between the Churches are more obvious, and the balance of intellect by no means so clearly on the English side. The great Defenders

* The 'Marrow of Modern Divinity' was the work of Edward Fisher, a gentleman commoner at Oxford, published first in 1646. It was republished in Scotland in 1818, and immediately attracted great notice, as the centre of a controversy between the more spiritual and the more moderate Calvinists, represented on one side by Boston, Hog of Carnock, &c., and on the opposite side by Principal Hadow of St. Andrews, and others. The allusion in the text is to the views of the former party, and not to the book itself.

of the Faith in England in the first half of the century — Clarke, Butler, Berkley, and Warburton—eclipse all others; but when we descend to the lesser lights of the succeeding period, such as Bishop Tomline and Watson, and Horsly, and even Paley,— Blair, Beattie, Campbell and others, may very well claim to take a place beside them.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the spiritual deadness of the Scottish Church during the greater part of the eighteenth century, and the impolicy of that ecclesiastical action whereby it first alienated and then cast from its bosom successive sections of its clergy inclining to popular views as to patronage and other things, there can exist no doubt as to its intellectual distinction and literary lustre during an age which produced such men as Principal Robertson the historian, Dr. Blair, Dr. Reid, Dr. Campbell, and Dr. Carlyle. And these men were not merely *littérateurs;* they were, some of them at least, men of enlarged and liberal thoughtfulness. Their opinions influenced their age. Their sentiments rose above the pedantic narrowness so apt to cling to their profession. The Church in which these men were bred can never cease to be proud of them; and had it cherished the liberality and expansion of spirit of which they set an example, while rightly throwing aside the negative tendency of their theology and aspiring after a higher spiritual zeal and fruitfulness than they dreamed of, it might have somewhat escaped the crash which in our day has so disabled and weakened it.

Mr. Cunningham has prudently abstained from entering upon the narrative of this later conflict, but he has traced some of the remoter influences which conducted to it and helped to produce it. It was obviously the offspring of very mingled influences, both within the Church and without it. With the commencement of the nineteenth century the old Moderate spirit had begun to abate. It had gone through the usual phases of struggle and triumph, and it was now verging to decay. In Carlyle's 'Autobiography' we see it in its young and somewhat insolent strength; in Dr. Hill's lectures we see it in its maturity and calm reflectiveness; in the famous Leslie controversy we see it in its incipient disorder and dotage. The policy of the Moderate leaders of the Church in this controversy was one of those radical mistakes that determine the fate of a party. In 1805 the well-known Sir John Leslie was nominated to the chair of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. Leslie, although he had not yet attained to his later distinction, was already widely known by his discoveries regarding the nature and properties of heat. He had received from the Royal So-

ciety the Rumford medal: the highest scientific names recommended him for the position to which he aspired. But the chair of mathematics, like the other chairs in the university, had long been looked upon as a profitable appendage to the dignity and emoluments of a city minister. A Mr. Macknight, son of the commentator on the New Testament, was fixed upon by them as the person to fill the chair; a respectable man, but nothing more. The friends of Leslie and of science were resolved to carry the day, and they did carry it; but not without a desperate struggle. Untrue to the liberal instinct which had so long guided them, the Moderates charged Leslie with infidelity because, in a note to his 'Inquiry into the Nature of Heat,' he had spoken with approbation of Hume's 'Theory of Causation.' The popular Evangelical party, on the other hand, led for the time by the wise moderation of Sir Henry Moncrieff, espoused the cause of Leslie's appointment. The parties changed sides entirely, as Mr. Cunningham remarks. 'Hitherto the Moderates had been 'the earnest advocates of intellectual liberty. They had de-'fended Simson, Wishart, Leechman; they had saved Kames 'and Hume from excommunication.' But they had outlived their old spirit, or at least they had changed their old tactics; and in either case the issue was fatal to them. They were beaten on their own chosen arena, the floor of the General Assembly; they were discredited in the intellectual world; they retired with 'broken ranks and damaged character,' and never recovered this disastrous defeat.

While the Moderate party was thus breaking up in mistake and weakness, two men of remarkable powers,—one of splendid genius, — had but lately been added to the roll of the Scottish clergy, Andrew Thomson and Thomas Chalmers. In these two men the Evangelical party in the Church received an accession of strength which soon told throughout its borders and far beyond them; and the influence of which upon the subsequent popular movement it would be difficult to over-estimate. We cannot now attempt to indicate the consequences which sprang from their labours, nor even to sketch, however faintly, their characters. They laboured, and others entered into their labours. They prepared the question which, after ten years of unceasing and terrible struggle, ended in the disruption of 1843; yet they were not the actual leaders in that conflict. Dr. Thomson had gone to his rest even before it fairly began, dying in a moment one day as he reached his own door, the victim of an exhausting energy of spirit. The figure of Chalmers was everywhere seen in the conflict, and his great name sanctioned it to many minds; but how little he either initiated or controlled its principles and

modes of action, is well known to all who know anything of its secret history. A younger race which had grown up around him,—hardier logicians,—combatants subtler in tactics, and more fiery and dogmatic in spirit, were the real springs of the movement,—the authors of its principles,—the leaders of its forces.

The result was a disaster which most good men now regret; but whether, from the nature of Presbytery and the character of the clergy it has an inherent tendency to foster, it was an avoidable disaster, must remain in the meantime a moot question. All who understand its genuine history, and the principles which really lay at the bottom of the movement, and which have once more, within the narrower and chosen sphere to which they had withdrawn, begun to show themselves in aggressive manifestations, must admit that the Scotch ecclesiastical revolution of 1843 was not one that could have been avoided by any mere adroitness of state skill. The crisis may have been worse for the blindness and insensibility to danger that were manifested in certain quarters; but it could scarcely have been averted, even by a higher knowledge and more comprehensive offers of adjustment.

Whether Scottish Presbytery be capable at once of a vital spiritual and a free intellectual development,—of an activity which, while nobly fervent in every good work, far beyond the conception of the ancient Moderatism, shall unlearn the narrowness of party watchwords which represent the confusions of a past fanaticism far more than the strength of any Christian principle,—is a point which the future must settle. If the hope of this should be thought but slight, there are many signs around us to show that the difficulty is one not merely inherent in Scottish Presbytery. The darkened scenes of recent religious controversy, and the panic of a startled theology, but too surely prove that the same difficulty, if in a less degree, attaches to the Church of England. It would be encouraging at least to cherish the confidence that the Churches have learned more than in earlier times to mingle tolerance with their contentions, and to strive for the Truth without 'misdoubting her strength' by the employment of carnal weapons in her defence. Surely Milton's high-hearted faith may expect some echo in this nineteenth century;—'Let her and Falsehood grapple. Who ever 'knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? 'Her confuting is the best suppressing.'

ART. VI. — *The Story of Burnt Njal, or Life in Iceland at the end of the Tenth Century. From the Icelandic of the Njal's Saga.* By GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1861.

THE travellers who year by year lay before us their descriptions of the steam-clouded valleys, lava-covered plains, and mud volcanoes of Iceland, seem scarcely aware that the land of their pilgrimage ever had a history. This is the less excusable because the names of places in Iceland are peculiarly picturesque and descriptive; the language has never changed since the island was first colonised — almost exactly a thousand years ago — and the name of every mountain, fjord, and farmhouse tells of some temple, some hero, or some exploit. Yet while a transport of classic enthusiasm is called up by the conjectural verification of the site of some petty skirmish in the Peloponesian War, the story of an island so nearly connected with England itself, is not only neglected by Englishmen, but is by them at least scarcely known to exist. There is no task more difficult than to introduce such a subject to the English public. It is like writing of something which took place in another planet. As young men are now educated, there is no part of their knowledge which may serve as a point of departure to bridge over the gulf which separates them from Scandinavian history, literature, and polity. Everything must be told from the beginning, and nothing must be taken for granted, except a general abhorrence of the Danes as described by our monkish historians, and some vague notions of the mythology of the Scandinavian Pantheon, in which the men of the North first personified as giants and fiends the rough and terrible agencies of Nature which surrounded and oppressed them, and then superseded their own creation by deities made in the image of man, and faithfully representing his own passions, feelings, and aspirations.

And yet, probably, there does not remain for the critical student of history a more interesting investigation, than an inquiry into the causes which created and maintained for a hundred years an aristocratic republic in Iceland, rich in valour and enterprise, and formed on principles unique in the history of the world. Geographers might not unprofitably sift the evidence which proves, with irresistible cogency, the discovery by Icelanders of Greenland, Labrador, and New England, before the conclusion of the tenth century. Philologers might well inquire

into the language of the conquerors of the Roman Empire, which has been preserved like a fly in amber almost unchanged up to the present day in the wild valleys of Iceland. The man of taste and letters might study with pleasure and with profit, a literature which contains the first outpourings of a vigorous and heroic spirit, which has all the freshness of the early dawn, and is unsurpassed, even by the Homeric poems, as a vivid and faithful picture of life and manners. The student of sacred history may view in these records a state of society, of feeling, and of literature, not unlike, in many respects, that which is found in the historic and nomic books of the Old Testament. In both he will find a clear and graphic narrative, interspersed with terse and energetic dialogue, and a contemplative spirit, finding expression in short and weighty aphorisms, or in homely but expressive proverbs. The student of English history may well wish to know what manner of men those Danes really were, before whom the fierce and victorious Saxons trembled, and to learn this from their own lips; and the philosophical lawyer will not misplace his time in studying the jurisprudence of Iceland, in which he will find the germs and the origin of our own.

Mr. Dasent has undertaken the Herculean task of introducing this history and this literature to the English reader. He is well qualified for the undertaking by a complete and accurate knowledge of the subject, and by the possession of a pure vein of English undefiled, which enables him to transfuse into our own language much of the racy vigour and quaint homeliness of the original. His plan also seems to us eminently judicious. He has presented one of the masterpieces of Icelandic literature, the 'Njala,' or Tale of Njal, as a first specimen, to be shortly followed, as we learn from certain references in the notes, by a translation of the Tale of the Orkneys, a subject closely interwoven with the history of Scotland. England, which now stretches forth her arms to the extremities of the earth, formed, nine hundred years ago, one of a small number of States, Ireland, Normandy, Denmark, Norway, and Iceland, which were a little world to themselves, and entertained but scanty relations with the rest of mankind. To this world Mr. Dasent seeks to introduce us. But before we follow his guidance, we must, in order to make ourselves intelligible to the very numerous class of readers whose attention is for the first time directed to this remote subject, particularise a few dates and facts, which are requisite for the understanding of Icelandic history, and give some idea of the literature, a specimen of which appears now for the first time in an English garb.

The colonisation of Iceland began in A.D. 874, and continued for sixty years. The colonists were the small kings and independent chieftains of Norway, too weak to resist the power of Harold Harfagr, and too proud to acknowledge a superior. In defiance of the king they went forth in such numbers, that by 930 the land was settled as fully, probably, as it is now. They took to themselves large districts, which they distributed among their relatives, their freedmen, and their thralls. The colony was founded in a spirit most hostile to the mother country, which the settlers left with feelings somewhat similar to those which sent the Phocæans forth to found Marseilles. Had Iceland been within the reach of King Harold, the feudal system would no doubt have sprung up there as the readiest means of mutual protection against him; but the king's arm was not long enough to reach the fugitives, and the consequence was that the smaller settlers were freed from feudal burdens, and the larger landholders, having no common fear to bind them together, lived in absolute independence of each other. The petty kings of Norway became petty kings in Iceland. But that which fear of a stronger power could not effect was accomplished at last by the salutary dread which these petty sovereigns felt of each other. Weary of discord they asked for law, and for a common place of meeting where they might deliberate on their general interests, and arrange their differences by arbitration and agreement. Law and a common place of meeting, by the side of the Thingvalla Lake in the south-west of the island, were established in 930, and Ulflirt was the first lawgiver and first interpreter of the law. In 962 the island was divided into quarters each with its separate court of justice, and among those courts was divided the jurisdiction previously exercised by one central court. About the year 1000 Christianity was introduced into Iceland, not by violence, but by the act of the lawgiver for the time being, Thorgeir, to whose arbitration, although himself a heathen, Christians and pagans agreed to leave the question of the adoption of the new faith; and by whose arbitration, when it was given in favour of Christianity, the pagans, though with some murmurs, abided. This first Reformation, like the second which succeeded it five hundred years afterwards, was not only a great religious but a great political revolution. It drew after it immediately the abolition of the Holmgang or judicial combat, which was solemnly abolished in Iceland just a hundred years before it was as solemnly promulgated by Godfrey of Bouillon and the crusaders in the assize of Jerusalem. This introduction of Christianity also stripped each great chief of a portion of his power. On each large domain a temple was

established for the worship of Odin and the Aesir, where sacrifices of horses were offered, and tolls paid for the maintenance of the shrine. By the introduction of Christianity this source of power and revenue was entirely taken away. But an aristocracy does not easily surrender its rights. By the establishment of a fifth court of very high and paramount jurisdiction, and by vesting the judicial office in that court in the hands of the great chiefs or priests, as they still continue to be called though their priestly office was gone, the aristocracy probably came out of the revolution stronger than they were before. Indeed, during the two hundred and fifty years for which the Icelandic republic continued to exist after the introduction of Christianity, its stability was never endangered by any popular movement, but was often threatened, and finally subverted, by the feuds of the great chiefs among themselves. To compare small things with great, the polity of Iceland, after the introduction of law in 930, was somewhat similar to that of the United States from the secessionist point of view. It was a federation of independent chiefs who agreed to a certain code of laws and to a common legislative and judicial organisation, but each of whom reserved to himself not only those powers which he had not expressly conceded, but also the power of revoking that concession whenever he thought proper. Law in Iceland was only one of several alternatives. If a man was slain, for instance, the public asserted no right to punish the offence. The right was in the next of kin, and they might either take vengeance on the murderer by their right of private war, or take a pecuniary atonement for the injury, or prosecute the offender at law in a suit which, if successful, ended in making him an outlaw, whom any one might slay, and in the confiscation of his goods, or, in cases less extreme, in banishment from the district or from the island for life or for a term of years. But even after having chosen to proceed by law, the plaintiff had his *locus penitentiæ*. He might, or if he did not the defendant might, refuse to thole or bear the law. In heathen times he might stop the suit by a challenge to single combat, which was regarded in the light of an appeal to the highest tribunal; or he might break up the proceedings by force; or if judgment went against him, he might stand on his defence and resist the execution. It results from these statements that, in addition to its innumerable technicalities and chicaneries, of which something must be said presently, the law of Iceland had these three capital defects:—it was not a compulsory remedy for injury; there was no public authority to put it in motion; and when the sentence was given, it was left to private ven-

geance and private power to put it in force with such assistance as might be got from the priest if he happened to be favourable to the successful party.

This is the state of law described in the Njala, and admirably illustrated and explained in the introduction prefixed to it by Mr. Dasent. For a hundred and fifty years after the introduction of Christianity we know comparatively little of the political history of Iceland. But the last hundred years of its existence are made known to us in considerable detail by the Sturlunga Saga, which relates with perspicuity and often with pathetic eloquence the downfall of the freedom which it had cost so many sacrifices to establish. The Republic perished for want of an executive to enforce the decisions of the assembly, and to compel persons injured to try their causes by the law, and to submit to its award. Instead of the old appeal to single combat, small standing armies were introduced; each chieftain claimed to be above the law, and to carry on private war no longer by his own personal prowess, but by the hands of mercenary retainers. The island was desolated by perpetual civil wars. Great battles, when we consider the population and the time, were fought by land and sea; until at last in 1261, wearied out by the waste of its misdirected energies, the Icelandic aristocracy bowed the head to Haco, King of Norway, consenting to pay him tribute and to hold their lands as his vassals. Since then the island has been exposed to an unintermitting series of calamities. First came frightful earthquakes and eruptions; then the pestilence which almost depopulated Iceland about the year 1400; and then a commercial monopoly only relaxed within the last two or three years, which reduced the people to the lowest point of misery, assisted by fresh eruptions and other diseases. The old heroic spirit is burnt out; the people have become tame and inert; and a few drunken sailors were able fifty years ago to seize for a time on the government of a country that once spread the terror of its arms through every gulf and inlet between the North Cape and the shores of Brittany. Well might Njal say, 'With laws shall our land 'be built up and settled, and with lawlessness wasted and 'spoiled.'

We now pass from the political to the literary side of the subject. Scandinavian literature may be divided into the earlier and later poetry, and the earlier and later prose. The earlier poetry was collected together by Saemund the Wise, in the beginning of the twelfth century. It is of unequal but of very high merit. There are passages of hopeless obscurity, but, as it would seem, rather arising from the extreme antiquity of the

work, and the consequent obsoleteness of the language, than from any want of skill in its authors. From the elder Edda as it is called, has been recovered the greater part of our knowledge of Scandinavian mythology. There are many passages not unworthy of the hand of Æschylus, for he too loved, like the Scandinavian bards, to muse over the fallen fortunes of obsolete and overthrown divinities, and to set up a gloomy and inexorable destiny as the Lord both of gods and men. It is impossible to read in the Voluspa the description of the twilight of the gods, the destruction of the present world and its regeneration under new auspices, without being forcibly reminded of some of the sublimest passages in the Bible; while the Hrafn Galldr, which describes a sudden stop in the course of nature, and the deadly and unfathomable mystery of the immediate future which the gods themselves can neither unravel nor avoid, leaves an impression on the mind of gloom and terror which its partial obscurities do but heighten. Amid these high and solemn strains are interspersed poems which breathe a different spirit, and remind us more of Lucian than of Ossian. These are due to the time of incipient scepticism, when the Scandinavian scald had got on easy terms with his deities and felt he could with impunity take liberties with them. There is nothing better in Lucian than the Œgis drekka, a feast given by the sea god to Odin and the other deities, which is interrupted by Loki, the mocking negative spirit, who reveals the scandals of Asgurd with a freedom and wit which the satirist of Samosata might envy.

The later part of the Edda is occupied mainly with that tragic story which is presented in its German form to the readers of the Nibelungenlied and with the tale of King Helgi and his wife, Sigrun the Valkyria or chooser of the slain, which probably furnished the original idea of Burger's Leonora, but which far surpasses that popular but extravagant performance in pathos and dignity. Such was the earlier poetry of the Scandinavians.

Of the earlier prose we have before us an excellent specimen in the Njala itself. The language is clear, nervous, and pointed, a model of plain and unadorned narrative. Telling of events which took place at the end of the tenth and the beginning of the eleventh century, and probably not reduced to writing till the reign of our Henry II., the Njala is quite free from the prevailing faults of the literature of the period. That purity of style in prose which we did not attain in England till we had passed through monkish barbarism, Elizabethan euphuism, and classical affectation and inversion, a native good taste and

a clear perception enabled the Icelander to attain at once. The Njala is a full, fair, and faithful representation of the manner of thinking, speaking, and acting at the time, written apparently with the most perfect unconsciousness that it was possible to think, speak, or act in any other manner. In the vast number of characters which it introduces, in the complete and personal acquaintance with them which it gives its readers, and, we may add, in the copiousness and absence of all hurry with which the narrative is conducted, it reminds us forcibly of one of Richardson's novels. Yet every part is adjusted and finished with the utmost care, and the mind is prepared for coming events by observations which at the time seem immaterial, but which afterwards are found to be full of deep and pregnant meaning. It is easy to see that the writer had in view the taste of a race delighting in pedigrees and genealogies, and soothing the natural discontent at the narrowness of their means and the remoteness of their position, by a perpetual retrospect to the titles and honours of their ancestors; just as we find almost every American prepared to prove himself the member of at least a younger branch of some noble English family. Every character that is introduced has his pedigree duly traced up to a king, an earl, a yeoman, or a thrall, as the case may be, and if he has any descendants of note, their names are not forgotten. The country is little described, as local knowledge is taken for granted. There is not the same repetition, nor the same dwelling on immaterial circumstances, as in the Homeric poems. In that respect the narrative more resembles the historic books of the Old Testament. An air of truth and simplicity pervades the whole, with that turn for dramatizing every scene which is peculiar to a vivid imagination, and an early stage of intellectual developement. In one respect the Njala is superior to the ancient epic. There are no epithets thrown away. Every personal and mental peculiarity is described with the fidelity of a daguerrotype, and there are abundance of traces of a shrewd insight into character, of a strong feeling of justice, and a keen appreciation of the ludicrous.

This is but one of very many similar narratives, if not all equal in excellence, still all stamped with the same character, and possessing, though in a less degree, the same merits. The Roman alphabet was introduced into Iceland together with Christianity, and all the best of these Sagas or biographical narratives were reduced to writing before the year 1200; forming altogether a literature truly admirable, if we consider the barbarism of the time, the remoteness of the place, and the productions of contemporary writers on the continent of Europe.

This collection of Sagas, completed at the close of the twelfth century, and treating of the lives of men who lived in the first hundred and sixty years after the colonisation of the island, may be called the Icelandic Plutarch, the history of a nation in the form of the biographies of its most eminent citizens.

We limit these observations strictly to the prose contained in the Njala and similar writings. Of the poetry it would scarcely be worth while to speak at all, if it were not to avoid the supposition of approving it, and to point out a very curious and hitherto unexplained intellectual phenomenon. The Icelandic poets did not want for good models, as we have shown, in the songs of the Edda, and in some few other poems written in the same tone of simple pathos and unambitious dignity. Such is the song on the death of King Eric, the death-song of Ragnar Lodbrok, the dirge for King Haco the Good, and the elegy of Egil on the death of his son who was drowned. But for some unexplained reason the national taste rejected these noble models, and devised for itself a new style, the like of which it has not entered into the mind of any other nation to cultivate. Leaving their original conception of poetry, which was not unlike that of the Hebrew Scriptures, or of the Greek Tragedians, the Northmen set themselves to invent a style which we may properly call the enigmatic. The principle seems to have been to make poetry as unlike prose as possible, and in this they entirely succeeded. Every thought was first disguised, and then dislocated and torn to pieces. The great object was never on any occasion to call a thing by its right name. Synonyms were in request, and if instead of a single word a whole sentence could be substituted so much the better. The great son of Sturla himself did not disdain to write, for the use of Icelandic poets, a gradus which leads certainly not to Parnassus. He gives a long list of what are called Kenningar, that is synonyms or paraphrases for common things. The Scandinavian mythology was ransacked for allusions which might feed this depraved taste. Thus, Oegir, the god of the sea, is said to light up his hall with gold instead of lamps. Hence, gold is called the fire of the sea; but the sea has many qualities, such as the bearing ships on its bosom, and ships may be described as the snow shoe of the mariner. It is the duty of kings and great men to be liberal of gold. Thus we see with what endless periphrasis a chief or warrior may be described. A woman wears golden ornaments, and so she is admitted to the full benefit of all these choice allusions. Thus, a lady is called the prop of sea-waves fire, and a man the lord of skates that skim the sea-belt. A head is a helm-prop,

the hand is the land of the hank, because the hank sits on it, and gold the land of the snake or dragon for the same reason. Nothing so much resembles this tasteless jargon as some of the ancient oracles preserved by Herodotus, and parodied by Aristophanes in the 'Knights,' only that the priests of Apollo had the excuse that they were seeking to conceal their ignorance of the future by an affected obscurity, while the Icelandic scalds laboured successfully to make the past as hard of comprehension as the future itself. When the thought has been sufficiently disguised by metaphor engrafted on metaphor and mythology, the sentence is ready for the process of dislocation. This is effected by separating as far as possible every word from the words with which it is logically or grammatically connected, and by interposing two or three parentheses, one within the other, or each containing parts of the same phrase, between the other words so arranged as we have described. The result is an enigma exceedingly difficult to guess, a hard nut to crack, and frequently no kernel inside it. No one can tell till he tries the amount of patient labour which must have been bestowed by the translator in this encounter with the Icelandic sphinx. He has succeeded in giving such sense as these songs contain, but no version however careful can give any adequate idea of the apparently hopeless confusion, out of which this modicum of sense has been extracted. Compared with the best of the Scandinavian scalds, Lycophron is a clear and perspicuous writer, and the hardest chorus of Sophocles, an easy and superficial performance. This degradation of the poetic art cannot be ascribed to any peculiar want of taste in the scalds themselves; they were often men of fine genius, as appears by occasional flashes which even this detestable mannerism cannot conceal. Snorri, the son of Sturla, who as a writer of prose may compare with the best annalists, ancient or modern, was a poet of this school, and Sturla his nephew, the author of the Sturlunga Saga, a work of the very highest merit in prose, was just as famous for his performances on the creaking lyre as his uncle.

One cause of this degraded style was probably the difficulty imposed by the alliterative verse in which these poems are mostly written. In general it was necessary that each couplet should contain three words beginning with the same letter; rhymes may be found or made from similar grammatical inflexions, but in alliteration the stress is thrown on the radical instead of the servile part of the word, and the choice of words is much limited. The sphere of Northern experience and the range of ideas was also narrow, and mythology alone seemed able to give some variety to

poems almost exclusively devoted to celebrate battle and slaughter. These considerations might explain some degree of stiffness and mannerism, just as we are willing to overlook certain forced rhymes in 'Don Juan,' in consideration of the difficulty of the metre. Still this explanation is by no means complete. Perhaps the true solution is to be found in the undoubted fact, that the very earliest songs of the scalds are quite as obscure and distorted as the later. The poems of the Scalds of Harold Narfagr, who wrote in the ninth century, are just as artificially distorted and travestied as those of Snorri or Sturla, who wrote in the thirteenth. To be a scald was a profession, and subject to the inexorable laws of all professions.

> 'The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give;
> For those who live to please, must please to live.'

When a stranger arrived at the hall of a chief it was customary in those days of much leisure to ask him what feats he could perform, and he was honoured according to his performance, like Ulysses among the Phæaceans. For bodily skill or strength there was a definite standard, but the rude Jarls and warriors had no canon of taste, no treatise De Arte Poeticâ, to refer to. It probably arose from the high respect for skill of any kind, that poets adopted a style which, if it neither pleased nor instructed, was at any rate a proof of command of the mechanical part of poetry, a tour de force if not a work of genius. The standard, if not high, was tangible, and satisfied the wants of people who had plenty of time to give during their long evenings to guessing enigmas. In the mythical Saga of Hervor, a guest proposes enigmas which his host resolves; and in one of the earliest poems of the Edda Odin stakes his head with a wise giant, Vafthrudnir, that he will answer his questions, and propose others which the giant cannot answer. Odin wins the wager. It is also to be remembered that no style is so faulty that it does not admit of a sort of bad eminence; and we can say from experience that much reading of these Scaldic poems creates a kind of sickly taste for this kind of writing, even in those who, unlike the rude Northmen, have had the privilege of reading something better. We must except from this censure of the poetry of the Njala, the noble battle ode at the end of the Saga, with which Gray has already made England acquainted, but which is rendered by Mr. Dasent with much fidelity and spirit, and gives as well as our language can a specimen of alliterative versification on the model of the original.

We insert a specimen.

'The Woof of War.

'See warp is stretched
For warrior's fall;
So, weft in loom
'Tis wet with blood;
Now fight foreboding,
'Neath friends' swift fingers,
Our grey woof waxeth
With war's alarms;
Our warp blood-red
Our weft corse-blue.

'This woof is y-woven
With entrails of men,
This warp is hardweighted
With heads of the slain.
Spears blood besprinkled
For spindles we use,
Our loom ironbound
And arrows our reels;
With swords for our shuttles
This war woof we work.
So weave we, weird sisters,
Our warwining woof.

'Wind, we wind swiftly,
Our warwining woof,
When sword bearing rovers
To banners rush on,
Mind maidens we spare not
One life in the fray;
We corse-choosing sisters
Have charge of the slain.'

We trust that our reader, after this preliminary notice of Icelandic history and Scandinavian literature, will be better able to understand the following outline of the Story of 'Burnt 'Njal.' It contains two digressions, each of them in itself sufficiently interesting, — the account of the introduction of Christianity into Iceland, and a very curious account of the great Battle of Clontarf. It is not the manner of the writer to waste much time on sentimental reflections; the story is full of many episodes and genealogies, and has very little regard for the unities of time and place. Were it a play we should say the scene is sometimes in Iceland, sometimes in Norway, in Denmark, and the Orkney Isles, and sometimes in Dublin. The tale has four heroes. The first part ends with the death of Gunnar of Hlidarendi, as the place is still called, or Lithend as Mr. Dasent renders it. The second extends from the death of Gunnar to that of his friend and counsellor Njal, and his

eldest son Skarphedinn; and the third contains the history of the vengeance taken by Kari the son-in-law of Njal, for his death, and the final reconciliation of the survivors. The first part occupies some twenty years, 970–990; the second twenty-one years, 990–1011; the third six years from Njal's burning to Kari's return to Iceland. Gunnar is described not only as tall and strong, but as an accomplished gladiator.

'He could cut, or thrust, or shoot, if he chose, as well with his left as with his right hand, and he smote so swiftly with his sword that three seemed to flash through the air at once. He was the best shot with the bow of all men and never missed his mark. He could leap more than his own height with all his war-gear, and as far backwards as forwards. He could swim like a seal, and there was no game in which it was any good for any one to strive with him, and so it has been said that no man was his match. He was handsome of feature and fair skinned. His nose was straight and a little turned up at the end. He was blue eyed and bright eyed and ruddy cheeked. His hair thick, and of a good hue, and hanging down in comely curls. The most courteous of men was he, of sturdy frame and strong will, bountiful and gentle, a fast friend, but hard to please when making them. He was wealthy in goods.'

Yet even Gunnar was not accomplished at all points. He was no lawyer, and the very simplicity and generosity of his temper involved him in quarrels from which a longer head and colder heart would have kept him free. These defects were well supplied by his noble friend Njal, a man of peace and conciliation in an age of blood and broil. Here is his portrait drawn by the hand of a master. We may observe Njal's residence is not far from Portland Head, the most southerly point in Iceland, on which it has been proposed to land the electric telegraph.

'Njal dwelt at Bergthorsknoll in the land isles; he had another homestead on Thorolfsfell. Njal was wealthy in goods and handsome of face: no beard grew on his chin. He was so great a lawyer that his match was not to be found. Wise too he was, and foreknowing and foresighted. Of good counsel and ready to give it, and all that he advised men was sure to be the best for them to do. Gentle and generous, he unravelled every man's knotty points who came to see him about them.'

These men, so richly endowed with nature's best gifts, the one with valour and nobleness, the other with wisdom so great that he was believed by his cotemporaries to surpass the ordinary limits of human prudence, and to know the future as well as the past, were content to live the life of simple farmers or yeomen, and to labour with their own hands in the pursuits

of pasture and agriculture. There was no chivalry in their code of honour. They were both singularly mild and placable, ever ready to aid their friends, and slow at least among that people of homicides to shed the blood of their enemies. Yet neither wisdom nor valour, nor contented industry, could protect them from being dragged down by the same relentless destiny, and perishing on their own hearths by the hands of an overpowering confederacy of enemies.

Gunnar first appears as the protector of his first cousin Unna, who had divorced herself from her husband, but could not obtain restitution of her marriage portion. Gunnar sues the husband at law, but not finding himself at home at that kind of proceeding, enters, what lawyers would call, a stet processus, and challenges the husband to single combat. The husband shrinks from the encounter, and the money is restored. Gunnar then goes to sea as a viking or sea-rover, with as little notion of any evil in such a calling as the Pylian Nestor himself, when he asks Telemachus whether he is a pirate. In this pursuit he gains wealth, honour, and the friendship of Earl Hacon of Norway. On his return, Gunnar commits his first great error. He meets with a woman 'who had on a red kirtle, and 'had thrown over her a scarlet cloak trimmed with needlework 'down to the waist. Her hair came down to her waist, and was 'both fair and full.' He was dressed in scarlet, with a golden ring round his arm: doubtless they were a goodly couple. She told him her name was Hallgerda, and after a little conversation he offered her his hand. But Hallgerda had a history. She had already been twice married, and both her husbands were slain by her foster-father—one of them certainly, and the other possibly, by her instigation. From each of them, however, she had received a blow, no great provocation in those rough times. She was the niece of the very chief whom Gunnar had challenged. The truth was honourably told by the uncle, but Gunnar listened to nothing but his passion, and the marriage was completed. An ominous event disturbed the wedding. Thrain, one of the guests, could not conceal the obvious admiration with which he regarded the beautiful daughter of Hallgerda, and his wife, as she waited at table, made this couplet on him:—

> 'Gaping mouths are no wise good;
> Goggle eyes are in thy head.'

This was sufficient cause of divorce. The scolding wife was discarded on the spot, and Thorgerda took her place beside her mother as the bride of Thrain. The only redeeming point in this unbridled license of divorce was that it was impartially

meted out to both sexes; for in the course of this story two instances occur, one where a timid and faithless man is forced by a threat of divorce from his wife to undertake a dangerous lawsuit; and another where, by the same means, a coward is driven to take part in a very hazardous expedition. The ill-omened marriage soon produced evil. Hallgerda quarrels with the wife of Njal on a point of precedence, and says to her: 'There is not much to choose between you two; thou hast 'hangnails on every finger and Njal is beardless.' 'That is 'true,' retorted Bergthora, Njal's wife, 'yet neither of us find 'fault with the other for it; but Thorwald thy husband was 'not beardless and yet thou didst plot his death.' What follows is a curious illustration of the manners of the time. The two noble friends refuse to take up this woman's quarrel, but there was a species of female Saturnalia during the absence of the men at the Thing, when the ladies of Iceland showed heaven those freaks they dared not show their husbands. Hallgerda caused a thrall of Bergthora to be slain; Bergthora retaliated, and the Thing time of each year was stained by alternate homicides. But the two noble friends stood aloof from the barbarous rivalry of their wives, and paid the fine for each death without any diminution of their friendship. At last Hallgerda, still harping on her favourite taunt, the beardlessness of Njal, induced a guest in her house to write a libellous poem upon him and his sons. There was something superstitious in the horror with which the Icelanders regarded a libel, and no offence was more surely and bloodily avenged than a copy of satirical verses, or the setting up of a Nid, that is, an insulting or indecent figure, or a horse's head on a pole on the lands of another. The first law that the Icelandic parliament made, was to compel captains to take off the frightful figure-heads of their ships on approaching shore, lest they should scare the guardian spirits of the land. Caricature and satire found no toleration in Iceland. The unfortunate satirist met with the fate of the author of the Philippics. His head was cut off by the sons of Njal, and Gunnar never asked for an atonement, although he did not refuse one when offered. 'Gunnar told at the Thing, those bad words which 'cost Sigmund his life, and no man was to repeat them or sing 'the verses, but if any did he was to fall without atonement.'

The next achievement of Hallgerda is to rob a neighbour, Otkell, of a quantity of butter and cheese, and burn down a storehouse to conceal it. This was retaliation to Otkell for having refused to sell hay in a time of dearth, when Gunnar had exhausted his store by his generosity. The manner of

detecting the theft is curious. Otkell gives Mord, a very cunning man, three marks of silver to discover it. 'It is,' says Mord, 'the turn of mind of all men, first to give away what 'has been stolen, if they have it in their keeping;' and so he sends round women to beg at all the neighbouring houses. Hallgerda gives them cheese, which is brought to Otkell, compared with the mould, and so the theft is detected. Gunnar offers compensation, but it is churlishly refused, till at last the matter is settled to Gunnar's honour. 'One day Gunnar 'went out of his house alone with a corn sieve in one hand and 'a hand axe in the other. He laid down his cloak and his axe 'and sowed his corn awhile.' Otkell came riding over the field so close upon Gunnar, that he tore his ear with his spur. He offered no excuse, but spread a false report that Gunnar wept from pain. The result of this was a battle in which Otkell fell, and, though Gunnar was victorious, both in arms and law, this fight left behind it animosities which were never reconciled.

The next scene is the thoroughly Icelandic amusement of a horse-fight. The horses were taught to bite each other like dogs, with a man on each side to drive them. 'Seldom a horse-'fight without a quarrel,' was a proverb in the country, as we learn from Viga Glum's Saga. From play they came to earnest, and the result was that Gunnar's horse lost an eye, and the man who gave the blow was stricken senseless to the earth. 'Cut off the horse's head,' said Gunnar, 'he shall not live with 'a blemish.' On these terms the antagonists parted to meet again in an ambush laid for Gunnar's life. The same good fortune still followed the arms of Gunnar, and he slew in self-defence many of his enemies. But good fortune at last deserted him. Although he had acted only on the defensive, and although no man was less quarrelsome or bloodthirsty, still the havoc he had made was so great that the arbitrators to whose award the case between him and the relatives of the slain was submitted, decided that Gunnar should go abroad for three years, and that if he did not do so he might lawfully fall by the hands of the kinsmen of those whom he had slain.

Now comes his second great error. It is thus told: 'Gunnar 'threw his arms round each of the household, and every one of 'them went out of doors with him. He leans on the butt of his 'spear and leaps into the saddle, and he and his brother ride 'away. Gunnar's horse tripped and threw him off. He turned 'with his face up towards the Lithe, and the homestead at 'Lithend, and said, "Fair is the Lithe; it has never seemed to '"me so fair; the fields are white to harvest, and the homemead '"is mown, and now I will ride back home and not fare abroad

'"at all."' It was Ulysses rejecting the offer of Calypso. Gunnar was declared an outlaw, and his enemies determined to attack him. Mord, his envious neighbour, the spy, the slanderer, and the traitor, who was to keep watch on his motions, reported to his confederates that all his people were absent haymaking, and that he, his wife, and his mother were alone in the house. Gunnar woke in his hall, and heard the howl of his death-smitten hound. 'Thou hast been sorely treated, my foster-'ling,' said he, 'and this warning is so meant that our deaths 'will not be far apart.' He defends himself nobly with his bow, and kills two of his assailants who venture within reach of his arm, but one of them before his death is able to cut his bow-string. Then Gunnar said to Hallgerda, 'Give me two locks 'of thy hair.' 'Does aught lie on it?' she says. 'My life lies 'on it,' he says; 'for they will never come to close quarters 'with me, if I can keep them off with my bow.' 'Well,' she says, 'now I can call to thy mind that slap on the face that 'thou gavest me about Otkell's cheese, and I care never a whit 'whether thou holdest out a long while or a short.' This incident is preserved in one of the songs of the Faroe Isles. Mord, the traitor, wished them to burn the house over his head, but these men, who did not shrink from midnight assassination, had their point of honour, and though they would slay, would not condescend to burn. At last, after wounding sixteen, and killing two, Gunnar was killed. Gizur, the leader of his foes, asked for earth to bury his two dead men. 'All the more willingly,' said Gunnar's mother, 'because I wish with all my heart, I had 'to grant it to all of you.' 'It must be forgiven thee,' he said, 'for thou hast had a great loss.' He would not suffer the house to be plundered.

This took place A.D. 990. Njal survived his friend twenty-four years: a turbulent period, for his own prediction was accomplished, that as soon as Gunnar was dead and gone, strife would turn towards his own sons. As a man of action Skarphedinn now takes the place of Gunnar. He is considered the perfect type of the ancient Icelandic character; 'Bold and 'dauntless, with a great flow of words and a quick utterance, 'a good scald too, but for the most part he kept himself well in 'hand, (or as we should rather render it,) for a long while able 'to command himself.' We are not about to follow him in detail through his exploits. He avenged the death of Gunnar, and on one occasion leaped across a river on to a piece of slippery ice, guarded by eight of his enemies, and 'does not check 'his course, but rushes still onwards with a slide. The sheet of 'ice was very slippery, and he went as fast as a bird flies. Thrain

'was just about to put on his helmet, and now Skarphedinn bears 'down upon him, and clove him down to the teeth.' Njal adopted as his foster child Hauskuld, the son of Thrain and Thorgerda, the lady who was married in such a hurry at the marriage feast of Gunnar. He brought him up in his house, and loved him better than any of his sons. He wished to marry the niece of Flosi, a mighty chief, whose name is still memorable in Iceland, but the maiden was proud as well as fair, and would marry no one who was not a priest or leader of men. At this time Christianity was the established religion of Iceland, and the office of priest had become purely secular, comprising within itself something of the duties of a judge, a sheriff, and the elected leader of a clan. These offices were bought and sold like judgeships in the old French parliaments, but there happened at that time to be no priesthood in the market. On this, the wise and good Njal contrived something which sounds to English ears very like a job. As no priesthood was vacant he determined to create one. He is accused by the writer of the Saga of purposely embroiling suits, so that people, wearied out by technicalities, were on the point, as they expressed it, of seeking their rights with point and edge. To remedy this, he proposed to found the Fifth Court, mentioned before, which should be a court of appeal when the judges below were not unanimous, and should take cognizance of all perjuries, briberies, and contempts of the administration of justice; and to fill this court he proposed to appoint new priests, of whom Hauskuld, his foster child, should be one. The court was established, the priesthood obtained, and the proud maiden no longer refused to be Hauskuld's bride.

Mord, the traitor, saw this proceeding with much disgust. He himself was a priest, but his men deserted him in order to enrol themselves under the gentle and popular Hauskuld. Bursting with envy, he laid a plan for revenge worthy of Iago himself. He determined that the sons of Njal should slay Hauskuld, and thus avenge him of his rival, while he trusted that Flosi and his friends would have influence enough to take condign vengeance on the sons of Njal, the author of the new priesthood. The sons of Njal were made to believe that Hauskuld meditated vengeance upon them for the death of his father Thrain. They fell upon him and slew him, as he was sowing his corn with his sword in one hand and the sieve in the other. His last words were, 'God help me, and forgive 'you.' The traitors' work was effectually done. The sons of Njal sought aid from many chiefs, but, as might have been expected, found few willing to assist in the defence of so great

and unprovoked a crime. Njal now felt the evil results of that feebleness of character which had rendered him unable to assert the due authority of a husband over his wife or of a parent over his children. Still a settlement for the slaughter was awarded and agreed upon, and the money actually paid down, when a fierce altercation took place between Flosi and Skarphedinn, which ended by Flosi's declaring that either Hauskuld should fall unatoned, or he would have vengeance on him. A hundred and twenty men met in the Great Rift at Thingvalla, chose Flosi their leader, vowed vengeance against Njal's sons, and agreed that any one who failed them should lose, as they expressed it, nothing but his life.

The scene now changes to the residence of Njal, on a Monday evening in August A.D. 1011. There are present, Njal, his three sons, Kari, his son-in-law, his wife, and other women. After a short skirmish, the men, at Njal's desire, retire within the house, sorely against Skarphedinn's will, for he said, 'My father is fey, but I may as well honour him in this by 'being burnt along with him.'

'Now they took fire and made a great pile before the doors. Then Skarphedinn said, "What, lads! are ye lighting a fire or are ye taking to cooking?" "So it shall be," answered Grani Gunnar's son; "and thou shalt not need to be better done." "Thou repayest me," said Skarphedinn, "as one may look for from the man that thou art. I avenged thy father, and thou settest most store by that duty which is farthest from thee." Then the women threw whey on the fire and quenched it as fast as they lit it. Some too brought water or slops. Then Kol, Thorstein's son, said to Flosi, "A plan comes into my mind; I have seen a loft over the hall among the crosstrees, and we will put the fire in there and light it with the vetch stack that stands just above the house." Then they took the vetch stack and set fire to it, and they who were inside were not aware of it till the whole hall was a blaze over their heads.

'Then Flosi and his men made a great pile before each of the doors, and then the women folk who were inside began to weep and to wail. Njal spoke to them and said, "Keep up your hearts nor utter shrieks, for this is but a passing storm and it will be long before ye have another such; and put your faith in God and believe that he is so merciful that he will not let us burn both in this world and the next." Such words of comfort had he for them all, and others still more strong. Now the whole house began to blaze. Then Njal went to the door and said, "Is Flosi so near that he can hear my voice?" Flosi said that he could hear it. "Wilt thou," said Njal, "take an atonement from my sons, or allow any men to go out?" "I will not," answers Flosi, "take any atonement from thy sons, and now our dealings shall come to an end once for all, and I will not stir from this spot till they are all dead; but I will allow the women

and children and house-carles to go out." Then Njal went into the house and said to the folk, "Now all those must go out to whom leave is given; and so go thou out, Thorhalla Asgrim's daughter, and all the people also with thee who may." Then Thorhalla said, "This is another parting between me and Helgi than I thought of a while ago; but still I will egg on my father and brothers to avenge this manscathe which is wrought here." "Go, and good go with thee," said Njal, "for thou art a brave woman." After that she went out and much folk with her. Then Asbrid of Deepback said to Helgi, Njal's son, "Come thou out with me, and I will throw a woman's cloak over thee, and tire thy head with a kerchief." He spoke against it at first, but at last he did so at the prayer of others. So Asbrid wrapped the kerchief round Helgi's head, but Thorhilda Skarphedinn's wife threw the cloak over him, and he went out between them. And then Thorgerda, Njal's daughter, and Helga her sister, and many other folk, went out too. But when Helgi came out Flosi said, "That is a tall woman and broad across the shoulders that went yonder, take her and hold her." But when Helgi heard that, he cast away the cloak. He had got his sword under his arm and hewed at a man, and the blow fell on his shield and cut off the point of it and the man's legs as well. Then Flosi came up and hewed at Helgi's neck and took off his head at a stroke. Then Flosi went to the door and called out to Njal and said he would speak with him and Bergthora. Now Njal does so; and Flosi said, "I will offer thee, Master Njal, leave to go out, for it is unworthy that thou shouldest burn indoors." "I will not go out," said Njal, "for I am an old man and little fitted to avenge my sons, but I will not live in shame." Then Flosi said to Bergthora, "Come thou out, housewife, for I will for no sake burn thee indoors." "I was given away to Njal young," said Bergthora, "and I have promised him this, that we would both share the same fate." After that they both went back into the house. "What counsel shall we now take?" said Bergthora. "We will go to our bed," says Njal, "and lay us down; I have long been eager for rest." Then she said to the boy, Thord Kari's son, "Thee will I take out and thou shalt not burn in here." "Thou hast promised me this, grandmother," says the boy, "that we should never part so long as I wished to be with thee; but methinks it is much better to die with thee and Njal than to live after you." Then she bore the boy to her bed, and Njal spoke to his steward and said, "Now shalt thou see where we lay us down and how I lay us out, for I mean not to stir an inch hence whether reek or burning smart me, and so thou wilt be able to guess where to look for our bones." He said he would do so. There had been an ox slaughtered, and the hide lay there. Njal told the steward to spread the hide over them, and he did so. So there they lay down both of them in their bed, and put the boy between them. Then they signed themselves and the boy with the cross, and gave over their souls into God's hand, and that was the last word that men heard them utter. Then the steward took the hide and spread it over them, and went out afterwards. Kettle-of-the-Mark caught hold of him and dragged him out; he asked care-

fully after his father-in-law, Njal, but the steward told him the whole truth. Then Kettle said, "Great grief hath been sent on us when we have had to share such ill luck together." Skarphedinn saw how his father laid him down, and how he laid himself out, and then he said, "Our father goes early to bed, and that is what was to be looked for, for he is an old man." Then Skarphedinn, and Kari, and Grim caught the brands as fast as they dropped down, and hurled them out at them; but they caught them all as they flew and sent them back again. Then Flosi bade them cease shooting, "For all feats of arms will go hard with us when we deal with them, ye may well wait till the fire overcomes them." So they do that and shoot no more. Then the great beams out of the roof began to fall, and Skarphedinn said, "Now must my father be dead, and I have neither heard groan nor cough from him." Then they went to the end of the hall, and there had fallen down a cross-beam inside which was much burnt in the middle. Kari spoke to Skarphedinn and said, "Leap thou out here and I will help thee to do so, and I will leap out after thee, and then we shall both get away if we set about it so, for hitherward blows all the smoke." "Thou shalt leap first," said Skarphedinn, "but I will leap straightway on thy heels." "That is not wise," says Kari, "for I can get out well enough elsewhere, though it does not come about here." "I will not do that," says Skarphedinn; "leap thou out first; but I will leap after thee at once." "It is bidden to every man," says Kari, "to seek to save his life while he has a choice, and I will do so now; but still this parting of ours will be in such wise that we shall never see one another more; for if I leap out of the fire I shall have no mind to leap back into the fire to thee, and then each of us will have to fare his own way." "It joys me, brother-in-law," says Skarphedinn, "to think that if thou gettest away thou wilt avenge me." Then Kari took up a blazing bench in his hand and runs up along the cross-beam; then he hurls the bench out at the roof, and it fell among who were outside. Then they ran away, and by that time all Kari's upper clothing and his hair were a blaze; then he threw himself down from the roof, and so crept along with the smoke. Then one man said who was nearest, "Was that a man that leapt out at the roof?" "Far from it," says another, "more likely it was Skarphedinn who hurled a firebrand at us." After that they had no more mistrust. Kari ran till he came to a stream, and then he threw himself down into it, and so quenched the fire on him. After that he ran along under shelter of the smoke into a hollow, and rested him there; and that has since been called Kari's Hollow.'

Thus died the wise and peaceful Njal the death as he himself foretold, which men would least think. The tale draws towards a conclusion. There was a lawsuit for the burning at the Thing next year, and much sharp practice on the part of the pleaders. Strange to say, the traitor Mord, who had been at the slaying of Gunnar and Hauskuld, and whose deeply laid villany was

the cause of the destruction of Njal and his family, conducted the case for the prosecution, while Eyolf, a great lawyer from the North, was retained for the defence by the secret gift of a gold bracelet, which Mr. Dasent estimates as worth about 64*l.* The fee cost him his life, and he died unatoned for his unfairness and wrongfulness in taking money to plead a cause. The leading counsel for the prosecution, Thorhall, is confined to his tent by an ulcer in his foot. At last, after infinite subtleties and chicaneries, Mord, either purposely or inadvertently, tried his case before forty-two judges instead of thirty-six. The slip was fatal, and all chance of legal redress for the murder of Njal and his wife was gone. As soon as Thorhall, the leading counsel, heard this, he expeditiously cured his ulcer by driving his spear through his foot, and commenced an onslaught on Flosi and his friends which was only parted when the avengers of Njal had slain as many of their antagonists as they could reasonably afford to pay for. Then reconciliations were entered into and atonements made; but there was one man who refused to be reconciled. Kari had not forgotten his leap from the burning house, his solemn promise to avenge his kindred, and the death of his only son. With indefatigable diligence he tracked out and slew thirteen of the burners, another he killed at the board of Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, and another, Kol, son of Thorstein, who set the stack of vetches on fire, in Wales. His thirst for vengeance was now satisfied. He received absolution from the Pope, returned to Iceland, was shipwrecked near Flosi's house, and was received by him in all hospitality and kindness. Fifteen more of Flosi's men fell in the Battle of Clontarf.

The first thought that will strike a modern reader on rising from the perusal of this dreadful and deeply interesting story will be, Can these things be true? is it possible that there can have existed a state of society far removed from mere barbarism, where Christianity was professed and believed, where law existed and was administered by elective magistrates; where veracity, manliness, and straightforwardness were held in high esteem; where literature was cultivated and art by no means unknown, and yet where such men as Gunnar and Njal could meet with such a fate as overtook them both? As far as antecedent probability is concerned, there seems no reason to reject the main incidents of the story. Grant a state of society in which all rights were based on the right of private war, and all remedies for wrong might be set aside at pleasure in favour of this original and inalienable privilege; where revenge was sacred and the smallest and greatest wrong might alike be punished with

death; where the crime of one kinsman might be avenged by the death of another; where, though there was law, there was no executive, and though there were courts of justice, there was not even a constable as among the Anglo-Saxons; and we can conceive conjunctures arising in which the valour of the brave and the prudence of the wise might be alike unable to save them from destruction. But before we can accept this story as true, we must, in this critical and sceptical age, do much more than show that in its principal facts it is not incredible, and that it was reduced into writing within a hundred and eighty years of the last events which it records. The story ends about the year A.D. 1017, and we know from the Sturlunga Saga that it was written down before the year 1200. It is a suspicious circumstance that our knowledge of Icelandic affairs grows clearer as we enter upon times remote from the historic age. Except the biography of bishops, we know comparatively little of the internal history of Iceland from the end of the Njala to the middle of the twelfth century, when Sturla, the father of Snorri, established the preeminence of the Sturlungs, which lasted under him and his sons for nearly a hundred years. Reading the Saga by this light, we are very forcibly reminded of the family legends of ancient Rome, and can even trace a desire to gratify the pride of this influential family by presenting Snorri, the priest, one of their ancestors, in an exceedingly favourable light, as regards the transactions at the Thing which preceded and followed the burning of Njal. There is a tempting analogy between the early times of Iceland and the heroic age of Greece, the transactions of which are minutely described in the Homeric poems; whereas from the first dawnings of the historic period we are obliged to be content with the most meagre and imperfect information up to the period of the expulsion from Athens of the sons of Pisistratus.

Then there are many things in the Saga which we cannot possibly believe. We have not, as in many Icelandic tales, stories of ghosts walking the earth and entering into conflict with the living, but Gunnar and Skarphedinn are both represented as singing songs after their death. Swan, the wizard, defeats an expedition sent against him, by a magic fog and darkness. Almost every encounter is foreshown by dreams, and every great event by portents. A black man, on a grey horse, within a fiery ring in the sky, foreshows the burning of Njal; and a terrible dream reveals to Flosi the death of his companions, who are called upon by the minister of Fate, just as the roll of those who are to be slain at Flodden is called at dead of night from Edinburgh Cross, in the fifth canto of 'Marmion.' It may, however, be truly said that these incidents do not detract from the credit

of other parts of the story, but only show that it was written by a person deeply impressed with a belief in such supernatural interventions and appearances; just as the relation of dialogues in Herodotus and in this very story, at which no one could have been present to record them, is only a simple and artless way of telling a story, and by no means deliberately and intentionally false. But, unfortunately, supernatural stories are not merely ornaments, but are closely interwoven with the structure of the story itself. Thus Njal's prediction that it would go hard with Gunnar if he slew two men of the same family becomes known, if we are to believe the Saga, to Gunnar's enemies, who accomplish his ruin by contriving that the prediction shall be verified; and Earl Hacon's power of second sight was the very means by which he ascertained that Thrain had carried off his outlaw Hrapp, and the cause of his attack upon the sons of Njal, upon which turns the death of Thrain, the suspicion of Hauskuld's intended revenge, his death, and the consequent destruction of Njal and his whole race. Nor can we believe, with all respect for the prowess of the fearless Gunnar, that being attacked alone by eight men, he kills four with his own hand and other four with the assistance of his brother, who comes up during the fight. We might treat this as mere exaggeration, but when we find that these manslaughters are paid for by Gunnar at the Thing with as much exactness as a tradesman's bill, we find it difficult indeed to separate between the exaggeration and the substance. It is unnecessary to repeat this remark or to extend it to the feats of Kari, which are scarcely within the limits of possibility.

There is, however, much to be said on the other side. We think that there is no doubt whatever that the persons mentioned in the Saga really existed. The long evenings of an Icelandic winter gave peculiar facilities and temptations to the preservation of traditions and pedigrees among a race which seems to have had little taste for music and no Demodocus or Phemius to while away much involuntary leisure. In these pedigrees the actors in the Njala form a link. They correspond with those given in the Landnama or Doomsday Book of Iceland, which gives the history of the colonisation of the island and the name, descent, and descendants of each colonist, though there is just as much discrepancy as would be expected in two independent but substantially true traditions. The fact mentioned above, that the Icelanders were nobly descended, and took a pride in their ancestors who had been kings, jarls, or lords, sufficiently accounts for the preservation of these permanent records. The distances and natural features of the country are found, allowing for volcanic changes, to be strictly

correct; but this only proves that the writer was well acquainted with the scene of the story, which was indeed in the neighbourhood of Oddi, the residence of the mighty John Loptson, the great patron of literature at the time when the tale was reduced to writing. Historical personages are introduced, such as Hacon, Gunnhillda, Harold the son of Gorm, Eric, and Gudbrand, all speaking and acting in keeping with their historic character. But a similar argument might be employed to set up the historical accuracy of Quentin Durward, Ivanhoe, or the Fortunes of Nigel. At the same time these observations place the truth of the Njala on a higher footing than that of the Homeric Poems; since it both introduces historical characters, treats of persons and families that really existed, and is separated by a period of time, considerable indeed, yet perfectly well known and ascertained, from the epoch when it first appeared in the form of a written narrative. From such an investigation it is not easy to draw any very sweeping or satisfactory conclusion. Many of the facts of the tale — such as the heroic death of Gunnar, and the burning of Njal — are mentioned in the venerable Landnama, and these are matters whose substantial truth we cannot doubt. They were connected with the change of faith and with the destinies of many families which afterwards flourished in Iceland. From all this Bishop Muller, the author of the excellent Saga Bibliothek, or abridgment of the Sagas, concludes that the grounds of the credibility of the story cannot be rejected. We cannot go so far, but content ourselves with the belief that the persons of the tale really existed; that the pedigrees are substantially correct; that the leading events took place somewhat in the way described, though disfigured by numerous alterations and additions; and that if we are in so doubtful a matter to distinguish between different degrees of credibility, we shall do wisely to yield more belief to those portions of the narrative where the scene is laid in Iceland than where it is laid in Norway; and to view facts alleged to have happened in remote places and among few persons, with more jealousy than the details of a lawsuit pleaded in public, or facts so notorious, and therefore so controvertible if false, as the great battle at the Allthing.

Considered as a picture of manners, customs, and characters, the Njala has a merit equal in our eyes to that of the Homeric Poems themselves. To the sublimity, the variety, and sweetness, the inimitable grace, the playful fancy, the glorious imagination of Homer, the rude Icelandic story-teller can make no pretension; but his characters are far more sharply defined and supported with much more variety and spirit; the rugged

nature that surrounded him enlisted little of his thoughts or his sympathies: his whole attention was rivetted on Man; and Man he drew with the hand of a master. His heroes are not the brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus; they are individuals whose feelings, passions, and qualities have been set down when first introduced to the reader with the minuteness of an inventory. He who would know these must read the Saga itself; but we wish before we part from it, to draw attention to some of the inferences it presents as to the state of life and manners in Iceland at the period when England was little better than a den of robbers, and Europe was sleeping in that deadly lethargy which she only shook off in order to plunge into the heroic madness of the Crusades.

The religion of the Icelander seems to us to have sat very lightly upon him. He had a matter-of-fact way of looking at things, and considered Thor, or Freyr, or Njordr, as a friend who was bound to repay in substantial assistance the sacrifices he received. If the assistance was not rendered, the Icelander was apt to invent a religion for himself; that is, to trust, as it was expressed, to his own might and main. There was not wanting among them a spirit of resistance to the divine will like that of Achilles, when he tells Apollo (Il. xxii. 20.) Η σ' *ανισαιμην ει μοι δυναμις γε παρειη.* Thus Egill, in his ode on the loss of his son who was drowned, says: — 'Rudely 'hath Ran (the goddess of the sea) rushed on me. She has 'slit the bond of my race. Knowest thou that had I drawn 'my sword in this cause, it would have been all over with the 'ale smith (Œgir, who brews ale for the gods). If I might fight 'against thee, gladly would I go an adversary to the bride of 'Œgir (Ran).' These men were fatalists, but their fatalism seems only to have extended to the single subject of death. They believed that death operated a change before as well as after it took place; that a man became Feigr, 'fey'— that is, dead — before his death; that death cast a shadow before it so as to benumb or destroy the mind before the body. Thus Skarphedinn thinks Njal's counsel to go into the house not to be followed, because he is fey; for the board and the meat upon it appeared to him to be covered with blood; and Flosi sails in a leaky ship in stormy weather, because it is good enough for the old and the fey. Had the Icelanders reasoned thus in all things, they would have been the most inert and useless, instead of the most energetic of men; but, as we have said, this fatalism seems to have been confined to their own death, and while it diminished the incentives to cowardice, it did nothing to impair the motives of bravery. They were happily illogical. They saw that if

they were not fey they must live, and that if they were fey they must die; but they never extended this reasoning to their antagonists, but took as active means for their destruction as if with *their* death destiny had nothing to do.

The Suitors of Penelope are described as 'fey,' in the twentieth Odyssey, 345. Thus rendered by Pope: —

> 'A mirthful frenzy seized the fated crowd;
> The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud;
> Floating in gore, portentous to survey,
> In each discoloured vase the viands lay;
> Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
> And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.'

The system of law and society which prevailed among these Icelanders was not so much founded on any superiority of might over right as on the belief that they were identical. Though incredibly brave, they were not chivalrous. They were generally ready to take, as they expressed it, the benefit of being more numerous. They had the power and they used it to the utmost. Thus Sigmund and Skiolld both attack Thord, though he challenges them to single combat, and five persons assist at the slaying of Hauskuld. They would not attack an antagonist asleep, as we see with Kari and the sons of Sigfus, but this was almost the only scruple they had. They carried the same spirit into their law, which was in fact a duel fought with quirks and quibbles instead of swords and spears. The principles of their law of procedure were much the same as our own; the difference was, that every slip, even of the most technical nature, with them was fatal, where with us it is remediable. Thus the challenge of a juror with us only leads to his being set aside. In Iceland it was fatal to the suit.

A short analysis of the case for the burning will show this. There was no evidence in our sense of the word. The case was proved by the verdict of the neighbours, nor was there an attempt to go into the merits. The first ground of defence was, that two of the inquest were related to the plaintiffs. To this it was answered that he was only plaintiff by assignment of the cause, and so that fell to the ground. Next two of the jurors were challenged for the want of a proper qualification; but it was adjudged that the qualification was sufficient. Then four men were challenged out of the inquest, because there were four others not summoned, who lived nearer to the place of the crime than they. The answer was, that still a majority of the inquest were rightly summoned. That was held good. The next grounded defence was, that the suit was brought in the wrong court, because Flosi, the defendant, had fraudulently

transferred himself out of the jurisdiction in order to raise that very point. This question, strange to say, was decided in favour of the defendant. The plaintiff then summoned the defendants into a higher court for having given a fee to a man skilled in the law to defend them; so that to this issue the question whether Flosi was or was not guilty of the burning is ultimately reduced. The judges bring in Flosi guilty, but then there were forty-two in number. The whole number was forty-eight, which ought to be reduced to thirty-six, or three twelves, by the striking six out by each party. The plaintiff struck out six, but the defendant refused to strike out his six, and the plaintiff, instead of striking out the other six himself, tried the case with forty-two. This was fatal, and so that which could not be decided by law was decided by arms.

Let those, if any such remain, who consider legal technicalities as an index of civilisation, study these curious details, and they will see how entirely the technicalities of the Icelandic law arose from the notion that law was, after all, only a substitute for private warfare, and might justly therefore be conducted on the same principle of taking every possible advantage. The truth was never inquired into, the facts were never sifted, but the impunity or punishment of a great crime entirely depended on whether any slip could be detected in a course of proceeding which seemed to have had no other object than to lead men aside from the real merits of the case.

The view of this subject would not be complete without noticing that except in the case of homicide, which the law assumed to be, and which generally was, a matter of notoriety, it was necessary to summon the defendant at his own house. This was a service of danger. The plaintiff was attended by armed men, and the defendant, if he was aware of it, was equally prepared. Bloodshed often ensued. Thus in the Saga of Hensa Thorir, Blundkettle, being in want of hay which his churlish neighbour refused to sell, laid down the price and took the hay by force. Thorir at the head of thirty men went to Blundkettle's house to summon him for theft, one of them was slain by an arrow, and the result was that the summoning party burnt the house, with Blundkettle and every living creature in it. Process servers are not generally held in much estimation; but they have their use, since for want of such an official occurred the greatest case of fire raising which had been in Iceland before the time of Njal. So we find the valiant Gunnar himself reduced to assume the dress and counterfeit the manners of a travelling tinker, in order to summon Hrut for the portion of his first cousin Unna, who had divorced herself from him.

This was not because Gunnar feared the prowess of Hrut, whom in this very suit he challenged to single combat to get over a technical objection to the form in which Unna pronounced the divorce, but because Gunnar lived in the south-east and Hrut in the north-west, so that Gunnar could not summon him without taking with him a large force at a great expense and with the probability of a battle.

The Njala furnishes abundant illustration of the sound policy of the laws against champerty and maintenance, that is, of the laws which prohibit the assigning of a suit from one person to another. The immediate cause of the burning of Njal and his family may be traced to the absence of such a prohibition in the jurisprudence of Iceland. The traitor Mord takes up the suit for the slaying of Hauskuld with the assent of the next of kin, the sons of Sigfus, to whom the prosecution as we should call it properly belonged; and this he did with the express purpose that the suit might fail, as having been commenced by one of the persons against whom it ought to have been brought. Defeated by this shameful manœuvre, Flosi could not be brought to any settlement, but sought satisfaction in his own way by sword and fire. So in the suit for the burning, the same Mord, the bitterest enemy of the slain, and more than any one guilty of their death, is made the prosecutor, and it is left at least ambiguous whether he did not wilfully commit the slip which deprived the friends of Njal of all legal redress, and brought on the battle at the Thing and the terrible vengeance of Kari. While, however, we justly condemn a state of law which treats the crime of murder as a private injury, we must not forget that for the first twenty years of this century, the barbarous appeal of Battle was the law of England, and that in 1819 that judicial combat which was abolished in Iceland about 1000 was actually demanded in the case of Abraham Thornton, who had been acquitted by a jury of murder.

The home of the Icelandic Chief consisted mainly of an ample hall, down which ran two sets of tables, which were removed after every meal, with benches next the wall, stools in the middle, and great fires burning between the two tables; the hall was surrounded by bed-rooms opening into it, much after the fashion of the cabin of a merchant's ship. The women sat on the cross bench; they were admitted to all festivals on perfectly equal terms with the men. The fact that the hall was surrounded by bed-rooms opening into it, made it an exceedingly unsafe place to talk secrets in, and this is probably the reason why we generally find that confidential communications were held out of doors. It was not good manners to be hasty

in inquiring into a guest's business; just as in the Odyssey, Nestor interposes some delay before he asks Telemachus his business, and Menelaus is equally delicate and dilatory.

The life described is that of hard-working yeomen or farmers. Gunnar and Hauskuld sow their own corn; Glum runs after his stray sheep; Thorvald loads his boat with meal and fish. The tale hinges on the ordinary events of country life: gossip brought by tramps from house to house, petty thefts by servants, quarrels about a right of cutting wood in common, and rough sports, like the horse-fight in the Njala, and football and hockey in other Sagas. Such a life in so severe a climate must have been not a little tedious, and the reaction from its *ennui* drove the Icelander to seek as a sea rover, or in the prosecution of feuds and lawsuits, or better still in the discovery of remote lands and the creation of an indigenous literature, that excitement with which the strongest and most self-supporting characters cannot wholly dispense. Yet amid all this violence and chicanery, confidence was not destroyed: men lent out their money freely at interest without security; Gunnar and Njal are both described as being creditors on these terms. When a ship came out in the autumn, the cargo was often sold on credit to be paid for in the spring. Land was let out to tenants; sales, where part of the purchase-money was not paid down, were not infrequent; and it was common to give time to collect the money due on a blood fine. Nothing was more usual than an engagement to postpone a marriage for three years, and such engagements were uniformly kept by the lady with exemplary good faith. See the case of Unna in this Saga, and that of Helga in the Saga of Gunnlang, Ormstunga. Thus Pallas, in the character of Mentor (Odyssey, 366.), tells Nestor that she is going next morning to the Cancones, where a debt is owing her, neither newly contracted nor small.

The money of the Icelanders, on which Mr. Dasent furnishes us with an excellent essay, is eminently curious. It had two standards, the one of measure, the unit of which consisted of an ell of woollen cloth, and its multiples up to a hundred; the other of weight, which consisted of an ounce of silver, the eighth part of a mark or pound; but as time went on these two standards were confounded together, and though ells and hundreds belonged, originally, strictly to the woollen standard or that of measure alone, and ounces and marks to that of weight alone, men began to speak of hundreds of weighed silver and of measured ounces and marks of woollen. We must refer those who wish to be delivered from this apparently inextricable confusion to Mr. Dasent's essay, from which it appears that

the blood fine paid for Njal was about equal to a hundred pounds at the present day, a sum certainly not too great, he thinks, for one of the wisest and most virtuous men that Iceland ever produced.

We cannot conclude this notice of a book, destined, we trust, to originate a new era in the study of Scandinavian literature in England, more appropriately than in the words of Mr. Dasent, to whose estimate of the work which he has introduced into our literature, and illustrated with so much diligence and so much eloquence, we give in our adhesion.

'We are entitled to ask, In what work of any age are the characters so boldly and yet so delicately drawn? Where shall we match the goodness and manliness of Gunnar struggling with the storms of fate and driven on by the wickedness of Hallgerda into quarrel after quarrel which were none of his own seeking, but led no less surely to his own end? Where shall we match Hallgerda herself, that noble frame so fair and tall, and yet with so foul a heart, the abode of all great crimes, and also the lurking place of tale-bearing and thieving? Where shall we find parallels to Skarphedinn's hastiness and readiness, as axe aloft he leapt twelve ells across Markfleet, and glided on to smite Thrain his death-blow on the slippery ice? Where for Bergthora's love and tenderness for her husband, she who was given young to Njal, and could not find it in her heart to part from him when the house blazed over their heads? Where for Kari's dash and gallantry, the man who dealt his blows straightforward even in the Earl's Hall, and never thought twice about them? Where for Njal himself, the man who never dipped his hands in blood; who could unravel all the knotty points of the law; who foresaw all that was coming whether for good or ill, for friend or for foe; who knew what his own end would be, though quite powerless to avert it; and when it came, laid him down to his rest, and never uttered sound or groan though the flames roared loud around him? Nor are the minor characters less carefully drawn: the scolding tongue of Thrain's first wife; the mischief-making Thiostolf, with his poleaxe, which divorced Hallgerda's first husbands; Hrut's swordsmanship; Asyrim's dignity; Gizur's good counsel; Snorri's common sense and shrewdness; Gudmund's grandeur; Thorgeir's thirst for fame; Kettle's kindliness; Ingialld's heartiness; and though last not least, Bjorn's boastfulness, which his gudewife is ever ready to cry down, are all sketched with a few sharp strokes, which leave their mark for once and for ever on the reader's mind. Strange, were it not that human nature is herself in every age, that such forbearance and forgiveness as is shown by Njal and Hauskuld, and Hall, should have shot up out of that social soil so stained and steeped with the bloodshedding of revenge. Revenge was the great duty of Icelandic life, yet Njal is always ready to make up a quarrel though he acknowledges the duty, when he refuses in his last moments to outlive his children, whom he feels himself unable to re-

venge. The last words of Hauskuld, when he was foully assassinated through the tale-bearing of Mord, were, "God help me and forgive "you;" nor did the beauty of a Christian spirit ever shine out more brightly than in Hall, who when his son Ljot, the flower of his flock, fell full of youth and strength, and promise, in chance medley at the battle on the Thing field, at once, for the sake of peace, gave up the father's and the freeman's dearest rights, those of compensation and revenge, and allowed his son to fall unatoned, in order that peace might be made. This struggle between the principle of an old system now turned to evil, and that of a new state of things which was still fresh and good, — between heathendom as it sinks into superstition, and Christianity before it has had time to become superstitious, — stands strongly forth in the latter part of the Saga; but as yet the new faith can only assert its forbearance and forgiveness in principle. It has not had time, except in some rare instances, to bring them into play in daily life. Even in heathen times, such a deed as that by which Njal met his death, — to hem a man in within his house, and then to burn it and him together; to choke a freeman, as Skarphedinn says, like a fox in his earth,—was quite against the free and open nature of the race; and though instances of such foul deeds occur, besides those two great cases of Blundkettle and Njal, still they were always looked upon as atrocious crimes, and punished accordingly. No wonder, therefore, then that Flosi, after the change of faith, when he makes up his mind to fire Njal's house, declares the deed to be one for which they would have to answer heavily before God, "seeing that we are Christian men ourselves."'

ART. VII. — 1. *The Province of Jurisprudence Determined.* Being the first part of a series of Lectures on Jurisprudence or the Philosophy of Positive Law. By the late JOHN AUSTIN, Esq., M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 2nd Edition. London: 1861.

2. *Ancient Law. Its Connection with the early History of Society, and its Relation to Modern Ideas.* By HENRY SUMNER MAINE, Reader of the Civil Law in the Middle Temple, and formerly Regius Professor of the Civil Law in the University of Cambridge. London: 1861.

THERE is no pursuit on which more ability and learning has been lavished than on the law of England, and there is no subject to which English literature has contributed so little as general jurisprudence. With the addition of Bentham's works, the two books mentioned at the head of this article would almost complete the list of works upon that subject worth reading, written by Englishmen. The reasons of this state of things are not the less interesting because they are obvious to every one whose acquaintance with the subject is practical. It is often ascribed to the supposed inaptitude or dislike of Englishmen for general speculation, or to the immersion of all our ablest men in pursuits tending directly to their personal advancement; but this view of the matter is neither just nor true. Abundant evidence might be given of the aptitude of Englishmen for general speculations, and there have never been wanting amongst us a sufficient supply of persons inclined to a life of thought and study to investigate the subjects which circumstances from time to time have invested with interest.

The real reason why general jurisprudence has been neglected in this country is to be found in the absence of the causes which in other countries induce men to study it. The popularity of general speculations, either upon law or any other subject, depends principally upon the degree of practical importance and dignity attached to them. For example, when the minds of men are occupied, as in France in the last century, with the presentiment that great social changes are impending, there is a strong inducement to theorise upon the constitution of society, and the nature and limits of political obligations, in order to furnish arms to the combatants in the struggle which is felt to be approaching. The birth and growth of the study of political economy, in the course of the last century and a quarter, is another example of the same influence. The general feeling,

that the accumulation and distribution of property was little understood, and that its principles, if firmly apprehended and clearly stated, would produce great practical results, was no doubt the chief cause of the attention which the subject received. In the same way the degree in which men perceive the necessity for general principles and broad views on legal subjects depends upon the degree in which they feel the want of them; and though it may appear paradoxical, it is strictly true, that under many circumstances, and in many states of society, the study of jurisprudence is injured by a good administration of justice and a good system of legislation, and favoured by a bad one. The law of England in the present day may be not altogether unfairly described as a mass of details which no memory can embrace, and which hardly any understanding can reduce under the heads to which they properly belong; but this state of things, which a knowledge of jurisprudence more widely diffused amongst lawyers would undoubtedly have gone far to remedy, can be distinctly traced to the fact that the administration of the law was for centuries more pure, systematic, and authoritative, and that legislation was more judicious and definite, in this than in any other country in Europe.

The general object of jurisprudence is to lay down principles as to the nature of law, and to devise for legal purposes classifications of the various actions and relations of mankind; but the practical value of such theories is little felt where a system of law is established, which is so administered as to fulfil satisfactorily the primary objects of the protection of person and property; and their direct influence on judicial decisions is diminished in exact proportion to the degree of authority which practically attaches to the enactments of a well-ascertained sovereign legislature. We have fallen so much into the habit of making a supposed incapacity for systematic thought or systematic institutions on the part of Englishmen a subject either of foolish lamentation or of still more foolish boasts, that we have almost entirely forgotten the fact, that throughout the greater part of the history of modern Europe this was the only country which possessed either a real legislature, or a uniform administration of justice. The French, of whose inherent aptitude for everything systematic, or, to adopt one of the slang phrases of the day, 'logical,' we hear so much, allowed their law to remain for many centuries in a state of confusion, of which we in this country have had no example since the Heptarchy. Not only was there an endless conflict of jurisdictions, but there was also such a confusion of laws that in any given jurisdiction it was impossible to say what was law and what was not. In

England the statutes, the law reports, and a few standard text books, have for many centuries formed the only authorities to which persons acting judicially would listen. In France, even at the present day, a far greater latitude is allowed both to judges and to advocates, and the long absence of any standard authority, universally acknowledged and obeyed, has had much more to do with the fondness of French lawyers for general theories, than any natural superiority in their understandings over those of our own legal writers. Nor has this habit of mind been entirely removed by the promulgation of the *Code Civil.*

In France the line between theory and authority was traced, if at all, in the faintest manner. In a country which contained as many as seventeen or eighteen Supreme Courts, and an infinite number of local jurisdictions of more or less authority, and which was governed partly by customs, partly by Roman law which owed its authority not to enactment but to immemorial usage, partly by royal ordinances, partly by laws made by states-general, which sat perhaps once in a century, and partly by what were called fundamental laws — such as that which regulated the succession to the crown, and which apparently were not made, and could not be repealed, by any known power whatever, the word 'law' had no clear meaning. There was thus a strong inducement to writers to attempt to rise above the petty mass of intricate rules established amongst them, and to claim for their own theories a right to regulate the affairs of mankind on account of their inherent justice and wisdom. On the other hand, the absence of any general authorities binding on all courts alike, naturally disposed the judges to encourage such speculations, by attaching to them a degree of importance which in our own country they have never been allowed to obtain.

In England, on the other hand, the double authority of Parliament on the one hand and the three Courts of Westminster Hall on the other, was unquestioned throughout the whole country. Even in isolated jurisdictions, with one or two unimportant exceptions, the twelve judges administered the law. The only substantial difference between the law of Lancashire and Cornwall and that of Yorkshire and Devonshire was, that in the last two counties the writs ran in the name of the reigning sovereign, and the judges sat by his authority; whereas, when they crossed the border into the other two, the same persons administered the same law by means of the same process under the authority of the same sovereign, by the titles of the Duke of Lancaster or Cornwall, instead of that of the King of England.

Jurisdiction has thus been fixed, and the broad outlines of the law have been laid down in this country from time immemorial, and the result of this has been that general theories as to what the law ought to be, or as to the principles which should regulate its proceedings, have always been relegated by the judges to the legislature. No doubt legislative powers of great importance always have been, and from the nature of the case always will be, vested in the judges; but the acknowledged supremacy of the legislature, and the great authority of the courts, narrow the spirit in which they are exercised. The parliament of Toulouse might take a different view of the principles by which a sale of goods should be regulated from the parliament of Rouen; but when the courts at Westminster had once affirmed a principle, their successors were bound by it, and no other court in England could differ from them. The unquestioned supremacy of the law has been the great guardian of our liberty and prosperity, but like all other unquestioned authority, it has its inconveniences. If there had been courts of co-ordinate authority at York, Bristol, and Norwich, as well as at London, society at large would have suffered, but we should probably have had a greater number of influential writers on jurisprudence.

It must, however, be observed that the strong, and even harsh line drawn by the course of events in this country between legal theories and legal authorities may ultimately favour an enlightened study of jurisprudence as much as it has delayed it; for there can be no doubt that whilst the prospect of producing great immediate practical results stimulates, it also biases, theory in no slight degree. Hardly any one speculates on politics or theology in a purely neutral manner. The most judicial writers think how their views will affect the actual course of events, and shape their premisses and conclusions accordingly. In respect of subjects which attract general attention and provoke discussion on all sides, there is perhaps little harm in this, as the discussion results in the discovery of truth, but subjects of a special character attract comparatively little attention. The debate is usually one-sided, and permanent effects may be produced without attracting public attention. It is therefore highly important that such discussions should have nothing but truth for their object; and the best security for this result is to be found in drawing the line between theory and authority as distinctly as possible, and in rigidly excluding the one from any direct influence upon the other. Whatever may be the defects of our law, there can be no doubt that it has obtained this object with absolute completeness. The proverbial observation that 'law is

'law,' marks with emphatic precision the divorce which we have succeeded in effecting between the art and the science. There may be great difficulty in ascertaining exactly what the law is on a given point, but there is no difficulty in ascertaining where it is to be looked for; and no one, at all events, can complain that the wisdom of our judicial serpents will be perverted by any theoretical charmer, charm he never so wisely.

These observations form a necessary preface to the consideration of the works of Mr. Austin and Mr. Maine, as they show the sort of position which they fill. They are exclusively speculative, and though eminently useful to every one who wishes to understand the law of England as a liberal profession and not as a mere trade, they have no direct practical bearing whatever upon it, and probably neither of them will ever attain the distinction, so much coveted by most legal writers, of being quoted as an authority in a court of law.

Part of the interest which attaches to Mr. Austin's work is derived from a source which happily does not affect Mr. Maine's. It is the last memorial of a remarkable man, who has left us without any, or with hardly any, public recognition of his rare merits. A touching preface prefixed by his widow to the present edition of his book, supplies the public with the means of forming some estimate of a thinker who was known during his lifetime to few, but was known to hardly any one who did not regard him with a degree of admiration which is not often earned by a career so quiet and solitary. The incidents of Mr. Austin's life may be described in a very few sentences. He was born in 1790, and died in 1859. He served in the army for five years during part of the great war, and his military life left a stamp upon his manners and bearing which it was impossible to overlook. He was called to the bar in 1818, and he was a candidate for practice, though with little success, till 1825. In 1826 he was appointed professor of jurisprudence in the University of London, then just established, and he studied the subject in Germany for two years before he began his lectures. Between 1828 and 1832 he delivered a course which formed the basis of the present volume, and in 1834 he delivered another course at the Inner Temple. In 1833 he was appointed a member of the Criminal Law Commission, for which he received a salary of 800*l.* a year. With a delicacy and generosity characteristically high-minded, though perhaps on this occasion it made him unfair to himself, he resigned this appointment, though he was a poor man and had no other occupation, simply because he thought the powers and the views of the Commission too narrow to enable it to effect the reforms which

appeared to him to be required. About two years afterwards he was appointed, in conjunction with Sir G. C. (then Mr.) Lewis, Royal Commissioner to inquire into the grievances of the Maltese, a duty which he discharged with signal success, till that Commission was brought abruptly to an end by ministerial changes. He passed the rest of his life in studious retirement in Germany and France, and for the last ten years at Weybridge, in Surrey.

A life so spent suggests many thoughts both to those who observe and to those who merely read of it. That it should be regarded with enthusiastic veneration by the person who shared and has commemorated it, and that that sentiment should colour all that she has written on the subject, is a fact from which the public are entitled to draw no inferences which it would be becoming to express. Its broad facts are, however, not merely affecting, but instructive. A comparison between Mr. Austin's biography and the book which he has left behind him, conveys a clear notion of a class of men who are most valuable to the world, for whom we in this country provide hardly any place, and who in consequence are both less useful and less happy than they might be. Mr. Austin said of himself, 'I was born out of time and place. I ought to have been 'a schoolman of the 12th century, or a German Professor.' The whole course of his life showed the justice of his remark. His book proves that he possessed a mind of extraordinary power and accuracy. The outline, now first published and prefixed to his Lectures, of the general scheme of jurisprudence which he had devised, indicate a grasp of mind and a breadth of knowledge almost unexampled; and the incidents of his life sufficiently show that he wanted nothing but a little additional sympathy and freedom from the common trials and anxieties of life, to have produced one of the greatest books of the present century.

It is no doubt easy to say, and it has in some quarters been said with considerable asperity, that Mr. Austin had no right to expect to be treated differently from other people; and that if he failed to work out the plans which he had the power to conceive, the fault ought to be laid on his own want of energy, and not on a state of public feeling which held out to him but little encouragement. There would be much justice in these remarks if they had been made in answer to anything approaching to a complaint made by him or on his behalf, of the treatment which he received at the hands of the world. But no such complaint appears to have been made. He led a life of dignified retirement, asking from others as little as he received;

and all that his widow has done has been to show how fruitful that retirement might have been if her husband's powers had been more generally understood, and if his sensitive and nervous temper had been treated with sympathy and tenderness. Personally, Mr. Austin had as little right as he had inclination to complain of his lot in life. That his great book was never written, was a loss to the world at large, and one which a little seasonable encouragement would have avoided. Sympathy and tenderness from strangers are what no wise man would expect, and what every man should be able to dispense with. In most cases the battle is to the strong, and the race to the swift. Such victories as are to be won in the world are won by men with strong nerves and thick skins, and no one who is without these things has a right to complain if he is pushed on one side by those who have them. But though such are, and always must be, the rules of the game of life, the players may sometimes look with advantage at another side of the matter. Genius has no right to expect to be humoured, and if its possessors are vigorous and hardy, their powers will be braced by the excitement of the turmoil in which they live. But it is as impossible that every man should be sturdy and callous, as that every man should be six feet high; and though the sensitive and delicate must not complain if they are jostled out of the course, it does not follow that it is wise to treat them so. A little extra leniency, a little consideration towards such men, would be one of the best investments which the world could make. It is too late now to consider how this might have been done in Mr. Austin's case. No complaint is made upon the subject. All that remains to be done is to try to sketch out what he designed, and to give some account of what he completed.

Mr. Austin appears, from the account given by his widow of the papers left behind him, and from his own sketch of the book which he intended to write, to have had in his mind the scheme of a treatise on human obligations in all their forms, legal and moral. His plan was to investigate the principles and the sanctions of jurisprudence, positive morality, and ethics. By jurisprudence he understood law in the strict sense of the word; by positive morality, morals as they are; and by ethics, morals as they ought to be. A single illustration will show how these subjects were in his scheme related to each other. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is illegal. It is also immoral, in so far as it is opposed to the public sentiment which exists respecting such marriages. If the law were altered, it would cease to be illegal. It might also cease to be immoral; but this would depend on the question whether or not the

change of the law produced a corresponding change in public sentiment. Whether or not such marriages ought to be immoral,—or, to use Mr. Austin's expression, whether they would be unethical,—is a question which would depend upon their general tendency to produce human happiness.

The vast scale on which Mr. Austin proposed to treat these subjects may be estimated from the fact that he meant to examine international law and diplomacy under the head of Positive Morality.

Of this vast scheme, which as appears from his papers he had turned in his mind for many years, and invested with a considerable degree of unity and definiteness, one fragment only was completed. It is contained in the lectures comprised in the present volume, which formed the first instalment of the first part of the work—that which would have investigated Law Proper. Full notes remain, and are being prepared for publication, of a considerable number of other lectures, in which the same subject was pursued; but Mr. Austin does not appear to have left anything sufficiently advanced for publication on the subjects of Positive Morality or Ethics.

The object of the present volume is to define the province of Jurisprudence, and this is accomplished by careful definitions of the leading terms with which it is concerned. Its general purport may be briefly described as consisting in the establishment and illustration of the three following propositions:—

1. A law is a command enforcing a course of conduct.

A command is an intimation by a stronger to a weaker rational being, that if the weaker does or forbears to do some act the stronger will injure him.

2. God sets laws to men, and of these some are revealed and others unrevealed. The test by which the purport of the unrevealed laws may be discovered is that all such courses of conduct as tend to produce the general happiness of mankind are enjoined, and those which tend to diminish it are forbidden.

3. Men set laws to each other; those who set them are called sovereigns, and those to whom they are set are subjects. In every independent political society there is a sovereign and there are subjects; and the tests by which an independent political society may be known are, *first*, that the bulk of the given society are in a habit of obedience to a determinate and common superior; let that common superior be an individual or an aggregate of individuals. *Secondly*, this common superior must not be in the habit of obedience to a determinate human superior.

It requires some familiarity with legal and moral speculations

to appreciate the importance of these propositions, and to perceive the difficulty of elaborating and applying them to human affairs; but simple as they may appear, they form the foundation of a view of law, morals, and politics, which is in all probability destined to exercise an influence which it is hard to over-estimate. They place jurisprudence upon a basis as systematic and truly scientific as political economy, and thus afford a second illustration of a moral science in the true sense of the words.

As no words are used more loosely than the words 'moral 'science' it may be desirable to dwell a little upon the meaning and importance of this statement. Comparatively few persons have a distinct notion of their own meaning when they speak of a science, and the number who know what they mean by a moral science is still smaller. It is, however, highly important to distinctness of thought to have clear notions upon these points. All human knowledge may ultimately be resolved into a vast number of impressions described in language; nor is the truth of this statement affected by the great controversies as to the origin of these impressions, and as to the degree of authority which attaches to the words in which they are described, which have always exercised the minds of metaphysicians. In order to make a science it is necessary first to separate one set of these impressions, or, to speak with precision, the phrases describing one set of these impressions, from the rest. They must then be classified and finally condensed, if possible, into a system of rules so arranged that the more general rules shall fit each of the particular cases which fall under them. By arranging and combining these rules, a vast number of impressions may be reduced to a few convenient heads, capable of being applied and combined in a variety of ways as occasion may require. Mathematics afford the best and simplest of all illustrations of the nature of science. The first process is to select the phrases describing the set of impressions which relate to number, space, weight, force, and the like. The most important of the phrases relating to number are the names of the numbers themselves — 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 0. These are described as the ten numerals, and this description is the first step in classification. Next, the names of particular numbers; the word four, for example, may be examined. What does 'four' mean? It means four books, four ships, four articles of furniture, four men, or any other things which when viewed together convey the impression denoted by the word four. On examination it appears that wherever that impression is conveyed, the impression of two twos is conveyed, and thus we get

the second step in classifying the numbers which is embodied in the rule that twice two makes four. All the other rules of arithmetic are only repetitions and combinations of this process. The use of these processes is well exemplified by the enormous multitude of complicated impressions which the multiplication table enables us to understand clearly with hardly any conscious effort. A less homely though hardly a less familiar illustration is afforded by the rules for calculating the effect of gravitation. All motion which can be referred either immediately or circuitously to weight, may be exhibited as an instance of the rule that the force of gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance.

It would be easy to accumulate illustrations, but these are sufficient to show that science is nothing more than a classification, a shorthand description, of all the facts relating to the particular subject-matter with which it is conversant, and that the test of the truth of any scientific rule is its correspondence with every case which can be put of circumstances which it ought to explain. A scientific rule is like a key which professes to open a set of locks, and which is proved to be the right key by opening them successfully.

Such being the nature of science in general, what is the nature of moral science? The words are generally used with a rhetorical emphasis which greatly obscures their meaning; but if they were used correctly they ought to mean those sciences which refer to human conduct; and as sciences are collections of rules by which observers are enabled to refer particular events to the classification on which the rules depend, moral sciences must mean collections of such rules relating to some departments of human conduct. That some departments of human conduct are capable of being classified with sufficient exactness to supply the materials of a true science is conclusively proved by the existence of political economy; nor will any one be either surprised or shocked at this who is capable of seeing that a science stands to its subject-matter exactly in the relation in which a map stands to the country which it represents, and that it has no more tendency to govern (as what are falsely scientific 'laws' are sometimes said to do) the conduct to which it refers than the Nautical Almanack has to govern the tides.

That such sciences do not enable those who are acquainted with them to make specific predictions, is often alleged as a proof that they are not real sciences; and the answer to this throws great light on their true character. It is two-fold. In the first place, no science of itself can enable any one to make a specific prediction. It is necessary for that purpose to have

not only a scientific rule but a state of facts to which that rule may be applied. The theory of gravitation would never enable an astronomer to foretell an eclipse unless he knew certain facts about the relative position and rate of motion of the sun, moon, and earth. In moral sciences the facts are generally so transient and obscure, and the evidence relating to them so unsatisfactory, that they can seldom be stated with the precision which is essential to the proper application of a scientific rule; but this does not make the rule itself the less scientific. For example, the truth of Ricardo's theory of rent is altogether unaffected by the circumstance that the facts nowhere correspond to it; just as the truth of the rules about pullies and levers is unaffected by the fact that they are modified in practice by friction and the strength of materials.

In the second place, the terms in which the conclusions of moral sciences are expressed are far from having that degree of precision which gives physical and mathematical science its proverbial accuracy. Its commonest terms are words which are in daily use, and which are generally used with more or less passion and with no precise signification, but with a greater or less approach to one or the other of several distinct meanings. This is the true source of the uncertainty of moral sciences, and it is only in those cases in which it has been properly dealt with that any considerable progress has been made in them. Political economy is the only moral science in which definitions of fundamental terms sufficiently accurate to obtain general currency amongst all persons conversant with the subject have as yet been produced. The consequence has been, that the conclusions of those who understand that science are accepted and acted on with a degree of confidence which is felt in regard to no other speculations which deal with human affairs. Political economists can appeal to the only test which really measures the truth of a science — success — with as much confidence as astronomers. The source of their success has been that they have succeeded in affixing precise meanings to words which had for ages been used by millions, who attached to them vivid, though not definite notions, such as wages, profits, capital, value, rent, and many others of the same kind. The importance of this is well illustrated by one memorable case: the definition of the words 'pound sterling' as meaning a certain weight of gold, simple as it seems, was a great social and political event.

Mr. Austin's propositions on jurisprudence have as much precision, and will in all probability be seen hereafter to have as much importance, as the propositions of Adam Smith and

Ricardo on rent, profits, and value. To show their full importance it would be necessary to reprint the entire book, for its style and structure are adamantine. The arguments hang together like the links of a chain cable, or like the scales of leviathan. They are 'shut up together as with a close seal; 'one is so near another that no air can come between them. 'They are joined to one another, they stick together that they 'cannot be sundered.' It is, however, possible to give a few illustrations of their scope and purport.

The great leading definition of the book is the definition of the word Law. The definition (which is given above) involves four branches. A command; a sanction, consisting of the threatened evil which converts the intimation into a command; a course of conduct enjoined; and a duty consisting in a contingent liability to the sanction in case of disobedience. The light thrown by this definition on almost every department of speculation is hardly to be exaggerated, and the definition itself cannot be too widely known or adopted. Of all the cants of the day none is more popular or mischievous than that in which the word 'law' plays a conspicuous part. We hear in every direction of laws of some sort or other. The laws of health, the laws of progress, the laws of physiology, the laws of sociology, the laws which regulate the increase of the species, and all kinds of other laws, are declaimed about as if a parliament of abstractions exercised an iron despotism over the human race. The servile fatalism which is spreading widely at the present day is greatly promoted by the constant use of this inaccurate metaphor, and by the absence of any really clear meaning which it is allowed to cover. Mr. Austin's definition of a law enables him to show how very slight is the resemblance between these metaphorical laws and laws in the proper sense of the word. He shows that of the four essential elements of a law proper, namely—a command, a sanction, a duty, and a course of conduct prescribed, one only is even recalled, and that faintly and indirectly, by most of the metaphorical laws, namely, a uniformity which resembles to some extent the uniformity of conduct which would be produced by a law invariably obeyed by a rational being.

Important as this result is, (and if it were fully understood and adopted by the persons concerned, it would produce a most beneficial change in the whole tone of a great part of modern speculation,) it is only one of the results which flow from Mr. Austin's definition. It enables him to describe in an intelligible manner the boundaries between the closely related subjects of law proper, international law, (or, as he more

accurately calls it, as did Bentham, international morality,) and positive morality. In the first case (amongst other differences) the command is usually express, the superior by whom it is imposed, and the penalty which forms the sanction are determinate. In the second and third there is no command properly so called, though there is a definite course of conduct enjoined, neither is there any determinate superior or sanction. He is further able to draw definite lines round the provinces of law, morality, and ethics, and to show how they sometimes coincide, sometimes diverge from, and sometimes conflict, with each other. It would be impossible, without long and detailed illustrations, to give any notion to those who are not familiar with such subjects of the mass of confusion and obscurity which he thus clears away, whilst to those who are it is needless. Such words as 'duty,' 'right,' obligation,' 'moral obli-'gation,' 'imperfect obligation,' and the like, which have always been fruitful sources of confusion and misunderstanding, are grouped with admirable symmetry and completeness round this central definition.

For the purpose of illustration the word 'right' is as well fitted as any other. Almost every newspaper article or speech at a public meeting affords proof of the confusion into which people are led by the indefinite meaning which they attach to this term. Nothing is more common than to speak of 'rights' as if they were in themselves something admirable and desirable; and as if there were somewhere some abstract right to which all concrete rights ought to be conformed irrespectively of consequences. If Mr. Austin's definitions were so generally understood and accepted as to have passed into common use, half of the present discussions upon such subjects would fall to the ground, and the other half would be directed towards tangible results instead of producing little more than high words and unsteady prejudices, calling themselves opinions.

A right, according to Mr. Austin's definition, is a power conferred, and if necessary, enforced by law, and its existence may be good, bad, or indifferent for the world at large, and for the person who possesses it, according to circumstances. For example, a man has a right to be paid for goods which he has sold. This means that the Sovereign commands that debts shall be paid, and will enforce that command if it is neglected or disobeyed. This right is for obvious reasons eminently useful. If the Sovereign made a law that A B should be at liberty to cut off the head of any person he met in the street, A B would have precisely the same right to do so as to be paid his debts; but this right would be as monstrous as the other is useful.

These are illustrations of legal rights, or rights answering to laws in the full sense of the word. Moral rights stand in precisely the same relation to moral rules as legal rights to laws, and they differ from legal rights in particulars correlative to those in which moral rules differ from laws. Now moral rules enforce a definite course of conduct, but they are not imposed by a definite superior, nor enforced by a definite sanction; and thus moral rights are powers the exercise of which is protected by an indefinite superior who inflicts indefinite penalties; and moral like legal rights may be either useful or pernicious.

For example, a parent has in every part of the world with which we are acquainted, a moral right to the obedience and respect of his children. This means that a tacit rule, that children shall obey and respect their parents, prevails in all human societies, and that the violation of that rule is punished by loss of esteem and disapproval expressed in various ways. This moral right is for obvious reasons beneficial; but it is easy to mention others which are as obviously injurious. A Chinese parent is under a moral obligation to distort his daughter's feet, and his neighbours have a moral right to have his daughter's feet distorted. That is to say, Chinese sentiment has laid down the tacit rule that a woman's feet shall be distorted, and the violation of that rule is punished by loss of esteem and disapproval expressed in various ways. This moral right is for obvious reasons pernicious. If we believe that God has given a tacit command to mankind to pursue all courses of conduct which are generally beneficial, and to abstain from all which are generally pernicious, and that obedience to this command is enforced by punishments either here or hereafter, this would involve a belief in a system of what may be called Divine rights and obligations, which would coincide with legal and moral obligations in so far as they were beneficial, regard being had to the evil arising from the violation of any established rule, whether beneficial or not. These rights (the existence of which is of course a question of evidence) can never be injurious, because the test by which their existence is ascertained is that it would be beneficial. It deserves notice, however, that this results from their nature, and not from their source, for the rights conferred, and the obligations imposed, by the will of a malevolent Deity might be pernicious, though they would be, strictly speaking, Divine rights. If Bhowanee had been a real deity, able to punish those who disobeyed her here or hereafter, and if the Thugs had rightly apprehended her will, they would have had a Divine right to rob and murder travellers, and the travellers would have been under a corresponding obligation to submit to be robbed and murdered. This

would have been a case of a divine right of the most pernicious kind.

As any one is at liberty to use words in whatever sense he pleases, so long as he uses them consistently, such theories as these cannot be said to be either true or false. They are, as scientific definitions must always be, nothing else than rival classifications, more or less complete or convenient. Nothing can be more convenient than Mr. Austin's definitions. They entirely prevent the entanglement which is continually arising between an actual and ideal state of things; between the rights or powers protected by laws which do exist, and those which upon some principle or other ought to exist; and this confusion has given the tone to almost all the controversies upon such subjects which have agitated and still continue to agitate mankind.

The notion of sovereignty—the investigation of which fills up the last third of the present volume, is more remote from the common controversies of every day life than the notions of law, right, duty, and their correlatives. It colours, however, almost all political controversies which are of more than passing importance; and though at present such questions occupy little public attention in our own country, there is no reason to suppose that they may not derive prominence from the course of events at some future time, and there is little hope that if they do the confusion which has so frequently arisen from perplexed views of fundamental political notions will not be reproduced. Though most of the views advocated by Mr. Austin had been put forward by others before him, and though their substantial truth has long been tacitly recognised by reflecting and educated men, no better exposition of them is to be found than is contained in his sixth lecture. Their general nature is as follows: Whenever people associate together for political purposes some one or more of them possess a power of publishing and enforcing commands which is not controlled by any other power of the same kind, though it is restrained by positive moral rules which have in point of fact been established by the common sentiment of the community, including under that head the conception which they may have formed of the Divine law. Those who possess this power form individually or collectively, as it may happen, the sovereign of the society, and sovereign authority is always from its nature absolute. Thus it is a mistake to classify governments as being despotic or free; at least such classifications do not point to the extent of their power, but to the use which they make of it. From this it follows that sovereigns and subjects have neither legal rights nor legal duties, nor is

sovereign power capable of legal limitation. The reason is, that a law is a command enforced by a common superior, and if the sovereign had any superior he would not be sovereign. The sovereign may, however, be under moral or religious obligations, because such obligations are enforced either by God or by those whose common sentiment establishes moral rules.

These opinions would, no doubt, appear to some minds favourable to tyranny; but this impression may be at once removed by reference to the illustrations given by Mr. Austin of his conception of the bodies which possess sovereign power. In our own country, for instance, he says that the sovereignty, which it must be remembered means the power of making and enforcing laws, resides in the King, the House of Lords, and the constituencies by whom the House of Commons are chosen, jointly; the share of the constituencies in the sovereignty being delegated by them unreservedly to their representatives with the single exception of the power of choosing the representatives. It may easily be seen how exactly the tests of sovereignty given above apply to this body. Any one member of the sovereign power might be, and each in turn has been, restrained by law. The King must be a Protestant; the House of Lords may not amend money bills; the House of Commons cannot legislate by a simple resolution; the constituencies were remodelled by the Reform Bill; but attempts to bind the sovereign itself are simply futile. For example, by the articles of Union between England and Scotland, the preservation of the Church of England and the Kirk of Scotland is declared to be a fundamental condition of the Union, yet no one can doubt that the existing Parliament of Great Britain could, if it pleased, abolish both or either; and such an abolition would be legal in the strictest sense of the word. It is equally true that, against the sovereign so defined, no one has legal rights. A man's right not to be put to death is the most important and most obviously beneficial of all rights, yet a bill of attainder—an act of parliament for cutting off the head of a person convicted of no crime—is just as good law as any other bill whatever, and executions done under its provisions would not only be legal, but to neglect to do it would be a crime.

To apply this conception of sovereignty to the different forms of government which have existed in different times and countries is an intricate task though it is most instructive, and though its practical bearings are occasionally important. Till the knot was cut, or perhaps complicated, by civil war, the question where the sovereignty of the United States resided was one of great interest, and played a considerable part in

those discussions between the advocates of States rights and the advocates of the paramount authority of the Union, which for many years inflamed the quarrel between the North and South, and so prepared the way for civil war.

The principal words to which Mr. Austin was led by his theory of sovereignty to assign a definite form, are Liberty and Justice. His views of the meaning which ought to be attached to each of these words are nearly if not quite the same as those of Hobbes. Liberty, he says, means that amount of absence of restraint which the sovereign leaves to its subjects. For example, the liberty of a prisoner in a gaol consists in his being allowed to walk about his cell. He is under no orders as to the part of it in which he is to sit or lie. Justice means the observance of laws, whether good or bad. Thus a law that the seventh sons of seventh sons should be put to death on their twenty-first birth-day would be absurd, cruel, immoral, and irreligious, and would expose those who made it to the disapproval of men, and to the punishments which sanction the Divine laws; but it would not be unjust; on the contrary, it would be unjust not to execute it if the occasion arose. This use of the word, no doubt, would shock the common sentiment, but Mr. Austin explains this as follows:—The words 'just' and 'unjust' as popularly used, in so far as they have any definite meaning, coincide with 'generally beneficial,' or 'generally injurious.' A thing is called just emphatically when it coincides with the laws of God; but the laws of God are to be discovered by the test of general utility; consequently the word 'just' used emphatically without explicit reference to any particular law, means 'generally beneficial,' though it delusively appears to have a wider signification.

'Constitutional' is another word to which Mr. Austin's theory attaches a distinct meaning. Every form of government has a character, and has objects of its own, and is regarded by those who live under it with sentiments which are gradually formed into a system bearing the same relation to public affairs which ordinary morality bears to private conduct. A system of positive morality is thus formed in relation to government which is enforced by moral sanctions, and acts are constitutional if that sentiment approves of them, and unconstitutional if it does not. Any one may satisfy himself of the convenience which would arise from using the words referred to in the sense assigned to them by Mr. Austin by referring to the controversies in which they have played the greatest part. If, for example, it were once finally settled that liberty in itself is neither good nor bad; that it is a mere negation of the existence of laws which might

enjoin the most salutary or forbid the most atrocious actions; that it might with equal propriety be applied to the right to freedom of worship in a country where there are no laws against variety of religious belief, and to the right to commit murder in a country where there are no laws to protect human life—all the discussions into which it is introduced would be shorn of most of the obscurity, and most of the heat by which they are usually pervaded. In the same way, if the words 'just' and 'unjust' were used as he wished as the correlatives of law, and if law were uniformly confined to its appropriate meaning, many disputes, both social and metaphysical, would come either to a natural end, or to a plain issue capable of being decided by evidence. Let any one who doubts this read the newspaper discussions about strikes, and say whether if the disputants attached a determinate sense to the words 'justice' and 'right,' they would not perceive that half their arguments are either unmeaning or expressed in a manner so confused and blundering that the meaning which they ought to have can hardly be inferred from the language in which it is wrapped up.

These observations and illustrations may enable those who have not read Mr. Austin's book to form some notion of its general purport and importance, but they can give no idea of the manner in which it is worked out, or of the mental qualities which it displays. His widow refers his reluctance to complete the great work which he had in his mind, partly to the extreme labour which would have been necessary to realise his conception of it; and certainly the part which he did publish conveys the impression that no English writer ever wrote with more labour. The book bears in several particulars a strong resemblance to Butler's Analogy. There is in each the same predominance of one leading idea constantly present to the author's mind, and constantly presented to the reader under different shapes. There is in each the same severity and unwearied closeness of thought. The reader must stop to think at almost every sentence, and no inducement to go on is held out to him than that of arriving at last at the author's meaning. Each book, moreover, leaves on the mind the same sort of impression. When fully mastered, each is a possession for ever. It is possible either to agree or to dissent, but it is impossible to deny that a reasonable coherent view of a subject of vast interest has been put forward, and that it cannot be disturbed or refuted without a thorough examination of the whole argument, and of the relations of its different parts to each other and to the whole of which they form a part. The most curious point of resemblance lies in the style. Each writes like a lawyer and like a judge. Whole chapters of

Butler read exactly like the best of the judgments in the Law Reports; and this is the more remarkable because Butler had no legal training, but must have adopted the legal style because it suited the tone of his mind. Mr. Austin, on the other hand, wrote like a lawyer because he was one, and his style throughout shows the deepest and clearest traces of his legal training. Large parts of his lectures are 'drawn,' to use the technical phrase, just as a conveyancer or pleader would have drawn them. Take, for example, the following sentences:—'Excluding from my 'present discourse my analysis of those expressions, I shall 'complete in my present discourse the purpose mentioned above, 'so far as I can complete it consistently with that exclusion.'— 'The promisor or the party who proffers the promise promises 'the promisee or the party to whom it is proffered, that he will 'do or perform some given act or acts, or will do or perform 'and also forbear or abstain. *And the acts or performances 'which he promises, or the acts and performances which he promises,* 'may be styled the object of his promise and also the object of the 'convention.' Perhaps no other English writer, except a special pleader, would have cared so much for precision as to draw out in words the alternative which is expressed in commercial documents by the well-known abbreviation $\frac{\text{and}}{\text{or}}$. Another illustration of this excessive scrupulousness is to be found in the fact that Mr. Austin constantly replaces pronouns by a repetition of the words for which they stand. For example:—'Considered as 'rules of positive morality *customary laws* arise from the con- 'sent of the governed. . . . . Considered as moral rules 'turned into positive laws, *customary laws* are established by 'the State.' In this he resembled Lord Macaulay, many of whose antitheses are constructed by repeating the first clause in the second with a single significant alteration.

It cannot be denied that a style so laborious applied to matter so unfamiliar, makes Mr. Austin's book extremely difficult to read, and fully accounts for the want of popularity which so long attended it. Till the late reforms in legal education created a demand for it, its value was known only to a few studious persons; and there is little reason to hope that it will ever be generally studied; but there is no reason to doubt that as long as jurisprudence is studied, it will remain as an imperishable monument of the conscientious labour, profound thought, and extraordinary powers of mind which its author bestowed on it.

Mr. Maine's book on 'Ancient Law' is in some respects a contrast to Mr. Austin's, and is in others closely connected with it. The title gives only a slight indication of its object, which

is to give the history of the gradual evolution of several of the principal conceptions by which law is pervaded, and to describe the different influences by which they are gradually developed. The following short summary embraces its leading points.

The earliest notion of anything like law is to be found in the Homeric 'Themistes,' which appear to have been judgments uttered by kings acting as judges under the immediate inspiration of the gods. By degrees the kings were replaced by narrow aristocracies, which became the exclusive depositaries first of Themistes and in course of time of rules of law answering more or less to law in our modern sense of the word. As the other parts of the nation gained power, the aristocracies were forced to publish the laws which they had formerly kept secret, and thus we have the origin of codes, of which the code of the Twelve Tables is the most famous and most important example. This ends what Mr. Maine calls the 'spontaneous 'development' of primitive law, and subsequent changes are made by way of alteration from without. These are made, however, on account of the sacred character attached to law, with many precautions and disguises, and in the most gradual manner.

Glancing at the legal history of several other countries, Mr. Maine examines the progress of change in Roman law with considerable minuteness, and illustrates it largely by parallel alterations in the law of England. The instruments by which these changes have been effected are three in number,—fictions, equity, and legislation. By 'fictions' he means 'any 'assumptions which conceal or affect to conceal the fact that a 'rule of law has undergone alteration, its letter remaining un-'changed, its operation being modified.' The term thus used includes all such alterations as have been introduced into English law by the fiction that the judges possess a reserved fund of law, which they promulgate as often as a novel set of facts comes before them which require its promulgation. In other words, it includes all judicial legislation. Fictions, according to Mr. Maine, are the earliest and one of the most useful of all contrivances for stretching old rules to meet new facts, and are the only means which will effect that object in times which are not yet ripe for the notion of equity, or for the still more difficult task of legislation. In the process of time, however, they are to a great extent replaced by equity. A theory grows up differing in details in different nations, according to circumstances, but always involving the conception of some broader and more reasonable system of justice than that which is embodied in any actually existing laws. This is administered

side by side with those laws, and involves at first a considerable discretion on the part of the judge who has to dispense it; but inasmuch as strict rules never embody the whole of the sentiment on which they are founded, though they are indispensable to the administration of every judicial system, equity gradually hardens into a second body of law as technical and stringent as that to which it was originally meant to be a supplement. The only remedy for this is to be found in legislation, which is capable of effecting any change that may be thought desirable openly and avowedly.

This view of the different instruments by which the strict and narrow laws of infant societies are adapted to the wants of later times, naturally suggests the question, What is the origin and what is the character of those enlarged views of justice which fictions and equity successively try to realise? Mr. Maine attempts to answer these questions in a most interesting inquiry into the origin and growth of the theory of natural law or natural justice, which has exercised and still exercises so great an influence over large and most important parts of the world. He deduces the theory from the earliest stage of Roman history. It originated in the *jus gentium* administered by the prætors in cases which arose either between foreigners or between a Roman and a foreigner. This *jus gentium* was altogether different from that system which went in later times by the same name, and was composed of the rules which the prætors found by experience to be common to the different Italian nations amongst whose subjects they had to adjudicate. For example, delivery was essential to a sale of goods, according to the law of many different nations; but in each nation the delivery had to be accompanied by certain ceremonies which varied in different places; and thus delivery was considered as forming a part of the *jus gentium*, though the ceremonies attendant on it were not.

This original *jus gentium*, so far from being looked upon as something more refined and important than the *jus civile* administered between Roman citizens, was regarded as an inferior kind of law, and its *æquitas* or tendency to set on one level the Roman and the foreigner was, Mr. Maine conjectures, regarded not as an excellence but as a defect. As the extent of the law administered by the prætors increased with the increase of wealth and population, it came within reach of the Greek philosophical theories about nature and justice, and was deeply affected by them.

Nature was viewed in the early Greek philosophy as a vast whole, including not only matter in all its forms, but man also; and thus the law of nature was that principle of which all

phenomena, material or human, were so many detailed manifestations. The *jus gentium* administered by the prætors was elaborated in a manner which afforded a wide scope for the action of these theories. The prætors, as is well known, annually issued edicts setting forth the rules by which they intended to govern their decisions during their year of office. These edicts naturally reflected with the utmost faithfulness the state of opinion current amongst the jurisconsults of the day whose 'responsa' were closely analogous to our own case law. The chambers, as we should say, of an eminent Roman lawyer were resorted to by clients who asked him for advice; and his answers were given in the presence of students, who noted down both the facts and the opinions, and exercised their own and their masters' ingenuity afterwards by asking what would have been his opinion if the facts had been otherwise. In this way a body of half-authoritative legal opinions was formed, which of course took its general colour from the speculations with which the minds of the jurisconsults were most familiar; and inasmuch as the Roman judicial offices were, to use Mr. Maine's language, 'much less aptly compared to a permanent judicature 'than to a cycle of offices briskly circulating amongst the 'leaders of the bar,' abstract speculations upon the law of nature, justice, and the like flowed freely from the chambers of the jurisconsults into the prætors' edicts, and thus the *jus gentium* came to be understood to mean a set of principles which ought to be taken as the standard of all human affairs, deviations from them being stigmatised as corruptions. This view of the matter exercised the greatest influence over the whole history of Roman law, not only during the later history of the republic, but also under the empire.

Roman Law formed the substratum of the laws of almost all the nations of modern Europe. It entered far more deeply than is usually supposed into the composition of our own law. When the study of it extended itself from Italy to France, the French lawyers adopted its principles with avidity; and the circumstances of the country led them to attach particular importance to those parts of it which related to the law of nature, as they afforded the means of setting up a more reasonable standard of authority than was supplied by the intricate and conflicting local customs which prevailed in different parts of France. This was specially important to them, because it was in a great measure by their assistance that the kings of France were able to mould a heterogeneous mass of provinces into the most compact of modern nations.

After prevailing for a length of time as a theory amongst

lawyers, the law of nature obtained two great practical triumphs. The first of these consisted in the establishment of the principle that the relations of independent nations were regulated by it. This result was produced principally by the great work of Grotius, whose anxiety to ascertain some principles by which such awful conflicts as those which he had witnessed might be moderated, was favoured by the facility with which the phrase *jus gentium* might be construed to mean the law *binding on* all nations instead of the law *common to* all nations. The second was the famous theory of the state of nature, and the laws of nature as derived from that state, which was urged by Rousseau in the middle of the last century, in a manner which commanded the assent of an immense proportion of his contemporaries, and exercised an influence, which is still deeply felt, over the fortunes of many parts of the world, especially France and America.

Having thus traced out the general nature of the instruments by which laws are changed, and having in particular described the growth of the most famous and most general of all theories respecting the standard to which they should be conformed, Mr. Maine returns to the consideration of the history of the fundamental legal conceptions. How, in point of fact, did laws come to be established? What were the earliest notions of men as to order of succession, property, contract, and crime? Each of these questions is treated with extraordinary skill and ingenuity in a separate chapter; and probably no writer on such a subject ever succeeded in compressing into so short a space so great an amount of thought and learning, clothed in a style so lively and even entertaining. Every paragraph of these six chapters will repay the most careful attention, whilst the least energetic reader will be obliged to confess that the author has imposed upon them no other labour than that which is indispensable to the apprehension of the subject-matter, when placed in the most perspicuous shape, and freed from all irrelevant matter. The extreme condensation of the style, and the profusion of matter brought in by way of illustration, always in a thoroughly pertinent and most interesting manner, make it extremely difficult to give within reasonable limits any account of their contents; but a short summary of two chapters will give a notion of the contents of the rest.

The fifth and sixth chapters treat of the origin of civil society and of testamentary succession. No better illustration can be given of the general character of Mr. Maine's book than is afforded by a contrast between these two chapters and one in Paley's Moral Philosophy on the same subject. Paley dis-

misses the whole matter in about a page and a quarter. He says that in the earliest form of society men lived alone; and that the earliest kind of property consisted of the product of personal labour; and that the earliest wills were those by which men bequeathed to others the things which they had made or collected with their own hands. Upon this purely arbitrary foundation he founds a great part of his doctrine respecting wills, and especially his distinction between the testamentary power which exists by what he calls the law of nature, and that which exists by positive institution merely.

Mr. Maine in the two chapters in question not only proves to demonstration the falseness of such notions as these, but brings a sufficient quantity of evidence to give considerable credibility to a view of his own which, whether true or not, is at any rate most instructive, and as likely to be true as any hypothesis about so obscure a matter can be. He says that the earliest form of society in all the races by which Western Europe was peopled was that of families connected, or supposed to be connected together, by a common descent. Over these families the patriarch or eldest male descendant had an almost absolute control—a control which as against all other families was quite absolute. The area of the family was thus coextensive with that of the *patria potestas;* and it might, by the oldest of legal fictions, be recruited not only by natural increase but by adoption or by marriage; the result of which processes was that the adopted son or the wife, as the case might be, came under the power of the patriarch or head of the family.

Mr. Maine traces out with elaborate minuteness the effects of this view of the matter on the old Roman law of marriage, showing how it explains many of the most curious and apparently unmeaning technicalities by which that law was, and to some degree is still, beset. For example, in the old Roman jurisprudence the wife was regarded as the sister of her children, because they were all '*sub manum viri;*' and down to our own days half brothers could not inherit from each other. The explanation of this apparently unmeaning rule, which was always considered the hardest of all legal riddles, is thus stated by Mr. Maine. It was imported into England from Normandy, where it was confined to brothers by the same mother but by different fathers. Persons so related were obviously under different *patriæ potestates,* and as members of different jurisdictions neither could transmit to the other the character of head of the family to which he belonged. When the rule was transplanted into England its grounds were either forgotten or unknown, and the

judges interpreted it to apply to all persons related by way of half blood, whether through the father or the mother.

Families being thus the units of which the state was composed, and of which alone the law took notice, the head of the family was in the eye of the most ancient lawyers—to use Mr. Maine's apt illustration—considered as a corporation sole, clothed with a variety of powers and characters, which on his death were transferred as a whole to a representative, who preserved the continuity of the family, notwithstanding his predecessor's death. Wills originally had for their object not the disposal of property but the nomination of a successor, and were thus closely analogous to the practice of adoption. The earliest wills known to Roman law were irrevocable conveyances *inter vivos* of the reversion (as we should say) of the rights which the paterfamilias held as such. They were published during the testator's lifetime; in the case of patricians in the Comitia Calata; in the case of plebeians by means of the mancipium, which was the earliest form of sale, and was performed in the presence of many witnesses, according to a tedious and elaborate ceremonial. Mr. Maine traces out the steps by which wills of this sort were gradually moulded, by the ingenuity of successive generations of jurisconsults, into the wills with which we are familiar, and illustrates this course of events by parallel incidents in the changes of the Hindoo law, which partly resembled them up to a certain point, at which they have remained stationary for many ages.

Such inquiries as these, which are analogous to those which Mr. Maine institutes respecting classifications of property, contract, and crime, carry us into topics altogether unlike those on which the writers of treatises on the principles of government and politics have usually laid the foundation of their theories. They cast a light both on the origin of society and on the stages of its growth, which is highly important in many different points of view, and will undoubtedly exercise great influence over various departments of thought, especially those which refer to morals and politics. The most interesting point which they suggest is the question as to the mode in which such inquiries should be conducted. No one can have watched the course of modern speculation without perceiving how deeply it is affected by a sort of weariness caused by the apparently unfruitful discussions which have so long prevailed upon political and moral subjects. It must be owned that there is some truth in the assertion that these discussions have usually been conducted in such a manner as to do little else than make the meaning of the opposite parties more or less clear to each other. So much,

indeed, has this been the case, that theoretical views upon them have fallen into general discredit, and there has been a disposition to look with indifference upon all attempts to refer practical questions to anything like general principles. Historical inquiry has been the common resource of those who have shared in this feeling, and have nevertheless recognised the necessity of some wider and more durable results than those which the mere transaction of the current affairs of life can afford. History has been consulted upon almost all the great standing subjects of human thought. Politics, morals, and theology have all been studied from this point of view, and Mr. Maine is now applying the same process to law. He is the first person who in this country has brought to such an attempt the special professional knowledge which is indispensable to success in it. Some account has been given above of the nature of his inquiries, and of the special results at which he has arrived. We may conclude by offering a few observations on the character of the manner in which they have been obtained.

Mr. Maine several times uses in reference to his own investigations the phrase 'Historical Method,' and his book has been represented by several of his critics as an exemplification of a process which they describe by that name. Indeed with persons who delight to dress their thoughts in semi-technical language, such phrases as the 'Historical,' the 'Inductive,' and the 'Analytical' methods, have of late obtained considerable popularity. These phrases, no doubt, have their use, but they greatly obscure the general purport of speculation, which is first to discover truth, and secondly to render it serviceable to mankind. It is not uncommon to write of the historical and analytical methods as if they were two independent roads to the same result, one of which was proved by experience to be right, and the other wrong. This is a mistake as dangerous as it is common, and it contributes more largely than any other to the practical fatalism which under its alias of positivism is one of the great dangers of contemporary thought. History and analysis, so far from being inimical, are complementary to each other, and neither can be safely dispensed with. History without analysis is at best a mere curiosity; and analysis without history is blind, though it may not be barren. No better instance could be given of the importance of each of these two branches of inquiry to the other than is afforded by a comparison of Mr. Austin's book with Mr. Maine's. In justice to each of these writers it should be said that though analysis is the main purpose of the one and history of the other, each (and especially Mr. Austin) recognises the necessity to his own inquiries of the

line of thought which he does not pursue. From a curious passage in the introduction, now first published, it appears that Mr. Austin had anticipated Mr. Maine's inquiry into the history of the growth of the Law of Nature, and had independently arrived at the same conclusions about it as those which are contained in Mr. Maine's chapters on the subject. On the other hand, though Mr. Maine does not recognise the necessity of analysis as expressly as Mr. Austin recognises the necessity of history, it is obvious that the precise definitions furnished by the inquiries of Mr. Austin and Bentham supplied a starting point for all his inquiries, and in fact rendered them possible.

One of the very few unfavourable criticisms which Mr. Maine's book suggests is that he appears to think, though he certainly never says, that when he has succeeded in giving the history of a system or a theory, he has done with it. For example, he says that 'the Law of Nature has never maintained its footing 'for an instant before the historical method;' and though he scrupulously confines himself to facts, and is far too cautious and moderate to commit himself to any express conclusion which does not fall strictly within the limits of his inquiry, he appears to feel that he has refuted the theory, or rather all the successive theories, of the Law of Nature by tracing their genealogy. This is surely a complete though a natural fallacy. Mr. Maine says in substance this: There is no such thing as Natural Law, because *you* would not have thought of it if it had not been for the theories of Rousseau; who adapted to his own purposes the language current amongst the lawyers of his day; who inherited their views from earlier lawyers; who, to serve a temporary purpose, twisted certain theories of Roman Law; which theories had at an earlier period been compounded out of the notions of certain Greek philosophers and certain doctrines about an older *jus gentium*, which meant something altogether different from what you understand by Natural Law.

All this may be perfectly true without proving the conclusion. A rational conviction of an important truth may be founded on very bad reasons. The common case of reasonable suspicion proves this. A man may suspect another of a crime and believe him to be guilty of it merely on account of the expression of his face or the tone of his voice, and this suspicion may turn out to be well founded. Mr. Maine would hardly defend a client on the ground that he could show, by the application of the historical method, how the case against him had grown up. How the cook noticed that the housemaid bought too many dresses, which induced the mistress to apply to the draper, who showed coins which he thought he had received from her, and which the

mistress strongly suspected to have been stolen from the desk of her husband, who thereupon sent for a policeman to search her boxes, and so discovered the spoons now produced. Most people would consider that this was the case for the prosecution and not for the defence, but Mr. Maine seems a little disposed to put it thus: — The discovery of the spoons was occasioned by the policeman's search, which would never have taken place if the lady had not supposed that some coins shown her by the draper were her husband's; and she would never have gone to the draper's at all if the cook had not gossiped about the dresses bought by the prisoner; so that the whole case, gentlemen of the jury, depends upon the idle tittle-tattle of one silly woman about the dress of another. An advocate of the Law of Nature might say to Mr. Maine: It may be perfectly true that I should never have thought as I do unless Rousseau, Grotius, the lawyers of the 14th century, the jurisconsults of Justinian, and the philosophers of Greece had thought certain other things before me, but I can nevertheless give very good reasons for what I do think. I assert that Nature imposes upon men certain laws capable of distinct enunciation, and attended by distinct penalties. For example, the Law of Nature forbids murder; and if there were no municipal laws at all, murder would still incur natural penalties in the shape of disapprobation and vengeance. The manner in which I came by this opinion has nothing whatever to do with its truth.

The true answer to such assertions is to be drawn, not from Mr. Maine, but from Mr. Austin. It is that the word 'law' in such phrases is a delusive metaphor, because it suggests to the mind a closer analogy than really exists between commands issued by and to reasonable beings, and maxims put as it were into the mouth of abstractions; and also a dangerous metaphor, because it encourages that slavish temper of mind which delights to find consequences asserted to be inevitable, in order that it may acquiesce in them, and of which fatalism is the theoretical exponent. This is a complete answer to such theories; and when it has once been given, and is recognised as true and sufficient, historical investigations are in their proper place. A man who has a firm hold of the truth may advantageously employ himself in constructing a map of error, and thinking what was the connexion of ideas by which people were led into the fallacies which he has recognised as such; but, unless he has some acknowledged standard of truth, his speculations are like a map in which all the roads are marked and all the towns left out; they show nothing but a constant succession of opinions, each of which was inevitable when it prevailed, and was suc-

ceeded by a series of equally inevitable successors. The positivist may be considered as a man who has made himself a eunuch for the sake of the kingdom of philosophy. He is debarred by what he calls his 'method' from attempting to alter what exists. The only relation in which he can consistently view opinions is that of their succession to one another; and if he does not derive tests of truth and utility from some other system, he will get none from his own; though, by two self-imposed fallacies which it requires some effort to apprehend, he seems to think he can.

Two tacit assumptions will be found to pervade all positivist writers on all subjects. The first is that opinions are given up because they are shown by experience to be false. The second is that their own opinions will be perpetual, and are thus the test and measure of truth. Having made these tacit assumptions, they proceed to fortify their own opinions by showing how they were gradually formed out of those which preceded them, forgetting that they will probably be in their turn superseded by others; unless, indeed, they should succeed in persuading mankind in general to confine themselves to retrospection, and to be satisfied with surrendering all hope of future golden eggs, for the sake of dissecting the goose which laid those which are already in their possession.

Mr. Maine personally has written nothing or little which would in any degree justify these criticisms, though some of his critics have attempted to find in his book an illustration of the truth of positivist theories. Though he sometimes adopts turns of expression which belong to such theories, he confines himself most cautiously and studiously to the investigation of facts; he puts forward no philosophical theories at all, but leaves to others the question how far the truth of the theories which come before him is affected by the account which he gives of their origin. The light by which his book should be read is supplied by Bentham and Mr. Austin, who have analysed with a precision, which leaves hardly anything to be desired, the fundamental notions which lie at the bottom of jurisprudence. When the rest of Mr. Austin's lectures are before the world—even in the incomplete state in which he left them, a broad and clear meaning will have been affixed to almost all the leading words which are used in connexion with law under all its forms, and to many of those which occur in discussions on morality. This will supply a starting point for any amount of historical investigation, by the help of which it will be possible to compare the degree in which various systems of law have embodied the great leading principles which

ought to pervade all speculation on the subject, and how far various methods of altering the law have in fact contributed to the general welfare of mankind.

These last words suggest the observation that the speculations of Bentham and Mr. Austin leave one immense question which is vitally essential to their subject comparatively unexplored. This is the question: What that general happiness is which it is the object of legislation and morals to produce? The account of it given by Bentham is the least satisfactory part of his book on the principles of morals and legislation, though by the mere fact that it gave express and intelligible objects to each of those pursuits, the book has exercised an incalculable influence over the whole course of thought and action in this country since its appearance. In a characteristic MS. fragment now published for the first time, Mr. Austin glances at this vast question, and shows how important and how noble an enterprise its solution would be. He says —

'Mistakes like those of political economists are made by utilitarians, only of a more general nature. . . . They take a part of human happiness, or a part of the means towards it, for the whole of human happiness or the whole of those means: *e.g.* The exclusion of poetry or the fine arts, or the degrading them to "the agreeable." Their eminent utility: the wisdom to be got from poets (give examples). This partial view of human happiness, or of means towards it, will always be taken till a system of ethical teleology be constructed; *i.e.* an analysis of happiness, the means towards it, and therefore the ends to be pursued directly.'

It is not impossible that by a wise combination of analysis and history, (the first to supply precise general terms and a judicious classification, and the second to supply illustrations of the modes in which men think, and explanations of the language which they use,) jurisprudence and morals may come to be studied amongst us with a scientific and practical completeness unknown elsewhere. The most important part of the analysis has been already completed; and though much remains to be done in the direction indicated by Mr. Austin, his labours, and those of Bentham, have prepared the way for a vast amount of historical investigation. The combination necessary to make such investigations fruitful is a very rare one. They require not merely learning, but those powers of seeing what is essential and what is not; of entering into the modes of thought and feeling of past ages; of compressing masses of detail into broad and connected statements; and of presenting unfamiliar thoughts in a perspicuous and interesting shape, which nothing can give except careful training, varied knowledge, both of books and men,

and a mind equally skilled in investigating details and principles. Every page of Mr. Maine's book contains proofs of these qualities, and the manner in which he has executed the task which he has undertaken proves that he is fully capable of doing as much for one element of English jurisprudence as Mr. Austin did for the other.

ART. VIII.—*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Tome XIX. Par M. A. THIERS. Paris: 1861.

WE could readily understand why M. Thiers, although a parliamentary statesman, was through all his former volumes the advocate of Napoleon against his foreign opponents. But we were hardly prepared to find him, in the Hundred Days, the advocate of Napoleon against every other form of government in France. War and absolute rule seemed tolerable in retrospect for the sake of glory, while the head of the government was identified with the fame of the people. But, surely, the peaceful and not very illiberal misgovernment of the Bourbons was preferable to a recurrence of war and absolute rule in 1815.

M. Thiers, in the present volume, does not directly combat this proposition; but he evades it by an assumption of which he is the first author. He represents the Empire of the Hundred Days as altogether distinct from the first Empire, and as disinherited from all its traditions, except in its purple and in its prince. He paints it as a national government more than ever representing a national cause. He seems to tell us that the mind of Napoleon underwent at Elba a sort of organic change. At any rate he describes him on his return as a regenerated patriot, a converted liberal, a true Whig, an earnest advocate of representative government; and an advocate of peace also, at least (as M. Thiers in one place acknowledges) after he should have once more thrashed the insolent enemies who had dethroned him.

This is the vindication of Napoleon in 1815 according to M. Thiers; but the vindication of Napoleon is only a part of his object. The reign of the Hundred Days is here represented as the grandest experiment in what is termed constitutional government that France has ever witnessed. The Constitution then granted by Napoleon involved the largest measure of political liberty that France had ever enjoyed. Thus the

Bonapartist cause is identified with domestic freedom. Again, not only was this reign an epoch in constitutional history, but Napoleon was the representation and embodiment of the national will. The Republicans hailed him as the opponent of the priests and the nobles whom the Bourbons had restored; the Constitutional party accepted him as the head of their own political system; the monopolists recognised him as the inveterate defender of their privileges; the disbanded soldiers and the officers on half-pay knew that they would be no more neglected. The peasantry appear in one chapter as his supporters against the bourgeoisie; and the bourgeoisie appear in another chapter as his supporters against the peasantry. Such a chain of facts, in spite of some inconsistencies, directly tends to prove that the discord of the French people (with the exception of the Vendeans) was merged and forgotten in the person of Napoleon. And thus the Bonapartist cause becomes national as well as liberal. The deduction, therefore, with which every implicit follower of M. Thiers must lay down this volume is that the Allies, in suppressing the rule of the Hundred Days, destroyed the best conditions of parliamentary government in France, and that they waged a national war with her in waging a personal war against Napoleon.

This is at least ingenious; and the ingenuity is, argumentatively speaking, not unworthy of perhaps the ablest and certainly the most popular living historian in Europe. There is no doubt that a great change in outward form distinguished the empire dissolved in 1814 from the empire of the 20th of March, 1815. This was no more than was necessary to give Napoleon a day's tenure of the throne. But the question whether he intended to abide by his Constitution in victory as well as in defeat is one on which we are at issue with M. Thiers; and the question whether, even if it were granted in good faith, it was more liberal than that already granted by the Bourbons is overlooked by him. Nor does he consider whether the general policy of Napoleon in his attempts to conciliate were not more arbitrary than that of the Bourbons, even in their fancied security. The truth is, that the nation had been so disorganised by misgovernment and revolution as to be ripe for a social war in 1815; and the fierce hostility of parties towards each other, while it enabled a master mind to turn it to his own advantage, has lent a false plausibility to the views which M. Thiers here advances. Fortunately for the truth of history we are able to confront his high-flown Imperialism with the sound, accurate, and unanswerable statements recently published by M. Duvergier de Hauranne in the second volume of his 'Parliamentary

'History of France'; an authority which it ill becomes M. Thiers to dispute, although on these questions it is diametrically opposed to his own.

But we should greatly underrate the merits of the present volume, if we were to represent them as consisting simply in the defence of a paradox which would be intolerable if it were less clever and amusing. We readily acknowledge that the author tells us much that is not only new, but probably true. He describes the weakness of the Bourbons, the administrative ability of Napoleon, his general capacity to adapt his conduct to widely changed circumstances, the various causes which led to the revolution of the Hundred Days, and the degree in which the army was concerned in it, with clearness and originality. And although he clings throughout to his first assertion that Napoleon's professions of peace and liberty were sincere, he does reluctantly acknowledge that they obtained less credit as the Hundred Days advanced.

Let us look first to the assumption that Napoleon returned from Elba the sincere founder of a free government in France. The broad facts before us certainly are, that he made repeated professions of liberality as well as of peace; and that he offered earnests of his sincerity by framing a Constitution, by calling it into operation, and by suppressing the censorship of the press. What do these facts imply? Were these changes the shift of the hour, or the principles of his second reign?

We will cite three passages, which will clearly set forth, at all events, the position assumed by M. Thiers. In siding with the views of Napoleon, he tells us that—

1. 'He was (for these reasons) firmly resolved to make a full trial of constitutional monarchy, and he even desired its success, for its misadventure would have been the triumph of the Bourbons. Nevertheless he was not without some apprehension for what would happen during the commencement of this experiment.' (P. 411.)

2. 'This apprehension led him to the conclusion to give without reserve, and with very little distinction, the English Constitution, and to postpone its being put in operation until after the first hostilities. In this project he had no deceit, but a secret presentiment of danger in calling together an untried Assembly, in the presence of foreign armies marching upon Paris. If he had been actuated by bad faith, he would have had an easy and certain mode of deceiving the friends of liberty, in throwing the blame, not on his side, but on theirs, by convoking a Constituent Assembly at once, and by charging it with the duty of elaborating a Constitution in revising the imperial senatus consulta.' (P. 413.)

3. 'Never had liberty, all that is reasonably to be desired, been more completely given to France, with the exception of the article

relating to confiscation, which was adjourned. Napoleon had granted it thus fully, not *par ruse*, but because, such was his great capacity, he had understood that, being obliged to grant it, he must grant it with the necessary conditions; because he was then exclusively occupied with the one idea of conquering Europe combined against him, and this result obtained, the more or less authority he might enjoy was in his eyes a secondary object; because he fancied that, in the working of the Constitution, more would be conceded to him than to another, through his glory, his genius, and the energy of his will; finally, because, in thinking more of his son than of himself, he desired nothing for this son beyond the powers of a king of England.' (Pp. 445–6.)

These are the views of M. Thiers, and thus Bonapartism is linked by him with true liberty. So literally does he accept the assurances made by Napoleon to the French, in spite of his critical acumen, that several of these passages are mere transcripts from imperial speeches. Widely as we differ with his conclusions, we have no doubt that the views of Napoleon were in some degree modified at Elba. No man could undergo such vicissitudes without reflecting on their causes. His temper and position had long placed him above the reach of remonstrances; and his shackling of the press left him as ignorant of public opinion as it kept the French people ignorant of his own policy. When therefore he declared on his return to the Tuileries, that 'in the island of Elba, as in a tomb, he had heard 'the voice of posterity,' we cannot judge him altogether insincere.

M. Thiers elsewhere says with probable truth that, before his first abdication, he had complained of one at least of the inconveniences arising from his mode of government. His organs in the press had been so mendacious that they could not gain credit for veracity when they spoke the truth. Bulletins even of victories were discredited; and Napoleon was reduced himself to compose, in their place, anonymous paragraphs for the 'Moniteur,' headed 'on nous écrit de l'armée.' A certain freedom of discussion thus became advantageous even to a despotism. In other words, Napoleon would surrender something to popular action, for the glory of his own name, and for the credit of his own government. Nor was it possible any longer to reign in France without either victory or liberty. But we think we shall be able to show that Napoleon adopted liberty only until he could obtain victory.

We have first to look to his successive declarations at Grenoble, at Lyons, and at Paris, while 'the eagle was flying (as M. Thiers delights at least ten times to repeat) from steeple to 'steeple to the towers of Nôtre Dame.' They are prodigal of

liberality. Thus he told the people of Grenoble that 'he de-'signed himself to revise the imperial constitutions, in order 'to develope from them a true representative monarchy, the only 'form of government worthy of a nation so enlightened as the 'French.' But even between these three declarations there is a suspicious difference of tone. M. Thiers is himself constrained to acknowledge that the language of Napoleon was 'somewhat more imperial' at Lyons than it had been at Grenoble; although he takes care to subdue the obvious inference by declaring that 'no one questioned that Napoleon was sincere.' The Emperor declares it his object 'to assure the constitutional 'throne of his son,' thus throwing himself discreetly into the background, much as he afterwards qualified his second abdication by declaring that he would be his son's general. But the promises of peace still more rapidly recede as the eagle flies on.

The immediate acts which accompanied these promises of reform show that Napoleon returned from Elba in the temper of a despot. What Talleyrand said of the Bourbons on their return to France in 1814, that 'they had learnt nothing and 'had forgotten nothing,' has some application to Napoleon himself. On the 13th of March, in the midst of his liberal speeches at Lyons, and while Louis XVIII. was still reigning at Paris, he published a decree confiscating the property of the Princes of the House of Bourbon, and of all the French emigrant nobles who had not received amnesty before the 1st of January, 1814, expelling them within a fortnight from the French territory, and declaring that, if they should linger in France after that time had expired, they should be arrested and tried according to the laws of the Revolution.* We say nothing of the expulsion of these emigrant nobles from the army, for that was a permissible severity on which the safety of the Empire perhaps depended. But while M. Thiers acknowledges the decree of exile against the nobles, he is silent as to the confiscation of their property. The Bourbons are condemned with justice, as impolitic and illiberal, both by Napoleon and M. Thiers, in not accepting the social results of the Revolution. Because, for instance, they threatened to reinstate tithes, and to disturb the tenure and title of property, they are denounced by both as the real conspirators against their own reign. But we find Napoleon immediately disturbing the results of the Restoration with tenfold harshness. M. Duvergier de Hauranne drily remarks, that this was a singular prelude to

* Duvergier de Hauranne, Hist. Parl. vol. ii. p. 474.

a constitutional régime. M. Thiers will reply that this measure, after all, was no more than a Loi des Suspects, which could be invented by a Bonaparte marked by Dutch apathy, as well as by a Bonaparte marked by Italian passion. But the present Emperor of the French did not promise parliamentary government in the same breath in which he proclaimed a Loi des Suspects.

Proscription on account of the past is in our judgment very much akin to absolutism for the future. There is other evidence that Napoleon, on his return, prosecuted his former policy of proscription with unabated zeal. M. Thiers has published a smothered declaration, written at Lyons, which it would have implied a strong effort of candour on his part to produce, had it not already appeared elsewhere. This is a projected 'comminatory decree' against certain domestic enemies of Napoleon, such as Talleyrand, who had schemed against him, Marmont who had, as he said, betrayed him, and Augereau who had insulted him at Avignon. But it included also the Duc de Dalberg and M. de Vitrolles. M. Thiers is forced to acknowledge that this decree betrayed 'a violent reaction, 'which contrasted with the clemency promised in his proclamations.' It was at length abandoned only because the Major-general, Bertrand, refused to countersign it. But it had been drawn up by Napoleon at Lyons, at the moment that he was promising by word of mouth, peace, liberty, and pardon.

This was the conduct of Napoleon to his national enemies and to his personal opponents. How then did he act towards his own adherents, and to the ministers of his choice? There can be no doubt that he deceived them, just as he had deceived Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, at Dresden, two years before, in regard to the renewal of the German war. Carnot declares that he and his colleagues long and firmly believed that Napoleon quitted Elba under a secret compact with a section of the Congress of Vienna, and that the Empress and the King of Rome would soon rejoin him at Paris. We must allow, indeed, for the extreme perils of Napoleon's situation, and for the apprehension of disheartening adherents, who should be made aware of the immense confederacy formed against him in reality as well as in name. But the ruler who would dissemble to his own ministers would hardly scruple to dissemble to the nation.

We think that throughout the conduct of Napoleon at this time, a uniform object may be traced (except only where passion compromised his consistency) to bid for power against the Bourbons. With the imperfect reliance that was to be placed upon a feeble army, he was convinced that his domestic policy

must be favourably distinguished from theirs. They had just been playing his game. The public animosity to their rule in the last century, which had led to the great Revolution, had been forgotten; for a new generation meanwhile had grown up in France. But during their eleven months of power they contrived to awaken it again. The reopening of such questions as the right of tithe, and the territorial pretensions of the nobles, assailed the still surviving principles of the Revolution. Napoleon discerned his advantage, and his promised reforms are directed to precisely those questions on which the Bourbons had just before wrecked their popularity.

Let us take an example or two from M. Thiers' own volume. So early as his arrival at Grenoble, and in so small a matter as the payment of his personal expenses, he chose to lodge at an auberge, instead of at the Prefecture; 'in order,' M. Thiers avers, 'to distinguish himself from the Bourbon princes, whose 'journeys had been very onerous to the provinces they visited.' When he reached Lyons, he pronounced the dissolution of the two Chambers of Louis XVIII., 'alleging against each of 'them grounds most likely to render them unpopular.' Thus he denounced the Peers as either in league with the enemy, or as emigrants returning under their flag; and he held up the Deputies to indignation for their unnational votes of the public money, to pay the debts incurred by the King during a long period of civil war in France. Again, they were accused of an intention to re-establish the right of the clergy to tithe. Accordingly, Napoleon tells the peasantry that he comes to save them from the exactions of the clergy; the possessors of national property, that he comes to save them from an imminent spoliation on the part of the nobles; the army, that he comes to save them from insufferable humiliations; and France in general, that he comes 'to insure the triumph of the prin-'ciples of 1789,' with which his own crown was as inconsistent as the pretensions of the nobles and the clergy themselves.

The pledges thus given were no doubt ostensibly redeemed in the new Constitution and in the new law of the press. But the Republicans do not appear to have been gainers by either. Indeed, the historians of that school rest the insincerity of Napoleon on the ground that, while he had been in such haste to dissolve the Chambers of Louis XVIII., that he proclaimed their dissolution while still an adventurer at Lyons, he refused to convoke the Chambers of his own creation until he was threatened by the active hostility of Lafayette and the other Republican leaders. In this we think they are unjust. 'Na-'poleon,' writes M. Thiers with more truth, 'distrusted the

'convoking of the Chambers (during war), and feared that at 'the first sound of cannon they would be wanting, not in 'courage, but in *sang-froid*.' His apprehension that his first reverse in the field might be followed by a parliamentary revolution in the capital, was well founded; for his own Chambers had dethroned him before Wellington could march from Waterloo to Paris. Two years and a half ago, we saw the Chambers at Turin prorogued before the Italian campaign began, yet no one supposes that either Victor Emmanuel or Napoleon III., designed the suppression of Parliamentary Government in Sardinia.

The truth is, that there is no appreciable distinction, in point of popular authority, between the Constitution of the Hundred Days and the Constitution of the first Restoration. The Additional Act, as the former was termed, introduced distinctions which are only perceptible in phraseology. It was in fact drawn up by men who held precisely the same opinions, for it was much more the Constitution of Benjamin Constant than of Napoleon. M. Thiers tells us in his previous volume (vol. xviii. p. 177.), that the Charter, as the Constitution of the Bourbons was termed, thus settled the question of the initiative in legislation between the Crown and the Chambers. The former retained it in theory; but the latter held the privilege conjointly to 'supplicate' the Crown to introduce the measures they desired. He acknowledges that this privilege conveyed the initiative to the Chambers 'under a form infinitely respectful, 'which detracted neither from their importance nor their au-'thority.' If we now return to the nineteenth volume (p. 429.), we shall find that the Additional Act reserved the same theoretic initiative to the Imperial Crown, subject to the ridiculous distinction that while the Chambers, in addressing the Crown for *projets de loi*, had been required to 'supplicate' the King, they were now required to 'invite' the Emperor! The combined action of the two Chambers, touching this initiative, was still as necessary under the Additional Act as it had been under the Charter. To tell the truth, this appears to be about the only parliamentary distinction, to illustrate what M. Thiers describes as the great constitutional epoch of the Hundred Days. And he calls this a copy of the English Constitution!

If we turn from the powers of these Chambers to their composition, we find that the deputies in either Constitution were chosen in the colleges of arrondissement and the colleges of departments, though certainly the electoral qualifications differed, and the Emperor once again bid higher than the Bourbon King. But for the Upper House, Napoleon, advised by

Constant, maintained as firmly as Louis XVIII. the principle of a hereditary peerage against the unanimous opposition of the Republicans. His Chamber of Peers, indeed, was filled with very different men; but the old French nobles were scarcely likely to prove more illiberal legislators than the new French marshals.

Where, then, is the distinctive liberality of the Empire, even while upon its trial? If not to be found in the Constitution, is it to be found in the laws of the press? Napoleon by a decree of the 25th of March (only five days after he had returned to Paris) abolished the censorship; and M. Thiers accepts this decree as evidence of the emancipation of the newspapers. The measure was certainly on the face of it a liberal one. The journals were henceforward nominally made subject only to the ordinary laws administered in the ordinary courts of justice; and they were required to bear, on each copy, the name of the person accepting the post to which Fouché then gave the name of 'responsible editor.' It is true that they wrote in a liberal sense. M. Thiers also appeals plausibly enough to the first declaration of Napoleon at the Tuileries; when he exclaimed, 'The liberty of the press, why should I fear that any more? 'After what it has written for the last year, it has nothing more 'to say about me; and it is now its turn to say something about 'my adversaries.' (Vol. xix. p. 258.)

We fear M. Thiers will think us very uncharitable; but we must say that he has himself supplied us with the means of reconciling the abolition of the censorship with the immediate interest of Napoleon's own authority. The Emperor required above all things to gain popular credence. He aspired, for the present, to rule France by the power of moral opinion through the press, and to postpone parliamentary interposition until the latest moment. M. Thiers repeats incessantly Napoleon's own conviction, that his former government had been brought to a dead lock because all the journals of the Empire were too servile and mendacious to acquire credence. It was of no use, therefore, for avowedly enslaved newspapers to write of the liberty that was to save the Empire. There was no ground to hope for the promised Constitution while the press was gagged. Its ostensible freedom, on the other hand, was an earnest of further liberty. 'Being in control,' M. Thiers again argues, 'during his 'former reign, of all the organs of opinion, he had seen such an 'incredulity arise among the public, that he was no longer able 'to deny a falsehood or to attest a truth.'

But what was the motive of the concession? It is obvious *à priori* that it may have been devised as an act of liberality, or

that it may have been devised as a new engine of absolute government. We see plainly that the facts, as they thus stand, point to either inference. M. Thiers argues that 'Napoleon 'was entirely converted by his former experience' (p. 428.). We do not doubt it in the least; but whether the concession was to a more free government or to a more easy despotism, there is nothing here to show.

Was, then, the French press as free in reality as it was in name? M. Duvergier de Hauranne distinctly denies that it was so. He goes so far as to say that 'the daily journals were 'less free than under the censorship of the Restoration;' and that they could still 'say nothing without the permission of the 'Minister of Police.' 'But Fouché,' he adds, 'determined that 'while defending the Empire and the Emperor, and while at-'tacking the regal government, liberty should be discussed.' * And indeed, if this unimpassioned writer's epitome of the leading articles in the newspapers is to be accepted, their internal evidence implies that they could not have been more subservient under their former bondage.

'It was, then,' says M. Duvergier, 'in the name of liberty, in the name of the violated charter, in the name of the abused rights of the people, that every day the "Moniteur," the "Journal de Paris," the "Journal des Débats," (which had become again, since the 20th of March, the "Journal de l'Empire,") panegyrised the revolution of the 20th of March, and appealed to France. Landowners disturbed, informers encouraged, faithful functionaries dismissed, the learned bodies arbitrarily decimated, the constitutional charter turned without cessation into ridicule, individual liberty violated, the liberty of the press violated, religious liberty violated, the perpetual strife of birth without deserts, and of deserts without birth: such was the theme that these journals, the props of the Empire and of the Emperor, dilated upon every morning. It is by no means, they said, the 400 brave men from the island of Elba who have overthrown the Bourbons, it is France deceived in her hopes, deprived of her rights, it is France which desires liberty, and will have it, thanks to Napoleon.' (Vol. ii. p. 483.)

Now a free press must be more or less the reflex of public opinion. But it is quite certain that public opinion did not run in this direction; and M. Thiers is himself obliged to acknowledge that every party in France, but the constitutional party, had fallen away from Napoleon before a month of his reign had expired, and that the promised convocation of the Chambers 'but momentarily quieted a general disbelief' in his liberalism.

* Hist. Parl. vol. ii. p. 482.

M. Duvergier adds that, in other writings really free, and apart from the daily press, 'la méfiance envers l'Empereur éclatait avec 'l'amour de la liberté.' The seizure of the fifth volume of 'Le Censeur,' on the 6th April, was in itself an act of despotic violence against the press which refuted all the liberal promises of the Government.

But it is amusing to notice the manner in which, in spite of these inevitable avowals, M. Thiers glosses over the public opinion of France, and cites Benjamin Constant and Sismondi as *among* the eminent writers of the day who defended the Additional Act, and the liberal disposition of Napoleon. He forgets altogether that these were unfortunately the *only* two men of eminence who were found to defend even the Additional Act; and that while Constant had just changed the chances of a prison, as an arrested fugitive, for the office of Councillor of State, Sismondi also held a place in the Emperor's government. 'To tell the truth,' says M. Duvergier, 'two writers 'only, Benjamin Constant, who became Councillor of State, 'and his friend Sismondi, who became *maître des requêtes*, 'dared openly to undertake the defence of the Additional Act.'*

Benjamin Constant, who down to the 19th of March had been the most vehement assailant of the 'Corsican adventurer,' was in concealment, and awaiting the means of escape, on the return of Napoleon. This being discovered by the new government, it occurred to the Emperor that he would, as the first writer of the day, be an excellent godfather for the proposed Constitution. The Additional Act was accordingly the work of Constant, subject to the general control of Napoleon; and Constant would hardly be forward to condemn the work of his own hands. Thus by degrees we eliminate from these alleged dispassionate defenders of the new Constitution, all but the eminent historian in precarious tenure of an office at Court. M. Thiers, we have said, forgets that such an office was then held by Sismondi; and a *maître des requêtes*, who writes 'a 'series of remarkable articles in the "Moniteur,"' stands very much in the place of an official defender of the government. There were, moreover, the additional ties of personal friendship between these two eminent Genevese, and likewise between them and Madame de Staël, who lent them her support.

But even allowing the views of these writers on the new Constitution to have been as free as they may, M. Thiers entirely misjudges their estimate of the intentions and sincerity of Napoleon. The Emperor could assure Constant with a grave

* Hist. Parl. vol. ii. p. 522.

face, 'that a liberal monarchy would be much more suitable 'to his son; that he was working for this son much more than 'for himself, and that consequently there could not be any 'serious difference between himself and the enlightened family 'of liberty.' And M. Thiers can next assure his readers, apparently with equal gravity, that 'these words spoken in a calm, 'firm, convincing tone, and under cover of so much glory, 'would seize forcibly the susceptible imagination of M. Ben-'jamin Constant, and persuade him completely or almost so; 'and he was grateful to the fate which had made him the 'prisoner of such a conqueror!' (Vol. xix. p. 426.) It happens, that Benjamin Constant has bequeathed us his own convictions of the character of Napoleon. 'He did not appear at all,' said Constant, 'as though taught by the lessons of adversity; he 'was by no means desirous of acquiring the credit of returning 'to liberty by predisposition; he examined coldly, in his own 'interests, with an impartiality too near indifference, what was 'impossible and what was practicable.'* It is somewhat unfortunate that M. Thiers, before he drew his congenial picture of Constant's opinions, should not have omitted to state that Constant had anticipated his labour, and had left his own views on record behind him.

M. Thiers certainly begs the whole question of the national position then held by Bonaparte in France, when he presents the supporters of the Empire as actuated by a 'conviction of the 'necessity of attaching themselves to the only man who could 'save France from invasion.' It would be nearer the mark to say that Napoleon was the only man on account of whom invasion was designed. The Allies certainly declared that they made war against Napoleon alone, and that they would not have taken up arms to restore the Bourbon princes. And we believe that most Frenchmen who supported the war for the sake of patriotism, would as readily, before Waterloo, have given up Bonaparte, if they could, as a peace-offering to the Allies, as they did after Waterloo had been fought.

We entertain as grave a doubt of the good faith in which Napoleon's pacific declarations were uttered, as of the good faith in which his parliamentary declarations were uttered. But our difference from M. Thiers is here, not in the contrariety of evidence, but in the want of evidence. Napoleon was allowed no opportunity at Paris of submitting to test the novel sentiments, in regard to peace, that he had expressed on his march from Cannes. He was hardly reinstated in the government of

* Hist. Parl. vol. ii. p. 493.

France on the 20th of March, when he learnt that a week before — the very day of his decree against the emigrants — the Allied Powers had put him to the ban of Europe. It was well to promise liberty while he was contending at home against the timid Bourbon princes, or even against the brave Duchess of Angoulême; but it was vain to talk of peace when all the other great Powers had sworn to dethrone him. Nothing but victory beyond the frontier, while he reigned, could avert a new invasion. Even the ardent desire which he exhibited to trample once more on the necks of kings may, by a stretch of charity, be reconciled with his acceptance of the Treaty of Paris when he was at Lyons, if we ascribe it to the virulent declaration of the Congress of Vienna which he afterwards received.

But as we have seen that he had returned from Elba with nearly all his former notions of domestic government, we find no reason to presume that he had renounced his foreign ambition. We think that the man who had before overstrained his authority both at home and abroad, and had profited by the experience of his error in either case, would have profited by the experience of it in both. And as he had not done so at home, we presume that he had not done so abroad.

Thus far we have dealt with the double question of the sincerity of Napoleon in his promises of liberty and of peace. We now come to his absolute ostracism by the Allied Powers.

In this question there are three parties concerned. Napoleon, who invaded France; Louis XVIII., who was dispossessed of his crown; and the Allies, whose political system was upset. M. Thiers carefully evades the question of the justification of Napoleon. His ingenuity is so far bounded by discretion, that he is content to detail the provocation which his hero experienced, and to leave the inference to his readers. No one could pretend that the return of Napoleon to France was to be justified by the public law of Europe. But at the same time we think that he acted under the strongest incentives and the most direct provocation. His first dethronement was an extreme measure, and without a precedent that we can call to mind in the modern history of Europe. It is true that the Allies would have made peace with him even at Chatillon, if they could; but his repeated breaches of faith warranted their final resolution, at the breaking up of that conference, to negotiate no more with him. Yet they left him in possession of ships and soldiers almost off the French coast, to watch the incapacity of the Government by which they had replaced him at Paris, and their own rapacious quarrels over the spoils of his conquered empire.

Meanwhile, according to the story now told by M. Thiers, Napoleon learnt that the Congress of Vienna was discussing a project for his deportation to an island within the tropics. M. Meneval had been despatched to Elba, early in 1815, with this intelligence by Madame de Brignole, a lady in waiting on Maria Louisa, the mother-in-law of the Duc de Dalberg, one of the plenipotentiaries of Louis XVIII. He also bore the information that the Congress was expected to be dissolved by the 20th of February. The story was certainly true; and several of the Allies distrusted the arrangement of Alexander, under which Napoleon was left an independent prince. And that this story was really conveyed to Napoleon and was believed by him, we may accept on the authority of the French historian. At this rate he expected that his proposed deportation would be carried into effect immediately. Though he may have deserved little quarter, he felt that he had received little and might experience less. It was a question, therefore, whether ambition or fastidious honour should prevail with the former sovereign of an almost unbounded empire. The temptation was irresistible.

While, however, no one can judge Napoleon harshly, there can be no doubt that the King of France was justified in the course for which M. Thiers indiscriminately condemns both him and the Congress of Vienna. Louis XVIII. was an acknowledged sovereign, and Napoleon invaded France as a filibuster. Had Napoleon been seized and tried by a military commission of a Royalist army, no one disputes that he might have been lawfully shot. Yet M. Thiers publishes, without a word of criticism, the absurd defence of his sovereign character by his imperial Council of State. This defence is that since, in virtue of the treaty of the 11th of April, he was a sovereign prince, he retained, in his aggression 'against a sovereign imposed on 'France,' the rights of a belligerent, and that 'l'étendue du 'territoire n'était d'aucune considération!' We will hope that M. Thiers' silence may be accounted for on the ground that he disdains to criticise such a travesty of public law. But he must acknowledge himself, in this dilemma, either that Elba and France being lawfully at war, the Congress were bound to reinstate their ally upon his throne; or that, not being lawfully at war, the assailant subjected himself to the municipal enactments of the King and Parliament of France. But the dissolution of the Parliament by the invader at Lyons was an overt act of domestic revolution, by which the invader stamped his own invasion as piratical. Nor will any one deny that his

withdrawal from the French soil was a part of the treaty of the 11th of April.

M. Thiers reserves his chief criticism for the third parties to this question, — the Congress of Vienna, — which at once declared Napoleon beyond the law of nations: —

'According to this declaration,' he argues, 'the assembled Powers at Vienna, considering that Napoleon Bonaparte, in violating the Treaty of the 11th of April, had destroyed the only legal title on which his existence depended, and had conspired against the general peace, placed him beyond the law of nations, which rendered him subject to treatment reserved for the vilest criminals. The obvious conclusion is that whoever could arrest him ought to shoot him immediately, and would be considered as having rendered a signal service to Europe.' (Vol. xix. p. 275.)

M. Thiers here copies, in so many words without avowal, the well-known excited language of the moment; and he withholds the fact that the interpretation of the hour, which he also appropriates upon this declaration, was indignantly repudiated by the Duke of Wellington in his place in Parliament, and by other members of the Congress of Vienna.

But what would M. Thiers have had the Congress do? With all our sympathy in the burning ambition of Napoleon to retrieve his past disasters, we must admit that it was impossible for them to do otherwise than vindicate the settlement they had made, and in doing so to declare whether Napoleon, if temporarily successful, were to be treated as a belligerent or as a filibuster. It will be acknowledged, by better reasoners and by calmer judges than M. Thiers, that the words of the Congress will not bear the interpretation assigned to them. It was one thing for Mr. Ponsonby to affix such a meaning to those words in the heat of debate in the House of Commons, and at the moment after he had read them. It is quite another thing for a writer gravely to reproduce them nearly half a century afterwards in a history of France. Surely the justification of any man who took the life of another would be dependent, not upon the declaration of an assembly of foreign diplomatists or sovereigns, but upon the municipal laws of the country in which the homicide was committed. That country was France; and those laws were, for the present, the laws of Louis XVIII. If, on the other hand, Napoleon again became sovereign of France, he would obviously be protected in his own country by his own laws. The decree of the Congress, therefore, in our judgment, no more countenanced or suggested his assassination than it was intended to suggest it.

After this view of what the Congress should not have done,

we are next told what they ought to have done. They ought to have waited to have ascertained whether Napoleon had returned 'corrected by misfortune.' They ought to have themselves committed no overt act of hostility, until they had given Napoleon time to accumulate sufficient strength to annihilate them once more, and had thus ascertained whether he were still governed by the same ambition that had led him to the Kremlin. This is the calm and statesman-like absence of prejudication that, in the view of a former Prime Minister of France, ought to have animated the rulers of Europe at Vienna.

'In the state of excitement,' he complains, 'which marked the members of the Congress, it did not occur to the mind of any one of them to consider whether Napoleon had not come back changed, or at any rate moderated by misfortune, and whether, for instance, he would not be ready to accept, not simply the treaty of Paris, but the treaty of Vienna; in which case there would be but one thing to demand of him, and that would be good faith!'

Such innocence is very endearing. Cannot M. Thiers understand that good faith is a quality to be tested, not by words, but by actions? And how does he imagine that the test of the good faith of Napoleon could be obtained until he had become so powerful that he might act in bad faith with impunity?

Our author here seizes the opportunity of giving us a foretaste of the rancour which his next and last volume appears likely to deal out. This barbarous decree of the Congress of Vienna is referred by him to the mingled ambition and vindictiveness of the Duke of Wellington. After citing both the decree of the 13th of March and the treaty renewing the Alliance of Chaumont, by which the Great Powers bound themselves each to maintain 150,000 men in the field, M. Thiers complains that—

'England alone was not represented at the Congress either by a sovereign or a first minister (!) for Lord Castlereagh himself had returned to London. But Lord Wellington, who replaced Lord Castlereagh, relying on his great services and his popularity in England, did not shrink from the responsibility. Although he had not received any instructions (the time elapsed had not permitted this), he did not hesitate to take his resolution. He judged that it was worth while to renew the war to maintain the state of things that England was about to establish in Europe; *he had a confused notion of increasing his own glory* in these new hostilities, and was not afraid of involving his government, being assured that no one would venture to disavow him in England, whatever might be thought of his conduct. He signed therefore without the slightest objection; and was *even the instigator* rather than merely acquiescent in the conclusion of the new arrangements.' (Vol. xix. p. 363.)

Our English readers know too well the character of the Duke of Wellington to do more than smile at the ignorance which a French statesman and historian can betray of the most celebrated of all his own political contemporaries. The memory of the Duke needs not to be vindicated from the ridiculous aspersion that he betrayed the trust of the Crown, and requited the munificence of Parliament, by dragging his country into fresh war in order to furnish himself with a new career.

But the refutation of this and other such misstatements is already to be found in the French language. M. Villemain has shown in his 'Souvenirs Contemporains,' that the author of this decree of the Congress of Vienna was Napoleon's former Minister, Prince Talleyrand himself. It was he who first induced Prince Metternich to propound a definite policy to the Congress, and then undertook to frame the terms of the decree itself. M. Villemain recites, on the authority of Talleyrand's own papers, the language which the French Ambassador held with Metternich, as soon as the intelligence of the landing of Napoleon had reached Vienna. He urged that the success of the Emperor 'would be intolerable for Austria, that it would be 'tantamount to Italy in flames and to Vienna besieged, since 'the Austrians were then his mortal enemies, and that they 'could not exist if he were victorious and re-established.' It was Metternich who next adopted the views of Talleyrand, and proposed to the Congress, on the 12th of March, to declare in general terms that Napoleon 'was no longer under the pro-'tection of any treaty or of any law.' On this general declaration being accepted, M. Villemain asserts, on the same authority, that the precise terms of the decree of the 13th, which was founded upon it, were framed by M. de Talleyrand and were so published under the authority of the Congress.* Thus M. Thiers does not appear to consult the historical materials existing in his own language. Schoell, in his 'Histoire des Traités,' corroborates M. Villemain.† But this is not the first instance of his misrepresentation of the Duke of Wellington. M. Thiers can always reconcile himself to the most successful opposition offered to Napoleon. He is at once appeased by denouncing the meanness of the motive that had dictated it. It was so with Wellington's capture of Madrid in 1812: the expulsion of the Bonaparte dynasty from the capital was at once attributed by M. Thiers to the personal vanity of the English commander.

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* Souvenirs Contemporains, vol. ii. pp. 83–5.

† Hist. des Traités, vol. xi. p. 207.

M. Thiers declares that the Duke of Wellington forced the renewal of the war upon the English Cabinet, and that the English Cabinet in turn forced it upon the English people. We confess that we do not think any part of the proposition borne out. M. Thiers appeals with reason to the various interests of England in maintaining peace. 'Le goût 'de la paix avait gagné tout le monde en Angleterre.' He cites the excess of the public debt, the burden of the income-tax, and the commercial prospect which he thinks a new and lasting war would have destroyed. He declares with truth that England had grown disgusted with the rapacity of her Continental Allies; and he might have added that she had already signed with France a treaty against Russia. 'The 'Bourbons,' he says, 'had lost much in the opinion of the 'English, and Napoleon had gained somewhat.'

But this only indicates that England made a great sacrifice in renewing the war. M. Thiers says that the resumption of hostilities without waiting 'to ascertain whether Napo- 'leon returned improved by misfortune, appeared to the *im-* '*partial masses* unreasonable conduct, inspired by the inveterate 'prejudices of the school of Mr. Pitt.' (P. 372.) How does he ascertain the views of these 'impartial masses' in favour of peace? He repeatedly cites the income-tax as one of the harshest conditions of the war to this country. Now the address to the Crown in 1815 was voted in the House of Commons by a majority of 220 to 37; but in the very next year the Administration, though the victory of Waterloo had made them otherwise unassailable in the interval, were defeated on their proposal to retain the income-tax for the following twelve months. In spite, therefore, of the composition of the House of Commons in those days, M. Thiers cannot pretend that the voice of the opponents of the income-tax could not make itself heard. If the renewal of the war had been contrary, on financial grounds, to the general opinion of the country, the minister would not have obtained his immense majority.

But 'the school of Mr. Pitt,' with its 'inveterate prejudice,' was represented, it appears, by Wellington alone.

'The English Cabinet,' M. Thiers argues, 'was aware of the change brought about in public opinion, and if it had been present at Vienna, it would not have committed itself so readily as the Duke of Wellington. Lord Liverpool and Mr. Vansittart, who were assuredly no friends of France, were extremely averse to engage in a new war; and as for Lord Castlereagh, if he was influenced by the connexions he had contracted on the Continent, he was no less

than his colleagues anxious for the state of opinion in England, and he saw the necessity of treating it with caution.' (Pp. 372–3.)

The Duke, at this rate, found no single supporter of the policy which he had nevertheless compelled his Cabinet and his country to adopt. But such a view is no more consistent with the language of the Administration than the alleged hostility of the public to the war is consistent with the vote of the House of Commons. 'The presence of that man at Paris,' Lord Castlereagh declared, 'is an insult to all Europe.' This is not the language of a Cabinet reluctantly drawn by its ambassador into war. And when M. Thiers offers an elaborate *exposé* of the interests of each Power in deciding to renew the war—in which there may, perhaps, be a bare foundation of truth—he forgets the simpler explanation of their conduct, that they had a European settlement to defend, and that its unresisted infraction would have thrown them into ridicule, and would have been accepted as an acknowledgment of their incapacity to maintain it. The restoration of Napoleon to supreme power in France by a successful military revolution, was universally regarded at that time by all the Powers as totally incompatible with the peace and security of Europe.

The ground on which M. Thiers subjects the Allied Powers to this vehement invective is, that they interfered in a popular revolution. He holds that the cause of Napoleon was national, that the mass of the people were Bonapartists, and that the allegiance of the army was no more than an expression of French public opinion. According to a distinction which usage and not etymology defends, a national revolution was effected under the semblance of a military revolt.

To render this paradox plausible, M. Thiers appeals to the interests of the various classes of the French nation, and to apparent manifestations of popular support to the cause of Napoleon. But in the first place, his view of the relation of different parties and classes to his idol is not clear, nor even consistent. 'The mass of the people,' he maintains, 'evincing an instinctive preference for the man who had so 'forcibly appealed to their imagination, felt a secret joy at the 'news of his return.' (P. 122.) Thus the great majority of the French nation are declared to have been thorough Bonapartists in 1815. M. Thiers then divides the more active elements of French society into five main classes: the army, the revolutionists, the acquirers of national property, the manufacturing bourgeoisie, and the maritime bourgeoisie. He describes the first four of these divisions of the people as ardent supporters of Napoleon, and the fifth only as his opponents. He charac-

terises the soldiers as anxious to tender to their former general 'the homage which they scarcely concealed, much as their chiefs 'affected a rigid fidelity to their duty.' He then turns to the revolutionists. 'The revolutionists,' he says, 'after having ten 'months before praised the return of the Bourbons which 'avenged them on Napoleon, praised in the same way the re-'turn of Napoleon which avenged them on the Bourbons. The 'acquirers of national property, innumerable in rural districts, 'regarded themselves as delivered from an imminent spoliation.' This description disposes of three out of the five classes in question. And in a certain sense it may be just. But it is obvious that its acceptance in no degree establishes M. Thiers' original proposition, that the mass of the people (even supposing that these three classes represented the mass) 'entertained an 'instinctive preference for Napoleon,' or 'were overjoyed by his 'return.' With the exception of the army, it merely evinces the unpopularity of the government of the Bourbons. M. Thiers next turns to the two classes of the bourgeoisie: —

'The bourgeoisie, on the contrary, calm, without interest in the question of the national property, which they had purchased much less than the inhabitants of rural districts, anxious for peace and moderate liberty, were deeply disquieted. Although wounded by the partiality of the Bourbons for the nobles and the priests, they preferred to maintain the Bourbons, much as they were opposed to them, rather than encounter with Napoleon fresh chances of war, and very little chance of liberty. These opinions were especially those of the bourgeoisie of Paris, the most clear-sighted in France, since they possessed great intelligence, and were much less governed by those special interests of locality, which compromise the truth of opinions. Thus, in the maritime cities, ruined by the Continental System, the bourgeoisie became furious; while in the manufacturing cities, whose industry, created by Napoleon, had suffered much by the intercourse with England, they experienced veritable joy, qualified only by the apprehension of war.' (Pp. 122–3.)

We thus complete the author's distinction, that the army, the revolutionists, the peasantry, and the manufacturing bourgeoisie were on the side of Napoleon; and the maritime bourgeoisie in opposition to him. It is hard to say in which rank M. Thiers places the constitutional party. They form a class more directly political, and may present a cross division with the others. In one place, however (p. 125.) M. Thiers represents them as opposed to the usurpation of Napoleon; in another (p. 467.) he tells us that they accorded him 'un appui chaleureux.' The explanation may be that between the months of March and May he had acquired their confidence; although every other

writer declares that he daily lost more and more of the support of the constitutionalists themselves. Such is the author's view of the state of parties in France.

M. Thiers next appeals to active manifestations of Bonapartism. He thinks he finds these in the Fédérés. Now the Fédérés were bands of volunteers, who appear to have first arisen during the Hundred Days; indeed, any such manifestation of popular opinions would have been summarily put down by the former Imperial Government. They sprang up first in the western provinces, next in the eastern, and finally in the capital. Possibly they were actuated by a patriotic as well as by a republican spirit. In the west, they were formed from the principal towns of Brittany, certainly for the defence of the revolutionary cause against the Vendeans, and perhaps also, as M. Thiers believes, in order to repel any landing which the English might effect in support of a civil war. In the eastern provinces, such as Burgundy and Alsatia, the historian regards their formation as a national effort to preserve their country against a new German invasion. Of the importance of this organisation, viewed as indicia of Bonapartism, we shall speak presently. But it is worth while, in the first place, to notice the fact that the author's statement of the Fédérés in the western provinces, does not bear out his previous view of the distribution of parties between town and country. He has just told us that the rural districts were Bonapartist, and the seaports altogether the reverse. Yet he here paints the Fédérés as originating in seaport cities, such as Nantes, and as being formed for the purpose of suppressing the movements in the rural districts which lay between them. The rural districts just before described as the supporters of Napoleon against the seaport towns, now appear as the opponents of both the one and the other. The view which M. Thiers takes, that Napoleon possessed the general support of the country party, requires therefore great qualification.

But we cannot take leave of the question touching the policy of the seaports, without acknowledging the author's candour. M. Thiers does reluctantly confess at length that the Continental System had ruined the maritime cities of the French Empire. We endeavoured, in a review of his earlier volumes, to establish this proposition, in answer to the opposite view which he had then taken. Whether or not our criticism resulted in his conversion, it is certain that no such views as these are to be traced in his former elaborate chapter on the Continental System. This system is there described simply as an 'idée 'gigantesque de vaincre la mer par la terre;' but M. Thiers

now acknowledges that the Emperor's own seaports were the chief victims of the designed conquest.

We altogether dispute the justice of the inference that the Fédérés were much more than a revolutionary demonstration. M. Thiers virtually admits that they had their origin in Brittany less as a band of national volunteers against a foreign enemy than as a provincial alliance of town against country. In other words, they were the counterpart of the Vendeans in a local civil war. Again, he acknowledges that the Parisian bourgeoisie, as we have seen, were more hostile to Napoleon than any other bourgeoisie; and a great proportion of the Fédérés of the capital belonged to the Faubourg St. Antoine. The truth is, as these facts in themselves imply, that they were more republican than any National Guard. It has been said by contemporary writers that they were a mere band of ragamuffins in outward aspect, and were so disorderly and lawless as to remind Napoleon himself of the worst anarchy of the Republic. To shake off the Bonapartist character, they prohibited themselves, by the laws which they imposed upon their own guidance, from speaking of the Emperor. With all these characteristics, M. Thiers of course cannot bring them forward as the distinctive supporters of the Empire; but he paints them as a national organisation, and Napoleon as the choice and instrument of the nation. Hence they were indirectly, though not avowedly, Bonapartists. He says that Napoleon received them with satisfaction, and applied them to the defence of the capital. M. Villemain, on the contrary, declares that they called up 'his mortal displeasure;' but that 'being himself under 'the ban of Europe, he was compelled to appeal to the people.' In the Fédérés, therefore, we see not only no Bonapartism, but also very little nationality. Even where the scope of their aims was imperial and not local, they held their own share of domestic authority more at heart than they held a deliverance from foreign invasion.

The political divisions of the French people in 1815 are stated with precision and accuracy by M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who concurs, himself a Liberal, with the Royalist writer M. Julien Maréchal. According to either of these authorities, there were then seven political parties. There were two classes of Royalists—those who were firmly attached to the cause of the Bourbons, and those who supported them simply in the belief that the Charter was more liberal than any they should elicit from Napoleon. There were, again, two classes of Bonapartists — those who had been either soldiers or public functionaries in the service of Napoleon, and were thus personally in-

terested in his reign; and those who rallied around him for victory against the Allies. Fifthly, there were the Orleanists; sixthly, the honest and consistent Republicans; and lastly, the Jacobins.* This computation terribly reduces the ideal supporters of Napoleon who figure in the pages of M. Thiers. His firm adherents are here restricted to the military and civil services; and his less trustworthy adherents to those who deemed him their champion against an invasion of which he was himself at any rate the principal object. There can be no doubt that those who had purchased the national property that had been the subject of revolutionary spoliation were also momentarily interested in the success of any ruler who was likely to confirm their title. But with these exceptions we are satisfied that the real dominant feelings of the French nation towards Napoleon in 1815 on his return from Elba were indifference to his person and dread of his genius. No greater proof of this fact can be cited than his own conduct and language on reaching the gates of Paris. Instead of a triumphal entry, he waited outside the barrier until the shades of evening enabled him to reach the Tuileries in a friendly obscurity. He arrived almost unnoticed and unknown until he reached the illuminated halls of his palace, where the members of the Imperial household, splendidly attired, were assembled to receive him. But this scene did not impose on Napoleon himself; and when his faithful and able minister, Count Mollien, came to pay his compliments to him on the following day, the Emperor replied: 'Assez, assez, 'mon cher, le temps des compliments est passé; *ils m'ont laissé 'venir, comme ils les ont laissés s'en aller;*' that is in equal indifference to Bourbon and Bonaparte.

M. Thiers has therefore, in our judgment, utterly failed to establish his proposition that a majority of the French people countenanced the return of Bonaparte, and that his revolution was accordingly a national revolution. Indeed the glimpses of antipathies which we now and then catch, as the scenes shift, among the ranks of his asserted adherents, even in this historian's picture, are in themselves inconsistent with it. We must, therefore, fall back on the deduction that the army were the principal supporters as well as the authors of this revolution; and that Napoleon returned without the countenance, as much as the Bourbons retired without the regret, of a population disaffected from either by the opposite extremes of their common misgovernment.

The great part taken by Marshal Ney in this revolution is

* Hist. Parl. p. 614.

described and explained by M. Thiers with even more than his usual felicity. He comes forward to exonerate the Marshal from the charge of predetermined treachery to Louis XVIII., under which his memory has long suffered; and if we accept his data, we must acknowledge him to be successful. But in the picture which he draws, in order to accomplish the vindication of Ney, touching the manner in which the revolution was brought about, he unconsciously accounts for the success of the mutiny, without the assistance of popular enthusiasm.

Marshal Ney appears in this drama between Macon and Chalons, acting in concert with the Count d'Artois, after his well-known and extravagant promise to Louis XVIII. He found himself at the head of only six thousand men, and in proximity to Napoleon at the head of between twelve and fifteen thousand. He was quite ignorant of the previous intrigues of Lallemand and Lefevre. He had left Paris to take his command in a belief that Napoleon had not forgotten his conduct at Fontainebleau; and he regarded the threatened revolution, if successful, as certain to involve his country in a new foreign war, and possibly in a civil war also. His good sense accordingly led him to pocket his grudge against the royal Court for their conduct towards himself and his princess, and he accepted the King's commission in good faith. When he reached his command, his language to his troops was equally loyal and energetic. But from that moment, according to M. Thiers, event after event successively broke in upon his resolution. His address to the soldiers was received with 'an icy 'silence,' and most of his officers began to murmur. But unnerved by this, he sent back the Duke de Maillé to the headquarters of the Count d'Artois, deploring the ready evacuation of Lyons before the advance of Napoleon, and desiring the Count to unite his forces on the day following with his own, on the bank of the Saône. There he proposed at once to hold the enemy in check. But when he reached the indicated point of concentration, he found, not the Count d'Artois, but Napoleon himself! From this moment his camp was filled with officers sent to him by Bertrand, and with merchants travelling from Lyons. They all brought him the same story. The invasion had been sanctioned at Vienna, a conspiracy pervaded the whole French army, Paris itself was the centre of it, the Bourbonist Minister of war was in league with Napoleon, the English squadron had refrained from intercepting the imperial flotilla; and he himself would be mad, did he attempt to resist a revolution, demanded equally by France and a majority of the allies. The Marshal believed their story. But in his perplexity, he consulted his

two generals of division, Bourmont a stanch royalist, and Lecourbe a stanch republican. Even they agreed with him that the cause of the Bourbons was too forlorn to warrant a battle with their former companions in arms. Ney at length pronounced against the Bourbons, and answered the expostulations of the remaining royalist officers in his camp, 'And what would 'you have me do? Can I stop the tide of the sea with my 'hands?'

We readily acquit the Marshal of deliberate insincerity to the King, and acknowledge that if the Count d'Artois failed to keep the rendezvous on which the campaign depended, 'tant 'pis pour lui.' But we are slow to believe the rest of the story. Surely Ney, who came from the capital, must have felt himself a better judge of the disposition of the army, and the alleged conspiracy of the military authorities, than officers who had just returned from banishment in Elba, and his own previous impressions more trustworthy than the story of men so keenly interested in its acceptance. The merchants of Lyons could have known still less than the envoys of Bertrand. No one blames Ney for refusing to begin civil war by fighting a battle in which the obedience of his troops was doubtful, and his own defeat certain. But he had no more reason to believe in a European conspiracy against the House of Bourbon than Macdonald afterwards had, when placed in a like difficulty. There has been a question of political conspiracy, as well as a question of personal honour, involved in the conduct of Ney. From the former charge he may fairly be exonerated. M. Thiers endeavours to redeem his personal honour also, by ascribing his defection to an illusive discovery that the sovereign whom he had sworn to serve lay under the secret ban of Europe. In this we think the historian fails.

From these incidents of a revolution, of which every detail impresses upon it an almost purely military character, we turn to M. Thiers' picture of the administrative ability of Napoleon, which tends more clearly than before to evince the personal nature of his tenure of the throne of France. He set to work, from the moment of his re-establishment at the Tuileries, to restore the military credit of France with equal energy and discretion. He found an effective army of no more than 160,000 men, the artillery nearly exhausted by the successive losses of the Russian and German campaigns, the magazines empty, and the matériel of war in every department unable to satisfy the requirements of the shortest campaign. The only advantage of his situation then over his situation when he abdicated in the previous year, was that the release of the

prisoners taken by the Allies during previous campaigns gave him disciplined recruits; and that the Bourbonist Minister of Finance had replenished the treasury, which a change of masters now placed at the disposition of Napoleon. He had, on the one hand, a gigantic confederacy to defeat, and, on the other hand, so to reorganise an exhausted army that the French people, above all things solicitous of peace, should be unaware of the extent of his preparations. Yet his whole plan of military reconstruction was drawn out within a week of his arrival at Paris. He began by putting into active operation those measures only which did not require publicity. He recalled 50,000 men whom the Bourbon Government had put upon furlough. He then developed and mobilised the National Guard. In the frontier departments obnoxious to invasion, he excited the civil inhabitants to arm in order to prevent a renewal of the horrors which they had a year before experienced at the hands of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians. Though unable to renew the conscription, he obtained the re-enlistment of a majority of the great army which the prisons of the Allies had just disgorged. He then reorganised the Imperial Guard. He succeeded also in doubling the number of his cavalry, in spite of a great dearth of horses in the army. He created new parks of artillery. With such rapidity his plans were arranged that before summer had advanced, he expected to have 400,000 men in the field, and 200,000 national guards. The National Guard were to be thrown into garrison, in order that the whole of the regular army should be available for field operations.

Napoleon showed himself hardly less able in dealing with secret enemies, and in counterplotting domestic and foreign conspiracies. A better instance cannot be taken than the device by which he outmanœuvred Fouché and Metternich at once. M. Thiers describes the Austrian Cabinet anxious to profit by internal dissensions in France, and to raise up an active party of liberals and revolutionists against Napoleon. With this view Prince Metternich put himself into communication with the notorious French Minister of Police. He despatched a letter to him at Paris by an agent of a banking-house, who was going thither on commercial business. In this letter he informed the Duke of Otranto that he had sent one M. Werner, a discreet though not conspicuous negotiator, to Bâle. To that place Fouché was requested by the Austrian Premier to send a delegate of his own to confer with Werner. The mission of the bank agent, however, reached the ears of Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, who at once told the secret to Napoleon. The Emperor sent for the bank agent, and learned

the terms of the overture. He temporarily dissembled with Fouché, and despatched immediately to Bâle one Fleury de Chaboulon, a faithful adherent, whom Maret, Duke of Bassano, had before sent to Elba, to inform Napoleon of the state of public opinion in France. Fleury de Chaboulon presented himself immediately before Werner at Bâle, as the envoy of Fouché. He insisted with Werner, in the name of the Duke of Otranto, that parties had wholly changed since the first restoration took place, that all classes were agreed in deeming Napoleon necessary to France, that the nation was arming *en masse*, that 400,000 national guards were added to 400,000 regulars, that it were better to come to terms than slaughter tens of thousands in hope of restoring a dynasty which France would accept no more, and that his principal, the Duke of Otranto, would be happy to be the mediator of such an understanding between France and Austria! Werner, not detecting the ruse, was astonished at the support lent to Napoleon by the first malcontent in France, and of course relieved his own government from the fallacy that the French people were disunited. Finally, indeed, the negotiation fell through. The Austrian Minister was perhaps more astute than his envoy. But the Monk of St. Gall could hardly have told a better story of the talent and the jest of Charlemagne.

The counterpart of this picture is clearly drawn in the misgovernment of the Bourbons when they were at peace, and in their vacillation when they were in danger. But the contrast between the two dynasties, broad as it is, is hardly greater than the contrast between the two Imperial Governments. What, then, does M. Thiers think of the present Empire? Does he regard Napoleon the Third as now rebuilding by degrees that fabric of Constitutional Imperialism, as it is termed, which he declares that the Allied Despots so ruthlessly threw down? Does he suppose that Napoleon I., even under the most favourable circumstances, would have given to Europe more peace, or to France more freedom, than they have obtained from Napoleon III.? If he seeks for a living example of the spirit of the institutions of the Empire, he has only to look around him. Yet by a singular contradiction, M. Thiers is at once the great apologist of the Empire in his books, and its antagonist in his political life; so that the consistency of his conduct is the condemnation of his opinions.

ART. IX.—1. *Poems.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 4th ed. 3 vols. London: 1856.

2. *Aurora Leigh.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. London: 1856.

3. *Poems before Congress.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. London: 1860.

ONE of the most peculiar characteristics of modern literary taste is the interest which readers find, not so much in the positive beauty and attractiveness of the works of a poet, as in the study of the character from which they spring. This feeling is excited not only by that love of psychological and individual analysis which is a growth of modern times, but also by the spectacle of an enthusiastic nature remaining courageously and unweariedly true to its own aspirations; and these, if they are worshipped with the entire energy of a highly gifted and imaginative temperament, can hardly be other than of a lofty character. They may contain much that is chimerical and impossible of application, either by the individual or by society at large, but they acquire dignity from the height of endeavour to which they are exalted, and attract attention from the rarity of their existence and the poetic dress in which they are embodied. Such minds are like the extraordinary visitants among the celestial luminaries; which though they fulfil none of the everyday functions of our planetary attendants, yet have a peculiar grace of their own, and remind us of those remote regions in which even the imagination barely ever permits itself to wander. The works of such writers will never arrive at universal popularity. Few can find pleasure in breathing in that attenuated atmosphere to which they love especially to soar. The chords they strike are usually too fine for ordinary ears; they seldom aim at calling forth those deep central tones of human feeling which find echoes in the universal heart; and it is rarely or ever that they admit of due appreciation till the whole life of the poet lies extended before us.

The gifted person, whose recent death calls forth this notice from us, was in truth more fortunate than might be expected from the nature of her productions. In looking over the three volumes of her collected writings anterior to the publication of 'Aurora Leigh,' the number of poems which are sufficiently simple, tasteful, and interesting to catch the general ear, is very small; and yet for some years, even before the appearance

of 'Aurora Leigh,' they enjoyed considerable popularity, which was wonderfully increased by the appearance of that extraordinary and extravagant work of fiction; so that some time before her decease, the authoress may be said to have enjoyed all the honours due to her genius, her uncommon accomplishments, and her courageous and generous nature. Our admiration for the undeviating resolution with which Mrs. Browning pursued her literary career is heightened by the knowledge that nature had endowed her with a frame so frail and a constitution so delicate, that it seemed barely equal to the necessities of existence; and that her spiritual energy remained undiminished by intense mental and physical suffering, and was proof against years of trial and the confinement of a sick chamber.

Her father was a gentleman of some opulence, and we believe her youth was past at his country residence in the county of Herefordshire, in sight of the Malvern Hills. At least, in one of her poems she says: —

'Green the land is where my daily
Steps in jocund childhood played;
Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled very close with shade:
Summer snow of apple blossoms running up from glade to glade.'

She appears from earliest youth to have shown extreme precocity,— to have written largely at ten, to have been in print at fifteen, and a contributor to periodicals while under twenty. Her earliest studies, which included Greek and Latin, were carried on in concert with a favourite brother; and when he left home she addressed to him a copy of verses which afford some glimpse of the authoress of 'Aurora Leigh' in her girlhood: —

'Together have we past our infant hours;
Together sported Childhood's spring away;
Together cull'd young Hope's just budding flow'rs,
To wreathe the forehead of the coming day:
For then the present's sun made e'en the future gay.

'And when the laughing mood was nearly o'er,
Together many a minute did we wile,
On Horace' page and Maro's sweeter lore:
While one young critic in the classic style,
Would sagely try to frown and make the other smile.

'And now alone thou con'st the ancient tome;
And sometimes thy dear studies, it may be,
Are cross'd by dearer dreams of me and home.
Alone I muse on Homer, thoughts are free,
And if mine often stray, they go in search of thee.'

It appears, too, that her father encouraged her love for rhyme, since she has not only inscribed her collected poems to him in a dedication written with great delicacy and tenderness of feeling, but in her earliest published volumes there is also a poem addressed to him containing the lines: —

> 'For 'neath thy gentleness of praise,
> My father! ran my early lays.
> And when the lyre was scarce awake,
> I lov'd its strings for thy dear sake
> And the kind Muses; but the while
> Thought only how to win thy smile.'

The small volume from which the above lines are taken was published anonymously thirty-five years ago, in 1826, and entitled 'An Essay on Mind, and other Poems,' with the modest motto from Tasso, '*Brama assai poco spera e nulla chiede*,' and is remarkable principally for the ambition of the young authoress; who, after citing the authority of 'that immortal 'writer we have just lost' (Byron), to prove that 'ethical 'poetry is the highest of all poetry, as the highest of all objects 'in moral truth,' proceeds at once to grapple with an ethical subject as wide as the universe itself. The poem is written in heroic verse, and extends over eighty-eight pages. The quality of the verse is not much above the level of Hayley or Miss Seward, but is remarkable for the precocious audacity with which she deals with the greatest names in the whole range of literature and science. Gibbon, Berkeley, Condillac, Plato, Bacon, Bolingbroke, all come in for treatment in the scope of the young girl's argument. The minor poems, however, which conclude the volume show much greater promise of originality.

Elizabeth Barrett does not appear at this age to have been an invalid. The severe illness to which she was so long a victim appears, as Miss Mitford in the passage cited below relates, to have commenced with the breaking of a blood-vessel. Her Greek studies at this period were under the direction of Hugh Stuart Boyd, to whom she has addressed some affectionate sonnets, and also dedicated one of her prettiest lyrics, entitled 'Wine of Cyprus,' in which the course of their studies is charmingly depicted: —

> 'And I think of those long mornings,
> Which my thought goes far to seek
> When betwixt the folio's turnings
> Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
> Past the pane the mountain spreading,
> Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
> While a girlish voice was reading,
> Somewhat low for *αι*'s and *οι*'s.

'Then what golden hours were for us,
While we sat together there;
How the white vests of the chorus
Seemed to wave up a live air.
How the cothurns trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines,
And the rolling anapæstic
Curled like vapour over shrines!

'Oh, our Æschylus, the thunderous!
How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud to wedge it ponderous
In the gnarled oak beneath.
Oh, our Sophocles, the royal,
Who was born to monarch's place;
And who made the whole world loyal
Less by kingly power than grace!

'Our Euripides the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres.
Our Theocritus; our Bion;
And our Pindar's shining goals;
These were cup-bearers undying
Of the wine that's meant for souls.

'And my Plato the divine one!
If men know the gods aright;
By their motions as they shine on,
With a glorious trail of light.
And your noble Christian bishops,
Who mouthed grandly the last Greek;
Though the sponges or their hyssops
Were distent with wine — too weak.'

(Vol. iii. p. 27.)

Her next publication was, in 1833, a translation of the 'Prometheus Bound' of Æschylus; after which she wrote several poems which appeared anonymously in the 'New Monthly Magazine' and the 'Athenæum,' and at last in 1838 appeared the 'Seraphim, and other Poems,' under her own name. It must have been, however, about the year 1835 that Miss Mitford first saw her, and to this period must be referred the following portrait in the 'Recollections of a Literary Life': —

'My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the

same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translatress of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, the authoress of the "Essay on "Mind," was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language, — was out. Through the kindness of another invaluable friend, to whom I owe many obligations, but none so great as this, I saw much of her during my stay in town.

'The next year was a painful one to herself and to all who loved her. She broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs which did not heal. If there had been consumption in the family, that disease would have intervened. There were no seeds of the fatal English malady in her constitution, and she escaped. Still, however, the vessel did not heal, and after attending her for about a twelvemonth at her father's house in Wimpole Street, Dr. Chambers, on the approach of winter, ordered her a milder climate. Her eldest brother, a brother in heart and in talent worthy of such a sister, together with other devoted relatives, accompanied her to Torquay; and *there* occurred the fatal event which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling to her poetry.

'Nearly a twelvemonth had passed, and the invalid, still attended by her affectionate companions, had derived much benefit from the mild sea breezes of Devonshire. One fine summer morning her favourite brother, together with two other fine young men his friends, embarked on board a small sailing-vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one. After the catastrophe no one could divine the cause; but in a few minutes after their embarkation, in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found. I was told by a party who were travelling that year in Devonshire and Cornwall, that it was most affecting to see on the corner houses of every village street, on every church door, and almost on every cliff, for miles and miles along the coast, handbills offering large rewards for linen cast ashore marked with the initials of the beloved dead; for it so chanced that all the three were of the dearest and the best, one, I believe, an only son, the other the son of a widow.

'This tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but a most unjust feeling that she had been in some sort the cause of this great misery. It was not until the following year that she could be removed in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family and her London home. The house that she occupied at Torquay had been chosen as one of the most sheltered in the place. It stood at the bottom of the cliffs almost close to the

sea; and she told me herself that during the whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. Still she clung to literature and to Greek: in all probability she would have died without that wholesome diversion to her thoughts. Her medical attendant did not always understand this. To prevent the remonstrances of her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she caused a small edition of Plato to be so bound as to resemble a novel. He did not know, skilful and kind though he were, that to her such books were not an arduous and painful study, but a consolation and a delight.

'Returned to London, she began the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends (I, myself, have often travelled five-and-forty miles to see her, and returned the same evening without entering another house); reading almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.

'Gradually her health improved. About four years ago she married Mr. Browning, and immediately accompanied him to Pisa. They then settled at Florence; and this summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her once more in London, with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes.'

During this long illness, however, Mrs. Browning continued to devote herself to poetry. Dissatisfied with her first version of the 'Prometheus Bound,' she wrote another, and reproduced the drama from beginning to end. 'The Seraphim' was followed by a collected edition of her poems, in two volumes, published in 1844, and containing the 'Drama of Exile;' and it is said that one of her most admired ballads, 'The Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' was written in the space of twelve hours, in order to complete the uniformity of the two volumes, and despatch the proofs to America, although at this time the authoress was still a confirmed invalid. It will be seen from the following extract from the Preface to these two volumes, that she was pursuing her poetical career with an intense sense of its earnestness:—

'Since my "Seraphim" was received by the public with more kindness than its writer had counted on, I dare not rely on having outgrown the faults with which that volume abounded and was mildly reproached. Something, indeed, I may hope to have retrieved, because some progress in mind and in art every active thinker and honest writer must consciously or unconsciously make with the progress of existence and experience; and in some sort, since we learn "in suffering what we teach in song," my days may be fitter to teach. But if it were not presumptuous language, on the lips of one to whom life is more than usually uncertain, my favourite wish for this work

would be that it be received by the public as a step in the right track towards a future indication of more value and acceptability. I would fain do better, and I feel as if I might do better. I aspire to do better. In any case, while my poems are full of faults, as I go forward to my critics and confess, they have my heart and life in them; they are not empty shells. Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself, and life has been a very serious thing; there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I have done my work so far as work; not as mere hand and heart work apart from the personal being, but as the *completest expression of that being* to which I could attain; and as work I offer it to the public, feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration; but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere.'

But notwithstanding the apparent modesty of this preface, we cannot avoid observing that the humility is more professed than real. The writer assumes that her Being alone is sufficient to make good poetry, if she can find the due expression of it—and this assumption accompanied her through life. She studied only to give due expression to what she imagined to be her own nature; not to become acquainted with human nature generally, to find materials for the exercise of her art and to discover the necessary relation between her own powers and the subjects adapted to them, in order to produce works which should embody, in an artistic form, the real life and the best aspirations of the age. A poet can no more spin poems out of his own brain, unassisted by the thoughts and feelings which he should draw from humanity around him, than a weaver can make tissues out of the tips of his fingers. The originality of the poet is shown in the creations he is able to make out of the solid stuff of human life. And this requires not only careful study of human nature generally, but also a power of passing out of self, forgetting self altogether, in the sentiments and feelings of others, so as to invest them with artistic concreteness; or of drawing into one's own nature the general aspirations and emotions of the time, and finding an echo for them in the individual soul of the poet. But to regard the Poet's Being as the primary cause and motive power of poetry—as at once subject and object—is a fundamental mistake. Originality, doubtless, is much; but true originality will never be attained by a self-conscious, morbid, restless assertion of the value of a man's own individuality. This was the prime error of Mrs. Browning's artistic theories, and drew with it, or perhaps was identical with, other mystical delusions, in which she lost herself and confused her readers. She had persuaded

herself that she had a message from the Infinite to deliver, and to discover this she had only to dive deep enough into the depths of her unassisted internal consciousness. And she possessed so astounding a conception of the revelation concealed in this mysterious Being, that she tells us in one of her sonnets, that if she could disclose it the revelation would end in her own extinction: —

> 'With stammering lips and insufficient sound
> I strive and struggle to deliver right
> That music of my nature, day and night
> With dream, and thought, and feeling interwound,
> And inly answering all the senses round
> With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
> Which step out grandly to the infinite
> From the dark edges of a sensual ground!
> The song of soul I struggle to outbear
> And utter all myself into the air.
> But if I did it, — as the thunder roll
> Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there
> Before that dread apocalypse of soul.'
>
> (Vol. ii. p. 259.)

This sonnet is doubtless finely expressed, but it is a most unmeasured assertion of her own spiritual value; and holding this opinion as a principle of art and as her chief inspiration through life, it would be no wonder if Mrs. Browning's poetry were only appreciated by a very limited public indeed; for with these views, it was natural that the language and subjects she chose should be all but devoid of interest to those who were not either of a kindred nature with herself, or capable of realising her isolated condition of mind by the force of sympathy.

Intimately connected with this error, that 'the expression 'of her own being' is the end towards which she is to direct all her mental culture, was the utter incapacity which she possessed for seeing how far beyond her powers, and indeed almost any human powers, were the subjects which she chose for her chief poetic efforts. With the conviction that ethical poetry was the loftiest flight of the muse, she endeavoured in her teens to instruct the world in the vastest subject which the mind is capable of imagining next to God, namely, itself. In her next great endeavour, the 'Seraphim,' she attempted to view the stupendous agony of the Crucifixion, as it would appear, to use her own expression, 'dilated through a seraph's 'eyes.' In her third attempt, the 'Drama of Exile,' she trod in the steps of Milton; and although in her preface she endea-

vours to excuse herself by saying that the Gate of Paradise is shut between herself and England's greatest epic poet, a truer judgment would have told her that the task she was attempting required at least equal powers to those displayed in the 'Paradise Lost.' In her last and most successful production she deals with very intricate and vexed questions of society, of which she knew literally nothing; and attempts to portray her own age in an epic, although, as she quaintly says, one can no more get a complete notion of one's own age, than a peasant gathering sticks in the ear of the uncompleted statue of Mount Athos could have of the proportions of the whole figure.

In her three great flights, however, the more Mrs. Browning condescended to place herself on the level of ordinary humanity, the greater was her success; so that one is led the more to regret the false excitement under which she abstracted herself so much from the more ordinary and touching topics of human interest. In the 'Seraphim' we can barely attain to any understanding at all of the purport and coherence of the poem. Two Seraphs, Ador the Strong, and Zerah the Bright One, hold dialogues in two parts, in sight of the Crucifixion, in a series of strained metaphors and extravagant conceptions to which the mind refuses to attach any definite meaning; and we can only conceive that the authoress was intoxicated with her own highly wrought but unmeaning language when she speaks, in the words of Zerah, of

> 'Forms, Spaces, Motions wide,
> Of meek insensate things.
> . . . .
> Lights without feet or wings
> In golden courses sliding;
> Glooms, stagnantly subsiding,
> Whose lustrous heart away was prest
> Into the argent stars!
> . . . .
> Airs universal! thunders lorn
> That wait your lightning in cloud-cave
> Hewn out by the winds! O brave
> And subtle elements! the Holy
> Has charged me by your voice with folly.'
>
> (Vol. i. p. 109.)

And we are extremely disposed to add in the next lines uttered by 'The Bright One':—

> 'Enough, the mystic arrow leaves its wound.
> Return ye to your silences inborn,
> Or to your inarticulated sound.'

The 'Drama of Exile' is rather more intelligible, and contains ideas of great beauty, though almost lost amid the shadowy mysticism which obscures the whole production. The drama takes place on the outer side of the Gate of Eden after the Fall. The dialogue of the piece is carried on by Adam and Eve, Lucifer, Gabriel, invisible angels and Eden spirits. The introduction of the latter is a beautiful invention, and the choruses in many places contain passages of fine melody and grace. The chant of the spirits of Paradise to Adam and Eve, as they commence their flight into the world of sorrow and sin, is one of the finest of Mrs. Browning's conceptions.

'Hearken! oh, hearken! ye shall hearken surely
For years and years,
The noise beside you dripping coldly, purely,
Of spirits' tears.
The yearning to a beautiful denied you
Shall strain your powers.
Ideal sweetnesses shall over-glide you,
Resumed from ours.
In all your music, our pathetic minor
Your ears shall cross;
And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,
With sense of loss.
We shall be near you in your poet-languors
And wild extremes,
What time ye vex the desert with vain angers,
Or mock with dreams.
And when upon you, weary after roaming,
Death's seal is put;
By the foregone ye shall discern the coming
Through eyelids shut.'

(Vol. i. p. 13.)

But such passages as these are rare in the 'Drama of Exile.' The purpose of the exhortations and songs of the spirits and angels is to teach the first parents that they are 'only 'exiled, and not lost.' But the mystic, and sometimes grotesque character of the dialogue involve the attention in such inextricable confusion, that one is tempted to think the writer was describing her own sensations under a dose of opium, when she wrote the song of the 'Morning Star.'

'Around, around the firmamental ocean,
I swam expanding with delicious fire.
Around, around, around! in blind desire
To be drawn upwards to the Infinite.
Ha, ha!

Until the motion, flinging out the motion,
To a keen whirl of passion and avidity;
To a dim whirl of languor and delight;
I wound in giant orbits smooth and white
With that intense rapidity,
Around, around,
I wound and interwound;
While all the cyclic heavens around me spun,
Stars, planets, suns, and moons dilated broad,
Then flash'd together into a single sun,
And wound and wound in one.
And as they wound, I wound around, around,
In a great fire I almost took for God —
Ha, ha! Heosphoros!'

(Vol. i. p. 36.)

This last line leads us to another observation, connected with the spiritual assumption already noticed. The poetess was perpetually, in verse, being whirled about in a 'great fire 'which she almost took for God.' At whatever page her volumes be opened, the name of God is introduced, apparitions of angels hover about her, and angels' wings flutter in astounding frequency. We have not the slightest doubt that she was sincere in the conviction that she lived in closer communion with the unseen world than ordinary mortals, but the unceasing morbid consciousness of that conviction, her unresting eagerness to deliver some new message from the Infinite, and the celestial society she is ever introducing us to, necessarily weary the most reverent-minded reader, and affect him with a sense of something like impiety. With these phantasmal cravings, she of course endows the whole race of poets.

Speaking of the poet, she says:—

'The *palpitating angel in his flesh*
Thrills only with consenting fellowship
To those innumerous spirits who sun themselves
Outside of time.'

She says also of the poetic art:—

'Art's a service mark.
A silver key is given to thy clasp,
And thou shalt stand unwearied night and day,
And fix it in the hard, slow turning wards,
And open in that intermediate door
Betwixt *the different planes of sensuous form*
And form unsensuous, that *inferior men*
May learn to feel on still from these to those
And bless thy ministrations.'

Inspired with such convictions, she was ever ready, to use her own words, to 'rush exultant on the Infinite,' and endeavour to shadow out the indescribable, in high-sounding but at the same time highly unintelligible verse, and not seldom to adopt metaphors, and take subjects in hand, which a more modest reverence would have taught her to abstain from. Another morbid tendency derivable from the same source, was the constant harping upon the dignity and sufferings of the poet. No matter how serious her convictions may have been of the sanctity of the poet's office, it would have shown a far healthier spirit if she had said fewer fine things about it, and increased its dignity by leaving calmer and more solid works of art behind her. It is very questionable taste for a poetess to be continually declaiming on the superiority of her craft. The following lines are taken at random amid crowds of similar passages: —

> 'O sorrowful great gift
> Conferred on poets of a two-fold life,
> When one life has been found enough for pain!
> We, staggering 'neath our burden as mere men,
> Being called to stand up straight as demi-gods,
> Support the intolerable strain and stress
> Of the universal.'

We had marked for quotation some other similar passages; but they are so offensive to good taste and right feeling, that in mercy to the memory of their authoress we omit them. The fate of society would certainly be dreary enough if, as she imagined, 'the only teachers who instruct mankind' were poets of Mrs. Browning's school. These extravagances interfered most materially with her own success in her vocation. Partly from her mystic sense of a closer intimacy with the Infinite, partly from her transcendental view of the duties and glory of the poet's mission, and partly from her idea of being true to the expression of her being, she has left behind a great deal of verse, in some portions of which she attained to force and delicacy of expression, accompanied with great exaltation of feeling; but which, as a whole, is not equal to the result that might have been expected from her highly poetic nature. She was unquestionably a woman of rare genius, if that term can with propriety be applied to an excess of ardent irregular power. She had also learning and power of thought; but she was entirely deficient in the highest gifts of her own art. She had neither simplicity, taste, or good sense. Her style was always inflated; and her fame would be ten times as great and as deserved as it is, if she had left us a single lucid and

finished performance, instead of a crowd of incoherent thoughts and extravagant images.

For these errors of spirit also affected most seriously the form of Mrs. Browning's verse. She appears to have written to please herself, with little care of the unpleasant feelings which are excited in the minds of others by distorted conceits and mean and often ridiculous versification. She is often more quaint than Quarles in her imagery, more grotesque than Cowley or Donne in her ideas, more eccentric in her rhymes than the author of 'Hudibras,' and often more coarsely masculine than any known female writer. She invests inanimate objects and abstractions with human features which make pure nonsense. 'The rose lifts up her white hand.' Eternity smiles with dim grand lips! A mystery has a knee! The Dark has a lap. Wonders breathe. The earth wields a sceptre, and the 'Universe shakes dew drops from its mane like a roused lion.' 'Aurora Leigh' is a rank unweeded garden of the most intolerable conceits, of which this may stand as a sample: —

> 'Earth, shut up
> By Adam, like a fakir in a box
> Left too long buried, remained stiff and dry,
> A mere dumb corpse; till Christ the Lord came down,
> Unlocked the door, forced open the blank eyes,
> And used his kingly chrisms to straighten out
> *The leathery tongue turned back into the throat.*'
> (*Aurora Leigh*, p. 185.)

Due allowance, therefore, being made for these strange defects, it stands beyond doubt that much as Mrs. Browning sank at times below the commonest demands of harmony and expression, yet that no woman has ever handled the English tongue with greater force and spirit when she is at her best. Any endeavour, however, to form a due estimate of her genius would be incomplete without measuring the best things she has written by that mystic exaltation by which she was so constantly inspired.

Perhaps it is in the 'Rhapsody of Life's Progress' that she attained her greatest triumph in spiritual expression: and the subjoined strophes may be taken as a fair specimen of her powers, where they are not entirely overcome by her defects.

> 'Then we grow into thought, and with inward ascensions
> Touch the bounds of our Being.
> We lie in the dark here, swathed doubly around
> With our sensual relations and social conventions;
> Yet are 'ware of a sight, yet are 'ware of a sound
> Beyond hearing and seeing,—

Are 'ware of a Hades rolls deep on all sides,
With its infinite tides—
About and above us — until the strong arch
Of our life creaks and bends as if ready for falling,
And through the dim rolling we hear the sweet calling
Of spirits that speak in a soft under tongue
The sense of a mystical march.
And we cry to them softly, "Come nearer, come nearer!
"And lift up the lap of this Dark, and speak clearer,
"And teach us the song that ye sung."

And we smile in our thought if they answer or no,
For to dream of a sweetness is sweet as to know.
Wonders breathe in our face,
And we ask not their name;
Love takes all the blame
Of the world's prison place.
And we sing back the songs as we guess them, aloud:
And we send up the lark of our music that cuts
Untired through the cloud,
To beat with its wings at the lattice heav'n shuts.
Yet the angels look down and the mortals look up
As the little wings beat;
And the poet is blessed with their pity or hope.
'Twixt the heavens and the earth can a poet despond?
O Life! O Beyond!
Thou art strange, thou art sweet!

. . . . . .

'Help me, God! help me, man! I am low, I am weak.
Death loosens my sinews and creeps in my veins;
My body is cleft by these wedges of pains,
From my spirits serene;
And I feel the externe and insensate creep in
On my organised clay.
I sob not, nor shriek,
Yet I faint fast away!
I am strong in the spirit, deep-thoughted, clear-eyed;
I could walk step by step with an angel beside.
On the heaven height of truth
Oh! the soul keeps its youth.
But the body faints sore; it is tired in the race,
It sinks from the chariot ere reaching the goal.
It is weak, it is cold,
The rein drops from its hold;
It sinks back with death in its face.
On chariot! on soul!
Ye are all the more fleet;
Be alone at the goal
Of the strange and the sweet.'

(Vol. iii. p. 36.)

Hardly, perhaps, has the profound truth, that every common object has its antitype in the spiritual world, been expressed in finer language than in the subjoining extract from 'Aurora 'Leigh': —

> 'But man the two-fold creature apprehends
> The two-fold manner in and outwardly:
> And nothing in the world comes single to him,
> A mere itself; — cup, column, candlestick,
> All patterns of what shall be in the Mount;
> The whole temporal show related royally,
> And built up to eterne significance,
> Through the open arms of God.
> No lily-muffled hum of summer bee,
> But finds some coupling in the spinning stars;
> No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere;
> No chaffinch, but implies a cherubim
> And — glancing on my own thin-veined wrist —
> In such a little tremour of the blood
> The whole strong clamour of a vehement soul
> Doth utter itself distinct. Earth 's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God.'
>
> (*Aurora Leigh*, p. 303.)

Of Mrs. Browning's greater lyrical efforts 'The Lay of 'the Children' is the most successful, and its popularity the most deserved: it does not go home to the heart, perhaps, so directly as Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' but the tone of it is more exalted, and pathos and anguish of soul are embodied in a burst of lyric poetry of the most delicate and passionate beauty, and do honour to the authoress both as woman and poetess; 'Cowper's Grave' is also full of deep and tender pathos. Among her more serious lyric pieces 'The Dead Pan' stands also prominently forward, and of the tales and romances the 'Rhyme of the Duchess May,' 'Bertha in the Lane,' 'Lady 'Geraldine's Courtship,' deserve the favour they have obtained in the eyes of her admirers; among her lesser flights of lyricism, the poems 'To Flush my Dog,' and 'My Doves,' are delicately and tenderly touched, illustrative of the character of the writer, and interesting as exhibiting her to us in her lighter poetic moods.

Indeed, as every poem Mrs. Browning has left behind her is instinct with her own life, so in the three tales just mentioned, she has thrown the greater part of the passionate devotedness and tenderness of her nature. The 'Rhyme of the Duchess 'May' is a noble tale of womanly devotion, injured by some affectation, and by the occurrence of the very unnecessary and absurd 'Toll slowly' in every stanza. The ballad

is full of quivering life and emotion from beginning to end; and the last lines, descriptive of the victorious struggle of the wife, resolved to die with her husband in his death-leap from the beleaguered castle, have a noble and palpitating energy of description in them: —

'Thrice he wrung her hands in twain, but they closed and clung again;
While she clung as one withstood clasps a Christ upon the rood
In a spasm of deathly pain.

'She clung wild and she clung mute, with her shuddering lips half shut;
Her head fallen as though in swound, hair and knee swept on the ground,
She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

'Back he reined his steed, back-thrown on the slippery coping-stone:
Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlement behind,
Whence a hundred feet went down.

'And his heel did press and goad in the quivering flank bestrode;
"Friends and brothers, save my wife. Pardon sweet in change for life;
But I ride alone to God."

'Straight as if the Holy name had upbreathed her like a flame,
She upsprung, she rose upright, in his selle she sate in sight,
By her love she overcame.

'And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at rest.
"'Ring," she cried, "O vesper bell, in the beech wood's old chapelle,
"But the passing bell rings best."

'They have caught out at the rein which Sir Guy threw loose, in vain;
For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoof pois'd in air,
On the last verge rears amain.

'Now he hangs! he rocks between, and his nostrils curdle in!
Now he shivers head and hoof, and the flakes of foam fall off,
And the face grows fierce and thin.

'And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go;
And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony
Of the headlong death below.

'And "Ring, ring, thou passing bell," still she cried, "i' the old chapelle."
Then back-toppling, crushing back, a dead weight flung out to wrack,
Horse and rider over fell.'

(Vol. ii. p. 73.)

'Bertha in the Lane' is, however, the sweetest and most affecting of all the poems which Mrs. Browning has left, precisely because it is the most simple and most true in its quiet and resigned tone of pathos, to the tale of self-abnegation which it portrays, and thus stands in direct contrast to the passionate flow and energy of 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' which, though a fervid and rapid narrative, with many touches of delicacy and power, fails to hold the place in the reader's mind which it occupies on the first perusal. The two actors of the tale are so completely children of Mrs. Browning's own spirit, and the moral so entirely of Mrs. Browning's own devising, that it soon ceases to appear natural, without which there can be no enduring charm.

The little lyric, called 'My Doves,' is invested with a more delicate and permanent attractiveness, because the writer treats the subject in a simple, tender, and graceful manner, and in her moralising does not ascend unto such lofty regions but that the reader can feel at his ease: —

'My little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea:
For ever there the sea winds go,
With sunlit paces to and fro.

'The tropic flowers look'd up to it,
The tropic stars look'd down,
And there my little doves would sit
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To general Nature's deep delight.

'And God them taught at every close
Of murmuring waves beyond,
And green leaves round to interpose
Their choral voices fond,
Interpreting how love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

. . . . . .

'And now within the city prison,
In mist and chillness pent,
With sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content;
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut fruit falling from the trees.

'The stir without the glow of passion,
The triumph of the mart,

The gold and silver as they clash on
Man's cold metallic heart—
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,—
These only sounds are heard instead.

'Yet still as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean
(Their eyes, with such a plaintive shine,
Are fastened upwardly on mine),

'Soft falls their chant as on the nest
Beneath the sunny zone,
For love that stirred it in their breast
Has not aweary grown;
And 'neath the city's shade can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

'And love that keeps the music fills
With pastoral memories
All echoings from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies.
All flowings from the wave and wind
Remembered in their chant I find.

'So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves! to move
Along the city ways with heart
Assured by holy love;
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.'

(Vol. ii. p. 240.)

The impression left on the mind of the reader, after the perusal of such a poem as 'My Doves,' is far more grateful than that which we retain from the remembrance of her most ambitious flight, from the book of fiction which she considered as 'the 'most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest 'convictions upon life and art have entered.'

Upon the first appearance of 'Aurora Leigh,' the daring novelty and vehemence of particular passages veiled its many deformities and faults of construction, the prosaic baldness of much of the narrative, its distorted ingenuity, the harsh discordances, transitions, elaborate conceits and grotesqueness of much of the dialogue, the utter impossibility of the story, and the unreality of all its actors. But a return to its pages dispels the reader's illusions, and he is compelled to regard it as a splendid failure in an impossible attempt. The whole of the interest of the story consists in the intellectual and

moral development of two personages, both of whom are projections of Mrs. Browning's own nature; and their views about art and about life are such as Mrs. Browning herself may be supposed to have held at different points of her career. The history of these two chief persons is embarrassed with many indelicate and inconceivable incidents, and interwoven with the actions of other men and women of less interest and less truth of character than those for whose sake they are introduced. The romance, so far as it is a novel, is utterly bad, and only redeemed from ridicule by the occasional bursts of impassioned diction which it contains. We do not dispute that 'Aurora 'Leigh' contains evidence of originality and power, but even those gifts do not produce a poem in the absence of that judgment and taste which Mrs. Browning certainly did not acquire from her classical studies. It is remarkable that a mind trained, as her's had been, in the love of Greek literature, should have been utterly devoid of the chaste, correct, and finished beauty of Greek art.

Mrs. Browning, after her first departure with her husband, visited England but at rare intervals, and then much of her time was passed under the roof of Mr. John Kenyon, the author of the 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance;' a gentleman well known in the literary world, a poet himself as well as a relation of the authoress. His cordial generous nature sympathised warmly with the genius of the poetess; though nothing could be more widely removed from the fantastic idealism of Mrs. Browning than the Epicurean wit and good nature of the worthy John Kenyon. It was at his house that the last pages of 'Aurora 'Leigh' were written, and to him the work was dedicated. The graceful lyric, 'The Dead Pan,' was inscribed to the same gentleman, who died in 1858, leaving his distinguished relative a considerable addition to her fortune.

During the course of her long residence in Florence and Rome, Mrs. Browning took the most impassioned interest in Italian politics; and so identified herself with the state of feeling of that country, that she viewed even the politics of her own country from an Italian point of view. Her poem of 'Casa Guidi Windows,' written in a sort of *terza rima*, and published in 1851, is an evidence of the vivid sympathy with which she had watched the events of 1849. The poem is too special, too full of local allusions, and the spirit of the whole too attenuated to please an ordinary reader; but as a political poem by a woman it must be regarded as an unrivalled production. The entry of the Austrians into Florence is one of the best of the descriptive passages it contains: —

'Then gazing, I beheld the long-drawn street
Live out from end to end, full in the sun
With Austria's thousands — sword and bayonet,
Horse, foot, artillery,—cannons rolling on,
Like blind slow storm-clouds gestant with the heat
Of undeveloped lightnings, each bestrode
By a single man dust-white from head to heel,
Indifferent as the dreadful thing he rode,
Like a sculptured Fate serene and terrible.
As some smooth river which has overflowed,
Will slow and silent down its current wheel
A loosened forest all the pines erect,
So swept in mute significance of storm
The marshalled thousands.'

In 1861 she astonished even her admirers by the exaggerated tone of her 'Poems before Congress,' in which she lavished the whole vocabulary of her passionate genius in eulogising the author of the Peace of Villafranca, in uttering the bitterest sarcasms against her own country, and hurling a most vehement malediction on America for its maintenance of slavery. This latter poem was written so obscurely that the 'Curse for a 'Nation' was at first supposed to be launched at her own country, but an attentive perusal will enable the reader to perceive that America was really intended. This last small volume was in entire opposition to the prevailing current of English opinion, and met with a less favourable reception than any of her previous publications, though traces of her uncommon originality and powers are discernible in almost every page. To deify the name of Napoleon Mrs. Browning had not waited for the Italian campaign. In one of her previous poems she exclaims

'Napoleon! the renowned name
Shakes the old casements of the world;'

and it is lamentable to think that, with her lofty aspirations, and the cry of freedom on her lips, she should have been ever ready to pay her homage at the shrine of Imperial despotism.

To have offered any estimate of Mrs. Browning, without at the same time pointing out the reason and nature of her failure to achieve that excellence which might have been anticipated from such exalted powers, would be to have failed in the most responsible duties of criticism. Nevertheless, regarding her as a woman of singular genius and accomplishments, who devoted herself heart and soul to one of the loftiest of human pursuits, with an energy as great under the overwhelming pressure of sickness and calamity as in the first ardour of her youthful

intelligence, undauntedly pursuing the cultivation of that ideal which was the joint creation of a highly imaginative temperament and great attainments — one has to look wide over the literary history of every country to find her equal. Considering the great capabilities she possessed, her career may be accepted as some proof of the impossibility that women can ever attain to the first rank in imaginative composition. Such a combination of the finest genius and the choicest results of cultivation and wide-ranging studies has never been seen before in any woman, nor is the world likely soon to see the same again. Mrs. Browning swept over not only the whole range of modern literature, but was also deeply read in Plato and the Neo-Platonists, in Gregory Nanzianzen and Synesius, and the whole list of the Christian Fathers. Judging from the character of her writings, her reading seems to have been too exclusively imaginative to the destruction of the reasoning faculties, and thus her mind lacked both health and tone. A poet, perhaps, most of all needs the discipline of fact and reason to drill his intellectual energies and sensibilities into something like hardness and consistency. Men, whether they will it or no, get their minds disciplined in the world; but women, who require it most of all, if they would become great writers, are entirely cut off from this kind of experience, and a really imaginative temperament is not likely to acquire discipline from books. In Mrs. Browning's case the constant confinement to a sick chamber prevented her from attaining to any real knowledge of the world at all. She lived on the outside of it like a spirit; now talking a mystic language, now singing mystic songs, full of mystic hopes and exaltations, and now bewailing in unutterable sorrow over the darkness and desolation of human life, setting its worst calamities and misfortunes to the most inconsolable and mournful strains of music. She had little taste for all the moderate emotions and moderate states of existence, on which so much of the happiness of humanity is founded, and out of which the most pleasing forms of poetry will ever be drawn. Nevertheless it will ever be remembered to her honour how deep was her sympathy for all that was poor, oppressed, and suffering. The 'pale sunken faces' of the factory children disturbed the dreams of her sick couch; the shriek of the slave came to her from over the Atlantic; the despairing eyes of the English poor and homeless were seen by her in the sunny regions of the South; and the whole strength of her soul was attracted by the cause of enslaved nationalities. Such faults as she had were those of her time, exalted and intensified by her exceptional nature and circumstances. Among those who

came immediately in the wake of Byron, whose potent spirit had so long held the world in awe, the task of men who aspired to influence the world by song was indeed a difficult one. Two methods appear to have occurred to all who immediately succeeded, in order to gain some portion of the mantle of power he left behind him,—the one, greater simplicity, and the other, greater elaborateness of style. Mrs. Browning, although on rare occasions she showed her capability for the simple style, cultivated the elaborate to an amazing degree; her inanimate objects are human beings, and her abstractions do everything but eat and drink. In an age of materialism and spirit-hallucinations, she strove vehemently to become one with the spirit-world and to provide for the super-sensual, seraph visions, strains of angelic harmonies, and soul banquets of ætherial luxuries; but it may be doubted whether these will have any greater influence on humanity than the table-turnings and spirit-rappings of the day, or than the meaningless apparitions with which a wandering charlatan can create a short-lived wonder. Not that in any way we would assimilate the ambition of Mrs. Browning's poetry to these vulgar delusions; but they are different manifestations of the same craving of the soul for more than it finds in the daily life before it.

Human life appeared to Mrs. Browning distorted by the atmosphere of a monstrous and feverish dream; consequently, though there are features of resemblance, the actual world, as portrayed in her pages, is as unreal as it is possible to be. She has produced splendid effects of light and shade, most tender concords of melancholy sounds, and bursts of high-souled resonant symphonies, but little that will remain permanently true, without which there can be no permanent life in poetry. It were well for all who aspire to write poetry to be aware that such painful tension of the highest chords of human nature is not likely to produce poetry of enduring value. The sweeter, and truer, and eternally grateful notes are struck with less show of art and less self-conscious ambition. The 'Auld Robin 'Gray' of Lady Anne Lindsay will last as long as there is a book printed in the English language; the emotions it excites must ever be simple and pure as long as human nature remains as it is, and this because the spirit and form of the ballad itself are simple and pure, and the truth of it universal. The triumphs Mrs. Browning achieved were not wrought in this manner; nevertheless it will be long ere her name will fade from English literature,—ere her memory cease to be regarded with the respect and admiration due to her impassioned genius and high enthusiasm,—and long ere the lovers of literature cease to regret that a premature decay shortened the course of an illustrious career.

ART. X.— *Sunday: its Origin, History, and present Obligation; considered in Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford in the year* 1860, *on the Foundation of the Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury.* By JAMES AUGUSTUS HESSEY, D.C.L., Head Master of Merchant Taylors School, Preacher to the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn, &c. London: 1860.

THERE is something of a happy accident about this book. For it can seldom occur that a Bampton Lecturer, when appointed, should have by him (as Dr. Hessey tells us was his own case) materials ready collected upon a subject at once definite and extensive; and one moreover which, while possessing wide and popular interest, has not recently attracted the attention it deserves. Many an one, over whose shoulders the same mantle has been thrown, even when the choice is essentially a good one, must have found the call singularly embarrassing. We confess that in Dr. Hessey we do not recognise a man endowed very largely with the higher prophetic gifts; but we find a writer who has much to say on an important subject, and who has said it well. We have read his Lectures with great satisfaction and approval, and under their guidance have made much fuller acquaintance than we could claim before with many of his authorities, returning from such investigations with a deeper impression of his candour and diligence, though with a diminished estimate perhaps of the originality of his researches. The subject was so thoroughly investigated in some of its parts by learned writers, and especially English writers, of the seventeenth century, Selden, Heylin, Bramhall, Jeremy Taylor and others, that on these points little, perhaps, could be done, and little has been done by Dr. Hessey, but to select and arrange materials already accumulated, and to confirm or modify the judgment which his predecessors have pronounced. On all points which he touches he gives us the conclusions of a sensible, well-disciplined, and well-stored mind, though he has not in some particulars thrown all the light upon the matter which might be drawn from newly opened sources, nor employed all the approved methods of criticism which modern thought has developed.

Dr. Hessey's views are such as in Scotland would be condemned as singularly lax, and would hardly have obtained a hearing before a Presbyterian audience. Even in England it requires some courage in a clergyman to maintain them; and

the credit of this courage, at any rate, will not be denied to the Bampton Lecturer. He complains (and we think with justice) that there is too generally a fear, on the part of his order, of treating the subject with fairness and openness, and notices in consequence (what can hardly fail to be the result) the growth of a contemptuous incredulity among the better-informed laity upon a topic thus evaded.

Casting his eye first over the opinions which have prevailed in England since the Reformation, Dr. Hessey divides the theories which he notes into six several varieties. The passage is too long to quote; nor, indeed, do we think that the classification is quite satisfactory, seeing that it is impossible (as he himself admits) to reduce all writers to one or other of these heads; and that variations, which to one mind seem immaterial, will appear to another to involve essential differences. More felicitous is the distribution which he adopts of all the rival theories under the two principal heads of *Sabbatarian* and *Dominical* (names which he reasonably begs may be accepted simply as useful technical distinctions, without the implication of any sort of reproach); the Sabbatarian theory being that which traces the origin and obligation of Sunday either to a Jewish or to a primæval Sabbath, whatever modifications may, nevertheless, be admitted in such particulars as its transference to another day of the week, its commemorative import, and the mode of its observance: the Dominical theory being that which, regarding the Sabbath as entirely abolished, accounts the Sunday a purely Christian institution, whether standing on Divine, or on apostolical, or merely ecclesiastical authority; so that the law of its obligation and the prescribed mode of keeping it must be sought wholly in Christian documents. Dr. Hessey advocates the Dominical theory, though taking on that theory (as we shall presently see) the ground which most nearly approaches to the Sabbatarian.

The most valuable portion of the book is that in which the author traces the history of these theories from the earliest ages until now. As the result of his conclusions respecting the first fifteen centuries of the Church (reserving however for fuller examination the apostolic age, as well as the post-Reformation period), we give, in part, Dr. Hessey's own summary of his longer narrative. He shows by ample proofs, exhibited in detail,

'That the Lord's day . . . was acknowledged and observed by the Apostles and their immediate followers, as distinct from the Sabbath (or Jewish festival on the seventh day in each week); the obligation

to observe which is denied both expressly and by implication in the New Testament.

'That in the two centuries after the death of St. John, the Lord's day was never confounded with the Sabbath, but carefully distinguished from it, as an institution under the law of liberty, as observed on a different day, and with different feelings; and, moreover, that as a matter of fact it was exempt from the severity of the provisions which had been the characteristics of the Sabbath in theory, or in practice, or in both.

'That after the first three centuries a new era in the history of the Lord's day commenced; tendencies towards Sabbatarianism, or confusion of the Christian with the Jewish institution, beginning to manifest themselves. These, however, were slight until the end of the fifth century, and are traceable chiefly to and in the civil legislation of the period. Afterwards they developed themselves more decidedly. Sabbatarianism became at length systematised, in one of its phases, in the ante-Reformation Church both in England and on the Continent, by the later schoolmen, probably in their desire to lay down exact rules for conscience, and under a fancied necessity of urging the precedent of Jewish enactments in support of Christian holydays.' (Pp. 19, 20.)

After examining the passages contained in the Fathers of the second and third centuries, which bear upon the points in question, Dr. Hessey remarks as follows:—

'These writers speak variously of the Sabbath, some insisting on the fact of its abrogation, some bringing out its allegorical and typical character. And they speak variously of the Lord's day; some referring to the circumcision day as a type of it; some to the commencement of the manna shower, as an honour conferred by anticipation upon it; some to the primæval creation of light for its sanction; some, in fact the great majority, to the Lord's resurrection as having been its reason. They are not critics, and perhaps we cannot always coincide with their exegesis of Scripture, or sympathise with all their expressions, either in the passages now adduced, or in the rest of their compositions; but, with every abatement, their negative evidence is most valuable. None of them speak of the Sabbath as binding on Christians, or as connected with the Christian life, except in a typical and instructive sense; none of them identify it with the Lord's day; none of them transfer the spirit of the Sabbath into the Lord's day, or refer either to the fourth commandment or to God's rest after the Creation, for the sanctions of the Lord's day.' (P. 72.)

'As they did not dream of saying that the Sabbath still exists, though shifted from the seventh day to the first by Christianity, so they did not dream of asserting that the Lord's day (admitting it to be a distinct institution) is to be observed, as was the Sabbath either of tradition or of Scripture.' (P. 304.)

'With the recognition of the Sunday, however, by the civil power, set forth especially by the decrees of Constantine, Valentinian, Theo-

dosius, a different tone of things began. Under the protection of the law which enforced the observance of the Lord's day, the Church soon proceeded to multiply its other days of religious observance; and, while claiming for these the authority of ecclesiastical obligation, sought for the great weekly Christian festival something more binding still.

'Some sanction which should vividly reach the conscience must be found for days of special obligation. The Old Testament had been already referred to for the analogy of the festivals of the Church. The step from analogy to identification is not a startling or a violent one. Thus a gradual identification of the Lord's day with the Sabbath sets in. This naturally leads to the fourth commandment. The fourth commandment once thought of, vexatious restrictions follow, thwarting men in their necessary employments or enjoyments by an application of its terms either strictly literal or most ingeniously refined. Councils condescend to notice "whether "oxen may or may not be yoked on the Lord's day," and not unfrequently contradict each other. The Second Council of Macon, A.D. 585, enjoins "that no one should allow himself on the Lord's day to "put a yoke on the necks of his cattle, but all be occupied with mind "and body in the hymns and the praises of God. For this is the "day of perpetual rest; this is shadowed out to us by the seventh "day in the Law and the Prophets." It then goes on to threaten punishments for the profanation of the holy day, either by pleading causes, or by other works. Offenders will displease God, and, besides, will draw upon themselves "the implacable anger of the "clergy." Lawyers will lose their privilege of pleading causes; clerks or monks will be shut out for six months from the society of their brethren; "rusticus aut servus gravioribus fustium ictibus ver-"berabitur." . . . . At the end of the eighth century we find Alcuin asserting that "the observation of the former Sabbath had "been transferred very fitly to the Lord's day by the custom and "consent of Christian people." . . . . At length the Church, almost as a rule, though still asserting that the Lord's day and all other holy days were of ecclesiastical institution, had erected a complete Judaic superstructure upon an ecclesiastical foundation. Thomas Aquinas (in the thirteenth century), says Heylin, fits every legal festival with some that were observed in the Christian Church, on the ground that ours are observed in place of theirs.' (Pp. 116–20.)

The reaction from these views which set in with the Reformation was intense and even violent, though the traces of it have been almost entirely lost in the traditions of our modern Protestantism. For strangely as it is unknown to the mass of the community, and purposely (as it would almost seem) kept out of sight by the clergy in general of the British churches, it is a fact notorious and indubitable to the ecclesiastical student, that all the great continental reformers, and hardly less those of England and Scotland also, with one voice and consent

repudiated the Sabbatarian theory which is now the prevailing rule amongst us. Not only Luther and his disciples, not only Zwingli, as well as the intermediate school which laboured fruitlessly on the Continent but with more effect in England to establish a position tolerant and comprehensive of the differences of those two leading reformers, the school of Melancthon, and Bucer, and Peter Martyr, but (what is too remarkable to pass over without emphatic notice) Calvin himself, and the founders of the churches which adopted his doctrine and discipline, expressly based the observance of Sunday on exclusively Christian grounds, disallowing the obligation of the Jewish law in this matter as entirely as in other points of Mosaic ritual. Nay, of all these great Christian worthies, Calvin seems to have carried his opinions farthest, not unsupported by the lesser luminaries of his school. Were John Knox to return to Scotland now, his views on this point would utterly scandalise the ministers and elders of that Church which regards him as its ecclesiastical ancestor; and even south of the border he would be loudly condemned for lax and licentious principles in this respect by the very persons who regard his name as the badge of the narrowest and most intolerant Puritanism.

The rise and spread of the popular notions of Sunday in these nations is one of the most curious phenomena in the history of opinion. Though it is in Scotland that both theory and practice have been most strongly and universally developed, the origin of the movement was in England. It began among the Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth, arising partly from a laudable revulsion of feeling at the sight of the secularisation of the Lord's day, and the general indifference to holy things,—partly from the natural desire of religious men to find a warrant and guidance in Scripture itself for all particulars of duty and practice. Strong in its reliance on the divine origin of the institution, and appealing for confirmation to the glowing language of the prophets, the idea of the eternal, universal, inviolable sanctity of the Sabbath grew in the minds of earnest and pious men; finding a support, moreover, in the practice of the English Church in publicly reciting the Decalogue, and adopting it in the Catechism as the acknowledged summary of Christian duty, and finding an ally also in the lingering influence of Roman Catholic teaching among the masses of the rural population. It was not, however, till the close of the sixteenth century that the theory was fully developed and consolidated by a Dr. Nicholas Bownde, whose work first appeared in the year 1595. It is strange that an author who has exercised so wide and

enduring an influence over the belief and practice of whole nations, should be now almost unknown by name. That it was his book, however, which more than any other systematized and advanced the theory in question, we learn undoubtedly from the clearest evidence, as, for instance, from the writings of his leading controversial opponent, Rogers (republished by the Parker Society), and from the more explicit and, though later, still almost cotemporary witness of Fuller and of Heylin. Doubtless the religious enthusiasts of that day, including good Dr. Bownde himself (whose work was in vain condemned and suppressed both by the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities), were too fully impressed with the supreme majesty and awfulness of the Divine command to which they pointed, to think much of the human instrument through which the voice of duty spoke.

From this time forward the divine authority of the Sabbath became a leading tenet of the English Puritans, and the effort to enforce it one of the prominent features of their policy. Nor did the same movement fail to show itself presently among their co-religionists in Scotland. But it was not till after the Westminster Assembly (1643), and the adoption of the Articles and Catechism then drawn up as the recognised formularies of the Scottish Kirk, that the theory was fully established in the Northern kingdom. The connexion of this view of the Sabbath with the solemn League and Covenant, and the united action of religious and political enthusiasm thence resulting, is sufficient to explain the deep hold it has taken of the Scottish people, and the fact which would else be as incomprehensible as it is still marvellous, that the old traditions of Calvin and of Knox are in this respect not only superseded, not only rejected, but actually forgotten and buried out of sight. From England and Scotland the same views spread next to Holland also, partially establishing themselves there, and extending their influence in some measure even to Germany; and, with British institutions and ideas, have been carried beyond the Atlantic and Pacific as one of the characteristic features of that form of Christianity which is overspreading the greater part of the New World.

Such is the singular history of the Sabbatarian doctrine, the doctrine which claims for the Christian Sunday the authority of a Divine command, extending that command also in a greater or less degree to the mode in which the day should be observed. It does not of course follow from this that the doctrine itself is not a true one. Many truths, as all Protestants believe, have been obscured or even lost in the corrupter ages of the Church,

—nay, even as early as the first two centuries,—to be recovered again from the testimony of Scripture, and through the instrumentality of those gifted spirits who can see and can expound long-neglected principles. So it may have been with the doctrine of the Sabbath. And in confirmation of this view men may point, and often do point, to the Divine favour which seems to rest, in exact accordance with the words of the prophets, upon its due observance,—the blight which appears to have fallen upon some of the continental Protestant churches, where this scriptural truth has been forgotten or denied; the peculiar blessing which has descended upon the Anglo-Saxon nations, and most emphatically since the revival of the views in question; the certainty that in proportion as the practice has been observed by communities, by localities, by individuals, so has morality as well as piety flourished, and not only these but material progress and prosperity also. Such statements and conclusions we must decline to discuss. Arguments of this sort, even when the premisses contain much truth, are always found to have a double-edged application, most awkward in its results, and deservedly so, to those who venture to use them. But we heartily concur, nevertheless, in admiration of the beauty and beneficence of a national observance of the Sunday. It is almost impossible to overrate the advantages accruing from such an observance, voluntarily undertaken by a people under the sanction of religious belief; the respite insured to overtasked labour, the sunshine imparted to many a life where else few gleams of it would penetrate; the opportunities secured to the well-disposed for the unostentatious and unquestioned exercise of their religion; the visible reminder crossing the path of all, that existence has higher purposes than those which everyday occupations suggest. For the sake of these advantages, and much more besides, we could be well content to acquiesce in views theoretically questionable: we believe that it is comparatively unimportant whether an institution so beneficent be based on grounds theologically correct in the minds of the people, provided only that no arbitrary hindrance is opposed to the honest investigation of truth, and no influences are introduced which materially impede the highest and best purposes contemplated by the institution.

For both of these reasons, however, we protest, as we have often done before, against the theory of the Sabbath which is still dominant in Scotland. It would be well if some of Dr. Hessey's plain-spoken remarks on this subject could be impressed on the minds of our clergy and educated laity. We quote from his book a letter, or a portion of one, addressed to

him by a friend resident in Scotland; the facts of which, if not the deductions drawn from them, will hardly be questioned by any who know the country: —

'The outward aspect of Sunday in Scotland is marked by extreme strictness. Statistics prove, however, I believe, that the number of those who do not go to any place of worship is about the same as in England, namely, one-third of the entire population. It is held to be sinful to play on an instrument, as the piano, even the most sacred music. In many towns a house where this rule was infringed would be mobbed; and great persons have been known to give way to the prejudices of their servants, and keep the piano shut, not only in Scotland but in London. The strictest Presbyterians teach that a walk on Sunday is unlawful. One distinguished minister of the Free Kirk openly avows his wish to see the interference of the police to prevent Sunday walks. I have known a respectable person, engaged in an Edinburgh poor-house, whose occupations prevented her from having a walk (save very rarely) in the week: she did not dare to do so on Sundays, because of the scandal. Her position in this respect must be that of thousands. Now unless these restrictions upon Christian liberty can be strictly proved to be enjoined by the law of God, they must do harm in many ways.

'1. They tend, I fear, to make many people hate religion. If this be Christianity (is their not unnatural feeling), what an iron yoke it is! Its commandments *are* grievous.

'2. They encourage Pharisaism and hypocrisy. To sit in a social circle and discuss one's neighbours, creates no scandal; to sing a chorus in the Messiah with the accompaniment of a piano, is wickedness. To remain at home, with closed windows, during service time, and read any kind of book, can be managed without offence; but any out-door pursuit is put down.

'3. They encourage drinking. A people thus constrained takes refuge in whisky. Whisky (euphemistically termed refreshment) and sermons are with many alternate objects of attention. "There "is a great demand for drink on Sunday, and it must be supplied." (Evidence of Mr. Teacher, wholesale and retail spirit merchant, before the Commission on the Forbes Mackenzie Act, "Glasgow "Daily Herald," 12th August, 1859.) A minister of the Establishment, in a town on the west coast, who had used all his influence (with the very best and highest intentions) to stop any hiring of boats on Sunday, told a friend of the writer that he began to doubt whether the practical result was good, inasmuch as the non-kirk-goers stayed away just as much, and read light and even infidel books. The same minister mentioned that the proprietor of a house of refreshment three miles off, had taken as much as 20*l.* for whisky on a single Sunday. This, at the ordinary rate of 6*d.* per glass, represents 800 glasses. The three miles' walk qualifies the purchasers to claim refreshment as travellers.' (Pp. 472–4, notes.)

We believe with Dr. Hessey's correspondent, that the evils which he here points out are directly and necessarily traceable

to the intolerant restrictions which he notices; and we do not hesitate to maintain that on *any* theory of Sunday observance which admits the New Testament as well as the Old, nay, any which (without the addition of the New) admits the Old in its totality, refusing only rabbinical glosses and pharisaical traditions, such restrictions would be indefensible. For they entirely forget the festal character which was *admissible*, to say the least, into the character of the day under the Old dispensation. While directly the light of the New dispensation is admitted also, with its cheerful radiance, its spiritual requirements, its express repudiation of a rigid outward bondage, and the freedom claimed by our Lord under the yet unaltered ordinances of the law, they are seen to be not only unnecessary but actually inconsistent. Upon these grounds, Chalmers and others of our best divines have pleaded for a freer and more genial observance of the Sunday, though still regarding it in the light of a Christianised Sabbath; nor if this measure of improvement were only more generally and more cordially insisted on by the Scottish clergy, should we much care ourselves to press for more. It is comparatively of small importance to settle the true theory of Sunday obligations; though now that the disturbing influences of the seventeenth century have passed away, it is not surely too much to ask a hearing at least for Calvin and Knox in the Church which recognises them as its second founders. We demand at any rate, both in Scotland and in England, of all who allow the principles of the Reformation, that no claim of Divine authority shall be advanced for any institution except on grounds of Scripture only. To the rival arguments drawn from this source we must now briefly advert.

Two separate bodies of Scripture have to be considered — the Old Testament and the New. With regard to the Old Testament, the Dominicals (to use Dr. Hessey's appropriate term) might bar all further discussion at the outset, by alleging that its authority is superseded wholly and for ever by the Christian dispensation, as far as all outward ceremonies are concerned. With other institutions of the Jewish economy the Sabbath also has disappeared; and that we might not be left to infer this by analogy merely, we have the express testimony of St. Paul, that Sabbaths being among the shadows of things to come, are included in the general abolition.

But against this allegation (St. Paul's words in the first place being taken to bear a very different meaning) two principal objections are urged: — 1. That the Sabbath was a *primæval* institution, long anterior to the Jewish law, and therefore not

disappearing with it. 2. That its observance is enjoined by the Ten Commandments which Christians allow to be eternally binding.

Dr. Hessey who, as we have seen, adheres to the Dominical theory, answers these objections (as indeed others have answered them before, and in our own country especially Selden, Heylin, and Bramhall in the seventeenth century, Paley in the last, and many writers of Archbishop Whately's school in our own days) by the following arguments, which we briefly summarise: —

1. That although in his narrative of the Creation, Moses naturally noticed the reason for the institution of the Sabbath, which was afterwards adduced in the Fourth Commandment, yet the narrative neither asserts nor implies that the institution was then made. On the contrary, in the subsequent chapters of Genesis, not a trace occurs of a knowledge and observance of a Sabbath by the Patriarchs, though we have minute details of the lives of some of them; the occasional mention of a seven days' period proving only that they used a septenary division of time, a division which natural phenomena suggest, and which we know to have been familiar to many Eastern nations.

We fully agree with Dr. Hessey in these and other supplementary arguments, which he works out well and clearly in detail. But there are some obvious points on which we do not think he lays the stress which their importance deserves; as, for instance, that even in Exodus, where the compulsory and unremitted labours of the Israelites under their Egyptian taskmasters would almost necessarily have drawn forth a mention of violated Sabbaths, not a word to that effect occurs in the divine communications to either party; nor is any intention of keeping a Sabbath announced as part of the service of God for which Moses claims the permission of Pharaoh. And, secondly, to pass from negative to positive evidence, not only are the Sabbaths continually spoken of in Scripture as peculiar and distinctive marks of the privileged people, but are actually alleged to have been given for that purpose at the Exodus. So in Ezekiel (xx. 10—12.): 'I caused them to go forth out of 'the land of Egypt, and brought them into the wilderness. 'Moreover also I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign be-'tween me and them.' And no less expressly is it testified by Nehemiah (ix. 13.): 'Thou camest down also upon Mount 'Sinai, and spakest with them from heaven, and gavest them 'right judgments and true laws, good statutes and command-'ments, and *madest known unto them thy holy Sabbaths.*' Such unequivocal testimony as this ought to be held decisive of

the question concerning a primæval Sabbath, whatever inferences might otherwise allowably be drawn from the ambiguous language of Genesis.

2. Again with respect to the Ten Commandments, Dr. Hessey denies that they are binding on Christians, except so far as they are of a moral nature; and he truly says that such has always been the judgment of the Christian Church. But (it is asked) are not all the other nine commandments moral, and must not, therefore, the fourth be moral also? To this it is answered, that there are particulars even in the other nine (such as the promise attached to the fifth) which are not of a moral nature, and therefore are but temporary and changeable. Similarly Dr. Hessey proceeds to analyse the fourth commandment, showing to what extent elements of a moral nature are involved in it. We see little to object to in his remarks. But we think he would have done better to point out broadly and unsparingly the paradoxical character of the argument he was answering. As if the distinction between moral and ritual commandments were not one which exists in the very nature of things! as if any presumptive evidence, any juxtaposition of precepts, could alter the certainty that such a direction as that to keep a definite day is a ritual commandment only! Relegated, therefore, to the category of the Jewish ritual, the ordinance of the Sabbath (or its Christian equivalent) waits for the express sanction of the New Testament before it can claim an obligatory observance from Christians.

Thus far we entirely go along with Dr. Hessey in the conclusions he has arrived at: and we will proceed with him presently to examine the foundation on which Sunday rests in the New Testament. But before we leave this part of the subject, we must dwell a little longer upon the origin of the Sabbath: a question upon which we would wish that Dr. Hessey had been more explicit. No treatise on the subject can be complete which blinks this question; and to do so seems to imply a fear, as needless (we are persuaded) as it is unworthy on the part of the Christian Church, as to the results which full and honest consideration would lead to. As it is, Dr. Hessey not only leaves us in doubt what he really thinks, but allows himself (as we conceive) to be biassed in his ultimate conclusions by views which he has apparently repudiated.

It is now almost universally admitted by thoughtful and educated men, that the six days of Creation are figurative only; not merely, we mean, that they were not and could not have been periods of twenty-four hours each, but that they were not

even clearly defined and separate ages of whatever duration. Hugh Miller's theory, and those varieties of it which have been broached in Germany and America, as well as in this country, —plausible and conservative modifications of the old simple belief,—do but maintain that the successive and most strongly characterised epochs through which Creation passed, would naturally appear in the order specified to the mind of the inspired writer, when presented in a vision. We will not here reopen the question whether any of these theories can be justified on sober grounds of scientific observation. The utmost they can claim to prove is that the facts of science, hitherto discovered, are *reconcilable* with the figurative language in which the majestic work of Creation is shadowed forth. The very arguments which they employ would be equally available, for the most part, had the Scriptural imagery fixed upon any other period than days, and upon almost any other number than six. In such conclusions Dr. Hessey appears to acquiesce. He speaks very justly of 'the *mysterious* example 'of the Almighty.' (P. 209.) He truly and reverently says that 'God *condescended* to exhibit himself, the great Archi-'tect of the world (though "He fainteth not, neither is '"weary") as the great archetype, both of labour and of rest. 'In six days he made the world: on the seventh day he 'rested from his work, and was refreshed.' (P. 151.) But this being so, the further question arises (and it is neither needless nor presumptuous to ask it), Why was this figure of speech adopted rather than any other? Why were these long ages of plastic growth, and the harmonious result in which they issued, represented under the image of six days of creation, and a seventh of repose? The figure, it is granted, is an accommodation to human intelligence. But to what ideas was it accommodated? What previous habit of thought on the part of man did it employ as its basis for communicating religious instruction? That there was such a basis is implied by the very notion of accommodation: and indeed it is the invariable characteristic of Revelation, when employing things visible and earthly as vehicles of spiritual truth, to employ things familiar also. What then, we repeat, was the familiar notion in the present case?

The answer to this question which obviously presents itself, and has been repeatedly given, *may*, of course, have no foundation beyond that of a singular coincidence. But it is a coincidence which wears all the appearance of a sufficient solution of the problem. The septimanal division of time is one which suggests itself naturally to man, and this even in the infancy of knowledge. So Dr. Hessey himself allows, when arguing on

the patriarchal modes of reckoning. The phases of the moon supply a familiar mark of time to the simplest and rudest nations, the phenomena of the new and full moon especially, being such that men cannot fail to notice and employ them as the natural rule of their calendar. And if a bipartite division of the month is thus a matter of necessity to ordinary observation, a quadripartite division also is at least inevitably suggested by the moon's intermediate phases. In either case of course an approximate adjustment only is possible; and while under the former system thirty days would be chosen in preference as the nearest approach to the true lunar period, under the latter system cycles of twenty-eight, of fourteen, and of seven days would be taken perforce as the nearest symmetrical approximation to the same period, and its four subdivisions: an arrangement which, however faulty in scientific accuracy, is found nevertheless to fall in sufficiently, after short intervals of recurrence, with the natural phenomena which suggested it, and to supply a convenient measure of coincidence with the solar cycle also. Thus we have the week of seven days. And this once arrived at, a natural limit has been reached; a limit not only physical, but arithmetical also. For seven is a prime number, the highest prime number under the natural basis of our notation, ten; a fact which is sure to impress the mind, when observed, with something of a superstitious feeling. And this feeling would be heightened, as knowledge increased, by the discovery of such coincidences as the number of the seven planets (of the ancients,) and the seven intervals of the diatonic scale. A peculiar sacredness would therefore attach itself to the number seven; especially among nations whose religion partook most largely of a natural or a mystic character; while for reasons independent of such feelings, it remained the basis of the shortest cycle of time. Now what we have been saying is not conjecture merely. We have ample proof in heathen authors, wholly removed by their position from the influence of our ecclesiastical controversies, that such thoughts and conclusions are developed spontaneously in the human mind.* We

* Aulus Gellius, Macrobius, Censorinus, &c., while proving thus much at any rate concerning the seven days' week and the number seven, still are chiefly of importance as transmitting to us the voice of remoter ages and worthier authorities. Gellius, indeed (Noct. Att. iii. 10.), professes merely to give an abstract of Varro's dissertation. The mystic notions of numbers which these writers indulge in, and which Philo (more heathen than Jewish in this respect) carries to a still more extravagant length, are usually traced through the Alexandrian philosophers, and partly through Plato himself, up

know too, from the evidence of Oriental languages and mythologies, that a seven days' week, however originated, was in use among various Eastern nations in primitive times, though perhaps the precise limits of this usage cannot now be ascertained. It is almost impossible then to avoid the conclusion to which we are pointing, when once we have discarded (as the majority of thoughtful men have now consented to discard) the notion of an actual six-days' period of creation. So long as that notion was maintained indeed, and was considered as a necessary part of religious belief, we could respect and even sympathise with the fixed determination to see nothing in the facts we have referred to, beyond a singular coincidence. But now that we perceive ourselves both permitted and compelled to regard the seven Mosaic days as a figure of speech, an accommodation to some previously existing mode of thought, we are prepared to listen in a totally different attitude of mind to what reason and history have to say. We no longer fear such testimony as antagonistic to Revelation; we accept it as supplying the very link which we are in search of. Why should we not conclude (at any rate we see nothing in it to shock religious feeling) that it pleased the Almighty to adopt the familiar cycle of the days, the familiar thought of the sacred and mysterious seven, as the basis of that inspired communication, by which he declared himself the sole and self-existent Maker of all things, as the basis too of that beneficent institution which made a consecrated day of rest a sign and a privilege of the covenanted people? The conclusions which we have pointed at do not of course in the slightest degree impugn the Divine origin of the Jewish Sabbath, or its absolute obligation under the Mosaic law. But they have a bearing, and an important one (as we shall presently see) on the further question of its perpetuation under Christianity. While fully admitting, therefore, the Divine authority

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to Pythagoras. But Pythagoras, we are told, drew his ideas from Egypt and the East; and, in any case, it is to the East that we must look for the definite formalisation of these notions. Such fancies, indeed, in a more or less random shape, are doubtless as old as the very infancy of speculation. That they were prevalent in Greece before Pythagoras's time we see very notably in Hesiod; in fact they are embodied largely in the Greek mythology, pointing here again to an ancient connexion with the East; and though even in Hesiod's time, or Homer's, the hebdomadal cycle was as strange to the Greeks as at a later period, yet the special reverence then attaching to the seventh day of the month, as Apollo's natal day (a reverence preserved with special prominence in the Dorian Calendar), marks a probable point of contact with the *Dies Solis* of the Oriental week.

invoked by the Hebrew prophets to enforce the observance of the sacred day, and its cognate sabbatical ordinances, we pass on to that in which alone we are ourselves concerned, the law which is binding on Christians. How far does the New Testament impose or perpetuate such a law?

Few as are the passages in the New Testament directly relating to this subject, we have not space in a sketch like the present to examine them in detail. Even Dr. Hessey has not done so with any completeness, except in the case of two or three texts less commonly cited, thinking probably that those which are best known and have been most frequently discussed, needed little more than arrangement in their due order. The conclusions he arrives at are, that Christ himself while correcting the views of the Pharisees upon the Sabbath (views much perverted by traditional precepts), and while bringing those religionists back to the true and divine intent of the institution, has, nevertheless, left no directions, and scarcely any intimations, to his own Church of what he would have them do when the Law should give place to the Gospel — that the guidance, again, which we can derive from the teaching of the Apostles is rather to be found in their practice, and in occasional hints which their writings contain, than in any express injunctions transmitted to us — but that, nevertheless, what we may fairly conclude and ought to conclude is, that the Christian Sunday, the Lord's day, is an institution of Apostolical, and therefore (so far as the gifts and powers bestowed on the Apostles make the words coincident) of *Divine* authority, and not in the ordinary sense of the term a merely ecclesiastical ordinance — hence, that it is of perpetual obligation, binding on the Christian Church as completely as the Sabbath was binding on the Jews; but that still it is not to be considered a Sabbath at all, a Sabbath modified either by transference or by transfiguration; (indeed, the two institutions long continued to exist together, side by side;) for that all which it has in common with the Sabbath is that both are commemorative and holy days, and both days of weekly recurrence; while the Lord's day stands on a footing of its own, and this in three several respects,— the fact it commemorates being the resurrection of Christ, the character it exhibits being that of sacred joy, the duty it provides for being that of worship, especially united and eucharistic worship, whereas rest and cessation from worldly business are but appropriate and auxiliary adjuncts to its leading object.

We have endeavoured to give succinctly and correctly what we understand to be Dr. Hessey's conclusions on this matter, not being able to find a summary of his own sufficiently short

for our purpose. And we will add that with many of these conclusions we heartily concur, though on some of them we should be tempted, if time permitted, to offer a few remarks. But we must confine ourselves to one point, the most important perhaps of all, the extent to which the Lord's day must be regarded as resting on Apostolical (and thus far on Divine) authority. Here we are very much at issue with Dr. Hessey.

That Christians should assemble themselves together for united worship, for mutual edification, and for the special rite which testifies and cements their communion, is indeed plainly and repeatedly enjoined not only by the Apostles, but by Christ himself. But with this we believe that all positive direction ceases on the part of Christ and of his authorised messengers. It is obvious, at any rate, that no definite rule is expressly laid down by them; and if we are to deduce any such rule, we must deduce it from general principles, confirmed or aided by mere incidental hints.

Now Dr. Hessey's theory appears to us to involve the paradoxical assumption that though Jewish Sabbaths were abolished by the Christian religion, yet Jewish *weeks*, notwithstanding, were made of universal obligation. Such a proposition, nakedly stated, must be seen to carry its own refutation with it. Yet we cannot understand how Dr. Hessey can avoid making this postulate, if his conclusion is to hold good.

For let it be considered how far general principles would conduct us without it. That the fulfilment of the duty of united worship would require the observance of stated days, marked out by preconcerted arrangement, is a necessity inherent in joint action on the part of all communities except the very smallest. That the law by which such days are fixed should also be a law of orderly and regular recurrence, though not a matter of absolute necessity, still is one suggested both by sound reason and by the common instincts of our nature. But what necessity, what ground of reason or of instinct, would make the septenary principle the rule of this recurrence? Here is the weak point in Dr. Hessey's case. He has conceded the point that Sabbaths and everything connected with them passed away with the Jewish dispensation: yet he would have us believe that the Sabbatical *calendar* was either assumed as an universal necessity, or authoritatively imposed on all men, by the Apostles. This is far too much to take for granted If, indeed, the hebdomadal cycle were one inherent in the course of nature, or commending itself to the human mind by its essential fitness —even if it had been already adopted by general consent at the time we speak of, so as to offer a point of contact which

Christianity might have fastened on with advantage, we could understand the conclusions to which Dr. Hessey would lead us. But it is obvious that none of these conditions are met by the facts of the case. That the hebdomadal cycle is not imposed on men by any physical necessity is still more clear than that natural phenomena very readily suggest it. It is needless to argue this point further. Nor again, does any tolerably informed man suppose for a moment, that, at the time of the promulgation of the Gospel, it was in general or ordinary use. Even in the Eastern provinces of the Roman Empire, custom seems to have fluctuated, as conflicting influences might determine, between the use of the Greek Calendar and that of the Latin. Neither of these, as every one knows, was based on the septenary principle or was even compatible with it. The Greek month of thirty days, not only among the Athenians but in its other local varieties, proceeded on the obvious and convenient arrangement of a threefold division into decades. The Roman month had its more complicated arrangement, ruled by Calends, Nones, and Ides; and side by side with this, in the rural districts of Italy, subsisted the old Etruscan system of Nundines. In all this there was nothing to facilitate the introduction of a seventh day festival: nothing to sustain the computation of it, and to give it currency and meaning. Imposed upon a purely Gentile community such a festival would have entailed an embarrassing disarrangement of ideas, as well as many practical inconveniences. That the Apostles should have enjoined such an observance upon such communities is inconceivable except on Sabbatarian grounds; and these grounds Dr. Hessey has agreed, (and, as we think, has most justly agreed) to abandon.

But dismissing *à priori* considerations, we turn to the passages in the New Testament which bear upon this subject. Dr. Hessey sees in these texts a sure indication of what was the practice of the Apostles themselves, and also of the churches which they governed. We waive for a moment the several questions which have been raised upon each of these texts by the long series of Commentators, from Origen to Calvin, and from Calvin to Alford. But granting the utmost which is claimed in every case, what do they prove? Merely that the first day of the week was specially observed by Jewish Christians, and by other churches which had been formed on a nucleus either of Jews or Jewish proselytes; and to whom therefore the idea of weeks was already familiar and habitual. It is impossible to deduce from this the practice of churches distinctively Gentile; still less the principle by which that practice was necessarily to be determined. To establish such conclusions

the appeal must be made to documents addressed to Gentiles only. Now (whatever doubt may attach to some other Epistles) we have *one* Epistle at least of St. Paul's to a church purely Gentile, not only in origin, but in culture,—the Church of the Colossians. And it is a fact of no small significance, as proving his estimate of such arrangements as we speak of, that he writes to them: 'Let no man judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days, 'which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is of 'Christ.' (ii. 16, 17.) Nor is it less significant that in writing even to two churches nurtured in Judaism, or deeply imbued with it, and which therefore would naturally and allowably shape their institutions by a Jewish mould, he yet guards earnestly against the conversion of such matters into essentials. To the Roman Christians, who from their position at the centre of social and political life needed most especially both to understand and to exemplify the large free spirit of Christianity, he writes: 'One man esteemeth one day above another; another 'esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded 'in his own mind. He that regardeth the day, regardeth it to 'the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord 'he doth not regard it.' (xiv. 5, 6.); while to the Galatians, under the peculiar apprehensions he entertained for them, he writes in language which seems almost to condemn the practice which elsewhere he approves as laudable: 'Ye observe 'days and months and times and years. I am afraid of you 'lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain.' (iv. 10, 11.)

We complain of Dr. Hessey for making no distinction in his quotations and discussions between the churches of Jewish and those of Gentile culture; disregarding here one of the plainest and most useful principles which modern criticism has established. We do not of course deny that it was desirable and advantageous for the Christian Church to attain to agreement and uniformity in respect of a day of worship; nor that it was right and fitting that the elder or Jewish branch should gradually draw the rest to adopt its hereditary method. And so it came to pass. Whatever may have been the varieties of practice, actual or potential, among the scattered communities of the Apostolic age, there can be no doubt that the observance of the Lord's day in the hebdomadal cycle soon became universal in the Christian body. It was well that this should be so, union and stability being thus the more insured to the Church, though in this as in many other points the Judaizing element gained more power than Christian truth would sanction.

Meanwhile the heathen world by a singular, and as we may

believe a providential process, was being prepared for the acceptance of the same hebdomadal cycle, and thus for opening a new approach to Christianity. By the end of the second century the septenary division of time was forcing its way into general adoption throughout the Roman Empire; and this through the agency of influences for the most part neither Christian nor even Jewish. We wish that Dr. Hessey had dwelt more particularly on this strange episode of history. Dion Cassius, in the well-known passage which he quotes, (Hist. Rom. xxxvii. 18.) is our principal authority for the fact, and its explanation; and he expressly classes the seven-days week amongst Egyptian institutions, and ascribes its establishment among the Romans to Egyptian influences. For the main fact, at any rate, his testimony seems conclusive; nor can he well have been mistaken in tracing the new mode of reckoning to Egypt in the first place, though we are convinced by Archdeacon Hare (in the 'Philological Museum,' vol. i.) that the Egyptians themselves had probably received the seven-days week from the Chaldæans together with the science of astrology. We know from numberless sources what enormous progress Egyptian religious ideas and customs had been making among the Romans for some time previously; and the fact is easily explained. Amidst the general concourse of races and creeds under the Roman Empire, held together as it was by nothing but the iron despotism which extinguished at the same time all true patriotic feeling, special and traditionary customs (more particularly those which were connected with political institutions) lost their power over men's minds, as did also the ancient forms of their discredited national mythologies. Men yearned for something more universal and more natural. To those who were incapable of philosophy, astrology and the mysteries seemed to promise what they wanted. The massive and mystic ideas of the Eastern religions (which had partially survived even through the old mythology in such mysteries as those of Eleusis) possessed a strong fascination for them, and above all the venerable and awful forms of Egyptian worship. The rites of Isis and Serapis, the licentiousness of which was, we believe, but a secondary recommendation, exercised that attraction upon the coarser and more superstitious minds which purer spirits felt in the Eastern Monotheistic systems, and above all in Christianity. Hence, too, the general exchange of local calendars which had become discordant and inconvenient, (especially since Julius Cæsar's 'year of confusion,' and Hadrian's subsequent patronage of the Greek mode,) and which no longer had patriotic feeling or political associations to recommend them, for

the simpler system of recurrent weeks and week days, with its quasi-natural basis and its astrological associations. Hence also that growing reverence for the *Dies Solis*, the Day of the Sun, or Sunday, which Constantine, as we shall see, employed some time later for the furtherance of his purposes. By the end of the third century, the adoption of the astrological week, with its seven planetary days, had become, it would seem, almost universal. It would be an interesting task, and one not fully executed even by Selden, to trace the growth of this usage by a searching examination of the writers, heathen and Christian, of the second and third centuries. That it had taken deep root, before the christianisation of the Empire, not only among all the subject nations, but even among the neighbouring tribes, we have a proof, beyond all incidental notices on the part of contemporary writers, in the names of the days of the week permanently impressed alike on the Romance and on the Teutonic languages of Europe.

It was, however, not till the famous decree of Constantine (A.D. 321) that Sunday, by becoming an authorised and constituted holiday, grew to be associated in the minds of Christians with rest as well as worship. Dr. Hessey follows the best authorities in believing that this decree neither involved nor implied a profession of the Christian faith on the Emperor's part; but, while eminently favourable to Christianity, gave him the opportunity of establishing an institution which would be no less acceptable to his heathen subjects, and a bond of union between all. From this time forward the complex elements which go to make up the popular idea of Sunday among Christians were left to blend together, varying indeed in the degree of their combination among different nations and in different centuries, yet exhibiting in the main the same features as at present, although sometimes one feature was brought into greater prominence, and sometimes another.

We have thus traced the history of the institution to that point from which we started at first; though many episodes remain, some of which are agreeably touched upon in Dr. Hessey's book. We again recommend the book very strongly to the notice of the public, and more especially of the clergy. If the observations we have ventured to make, and the arguments of the Bampton lecturer, appear to some to savour of dangerous novelty, we answer that they are in great measure simply a recurrence to the principles of the Reformers and the Fathers, not to say of the Bible also. It is with great satisfaction, therefore, that we point in conclusion to the words of an ancient Christian writer, now usually classed among the

Apostolical Fathers, which, though not cited or alluded to by Dr. Hessey or his predecessors, deserve to be noticed in connexion with this subject; and which, if they betray some forgetfulness of the divine origin of Jewish observances, show, we think, a largeness of view in estimating Christianity rare since the days of St. Paul, and certainly highly applicable to this subject.

'With regard to the timid scrupulosity of the Jews, in the ordering of their food, and their superstition about their Sabbaths . . . I do not suppose that you want to be informed by me [writing as a Christian apologist]. For that they should make distinctions between objects created by God for man's use, receiving some of these things as good results of the Creator's power, and rejecting others as useless and superfluous, can surely be hardly deemed due reverence for God. And their close and servile watchings of the stars and moon for the exact observance of months and days; and their adaptation of God's natural laws, and of the changes of the seasons, as inclination prompts, whether to purposes of festival or of mourning, — who shall consider a proof of godliness, and not rather of folly? That the vanity then, and the errors which are common to the Jews, and to the heathen, and the meddlesomeness and pretentiousness which distinguish the Jews, are things from which Christians are and ought to be free, I think I have sufficiently shown you. But as to the mystery of their own peculiar religion, think not to be able to learn that from man. For Christians are not distinguished from the rest of mankind by country, or by language, or by customs. For they neither inhabit any cities of their own, nor use a separate dialect, nor lead a marked and peculiar life. And certainly by no device or forethought of curious men have these tenets of theirs been discovered; nor is it any human form of doctrine that they insist on, as some sects do. But dwelling both in Grecian cities and cities of the barbarians, according as the lot of every man is cast, and following the customs of the country in their dress and living, and other particulars of life, they demonstrate the wonderful and (as all men confess) the inexplicable character of their principles of conduct. They live in the countries they belong to, but it is as sojourners. They take part in all things as citizens, yet patiently endure all things as strangers. Every foreign state is a fatherland to them, and every fatherland a strange country. . . . Their residence is on earth, but their citizenship is in heaven. They comply with the laws which are established, yet in their own lives gain a victory over the laws. . . . And, to sum up all, what the soul is in the body, that Christians are in the world.' (*Epist. ad Diognetum*, iv. v. vi. *apud Patres Apostolicos*, edit. Hefele.)

ART. XI.— 1. *Slavery and Secession in America, Historical and Economical.* By THOMAS ELLISON. London: 1861.

2. *The American Crisis considered.* By CHARLES LEMPRIERE, D.C.L. London: 1861.

3. *Causes of the Civil War in America.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. (Reprinted by permission from the 'Times'). London: 1861.

4. *The Great Conspiracy and England's Neutrality.* Mr. JAY'S Address at Mount Kisco, New York. The fourth of July, 1861.

THESE are ephemeral records of the great controversy which convulses and divides the Western Hemisphere — an endless subject of wonder, of speculation, of instruction, and of sorrow to those who, like ourselves, survey this tremendous conflict from a state of political society even more remote from that of America than these islands are from the Atlantic coasts. When we consider the multitudes of men affected by this catastrophe, the vast extent of territory abandoned to the horrors of civil war, the momentous political principles engaged in it, the obscure destiny of four millions of slaves, and the severity of the trial applied to those democratic institutions which have been supposed by many profound thinkers to embody and to represent the future government of the most civilised nations, the mind loses itself in the attempt to find an issue from this labyrinth of anarchy. For it is unquestionably a state of anarchy, when a great nation is rent asunder, the minority appealing to arms against the will of the majority, the majority itself relying for its own defence on forces hastily summoned to the capital, the law powerless, the ordinary conditions of freedom suspended, the fundamental compact impugned, and authority maintained, where it is maintained at all, by the edge of the sword. Never did a greater change befall any people, than this revolution which has come upon the Americans in the midst of their reckless material prosperity; never did a more tremendous visitation teach a nation that they can claim no exemption from the operation of those laws which have in all ages regulated the political interests and contests of mankind.

Mr. Ellison's volume is a serviceable compendium of the events which have taken place, and especially of the state-papers, speeches, and opinions of the men who on both sides have borne

a prominent part in them. His own sympathies are avowedly with the North. He draws a fair and accurate picture of the effects of slavery on the resources of the South, and he arrives at the conclusion that, in spite of the incalculable difficulties which surround such a measure, gradual emancipation can alone extricate the Southern States from the social perils in which they stand. The Federal armies which line the banks of the Potomac are not the only, or the most formidable antagonists of the Southern chiefs. Who knows what designs pervade that mysterious, mute, but not unintelligent phalanx in the rear of the confederate forces, whose power may ere long become commensurate with their wrongs? Mr. Ellison, however, is not an abolitionist, in the extreme sense of the term. His views are moderate; his facts are carefully collected, and upon the whole his book is the most useful contribution we have seen in Europe to the history of this crisis in American affairs.

We cannot speak in equally favourable terms of Dr. Lempriere's performance, nor is it easy to conceive what can have induced an English writer, a member of an Inn of Court and an Oxford College, to appear before the world as the champion of all that the public opinion of this country and the general conscience of the civilised world have most irrevocably condemned. His style is singularly confused and incorrect. His acquaintance with the elementary principles of the American Constitution is so imperfect that he asserts that 'the President would not become 'Governor of the country until he was accepted by the legisla-'ture both of the separate States and the whole combined;' whence he argues that there is no such government as the Union, and that the exercise of power by President Lincoln is an act of despotic usurpation. But these absurdities are not the darkest blots on Dr. Lempriere's pages. Far worse than these is the total moral insensibility of this book to the great principles engaged in this contest. We were not prepared to meet with an English writer, at the present day, who should roundly assert that 'throughout the Southern States, apart 'from the question of slavery, the negro has a recognised and 'comfortable position in society. He is provided and cared for 'by law, and is confessedly the happiest and merriest of mortals 'in any subordinate capacity.' (P. 49.) Nor indeed is it easy to understand what is meant by the position of the negro in the South, *apart from the question of slavery.* But enough of such revolting absurdity — a melancholy proof of the lengths to which men may be led by a love of paradox, amounting

to absolute indifference to the claims of truth, freedom, and justice.*

We have noticed these books in order to show that the opinions both of the North and of the South have their representatives in this country and in our current literature. But our friends beyond the Atlantic would be grievously mistaken if they imagined that because we are wont to hear questions argued on both sides, and are not intolerant of the most opposite opinions, we are therefore indifferent to the result, or at all disposed to modify the convictions which have long made Great Britain the foremost champion of the freedom of all the races of mankind. Our neutrality of opinion, and the neutral policy of the British Government, rest upon totally different grounds. Nobody here accepts the audacious avowal of the South, that slavery is the corner-stone of the social fabric; nobody doubts that a society pervaded and encompassed by an army of domestic enemies, in which even the ties of labour and industry are converted into instruments of oppression, must end in some frightful convulsion. But whatever may be our opinion of the condition and policy of the slave-

* Dr. Lempriere's opinions are worthy of the preamble of the Louisiana Ordinance of Secession of the 26th January, 1861, which was in the following terms: —

'Whereas it is manifest that Abraham Lincoln, if inaugurated as President of the United States, will keep the promises he has made to the Abolitionists of the North; that those promises, if kept, will inevitably lead to the emancipation and misfortune of the slaves of the South, their equality with a superior race, and before long to the irreparable ruin of this mighty Republic, the degradation of the American name, and corruption of the American blood;

'Fully convinced, as we are, that the slavery engrafted on this land by France, Spain, England, and the States of North America is the most humane of all existing servitudes; that to the slave of the South it is far preferable to the condition of the barbarians of Africa or the freedom of those who have been liberated by the powers of Europe; that it is in obedience to the laws of God, recognised by the Constitution of our country, sanctioned by the decrees of its tribunals; that it feeds and clothes its enemies and the world, leaves to the black labourer a more considerable sum of comfort, happiness, and liberty than the inexorable labour required from the free servants of the whole universe; and that each emancipation of an African, without being of any benefit to him, would necessarily condemn to slavery one of our blood and our race;

'Resolved, &c.'

When people in this country talk of sympathy with the Southern States, it is desirable they should know what the principles are to which they are supposed to give a blind assent.

holding South, the public mind of England, and we may confidently add of Europe, is totally unable to follow the North in its determination to maintain the connexion with the South by force of arms, to spend its blood in conquering and subduing, if necessary, those very States, which are now the object of so much hostility and abhorrence, and consequently to assume a still closer and more direct responsibility in dealing with this question of slavery, although it is admitted to be one of all but insoluble difficulty. In our opinion, that which has really been a burden and a curse to the most civilised portions of North America, is not the existence of slavery in the cotton fields of the South, but that the institution of slavery extended its baneful influence over the whole Union, even to the States which had long ceased to hold slaves of their own. Under the existing Constitution of the United States, which the freemen of the North are now in arms to defend, slavery must be considered to form part and parcel of the law of the Union, not only from the well-known clause which has been made the basis of the Fugitive Slave Law, not only from the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case, but especially from the very last amendment or addition to the Constitution passed on the 3rd March of this year, that is, on the eve of President Lincoln's inauguration, which expressly provides —

'That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution, which will give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labour or servitude by the laws of the said State.'

Thus in the very crisis of the present quarrel, and at the moment when able writers like Mr. Motley were endeavouring to prove to Europe that the Union formed one great nation, represented by its Congress and its President, to execute the supreme law of the commonwealth, Congress did in fact declare itself powerless and incompetent to abolish or interfere with slavery, and thereby recognised in more precise terms the full and absolute right of the several States to deal exclusively with their 'domestic institutions.' But as it is well known that the several States (or at least the greater part of them) never will abolish slavery of their own accord, we are entitled to assert, with this clause before us, that slavery is protected and perpetuated by the Constitution itself, in those States in which it already exists.

This single fact seems to us to afford a more conclusive answer than whole reams of argument to the high prerogative doctrines (as we should call them in Europe) recently put forth by the champions of the Federal Constitution. According

to them the Constitution of the United States is not only sovereign but supreme, ordained and established over the States by a power superior to the States. We have even met with one American writer who asserts that there were no States before the Union, and that their existence as States depends on their relation to the Union, otherwise they would relapse into the condition of territories. These writers appear to forget that the establishment of the Constitution was expressly made to depend on the acceptance and ratification of it by conventions of at least nine of the thirteen States of which the Union was originally composed. And when it was ratified and accepted, what was the result? That the Constitution was supreme, *as far as it goes*, that is in all matters expressly reserved to the Federal Government; but that all matters not so expressly reserved remain within the exclusive jurisdiction of the States. Slavery is one of these matters. Nothing is more true than that Congress is absolutely devoid of power to legislate on the subject of slavery, except for the purpose of enforcing its consequences beyond the limits of the State jurisdictions, as has been done by the Fugitive Slave Law. It is equally certain that the States which passed Personal Liberty Laws at variance with the Fugitive Slave Law, and which resisted, on the higher grounds of morality and independence, the Marshals of the United States in their attempts to enforce that detestable enactment, nullified a law of the Union, and thereby set at nought the Constitution of the United States. In point of fact, down to 1860, and as long as the executive power of the Union was in the hands of Southern men, friendly to slavery and slave institutions, the resistance to the Federal authority proceeded from the very parties in the North who are now most eager to enforce it. For fifteen years Wendell Phillips and the Abolitionists have been glorying in the name of Disunionists, and denouncing the Constitution of the United States as a compact with Hell. The Constitution itself was publicly burnt by Garrison one 4th July, to express his abhorrence of the connexion established by that instrument between the free North and the slave-holding South. Now, on the contrary, in what Mrs. Beecher Stowe calls 'the sublime uprising of the North,' for the purpose, as she also assures us, of carrying emancipation by war, the Constitution is described by the North as the vital principle of the nation, while it is repudiated by the South as an engine of foreign tyranny and domestic oppression. The Republican party now in power defends the high Federalist doctrines of the Unionists, and has in fact taken up arms to enforce them. But the Democratic party, which had till lately possessed a ma-

jority in the country, is equally true to the fundamental principles of Jefferson in its declaration at Cincinnati in 1856 and 1860, that '*the Federal Government is one of limited power*, 'derived solely from the Constitution, and the grants of power 'therein made ought to be strictly construed by all the de-'partments and agents of the Government, and that it is in-'expedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional 'powers.' The language here applied to the Constitution of the United States is in no degree stronger than that to be found in the xxxixth number of the 'Federalist,' in which the relations of the National and Federal character of the Union were skilfully and accurately drawn by Mr. Madison. He lays it down that 'the assent and ratification of the people of 'America was given to the Constitution, *not as individuals* '*composing one entire nation*, but as composing the *distinct and* '*independent States* to which they respectively belong. The 'Constitution was so adopted, not by the majority of the people 'of the United States binding the minority, but by the volun-'tary act of each State considered as a sovereign body, inde-'pendent of all others.' And again: 'The idea of a national 'government involves in it, not only an authority over the 'individual citizens, but an indefinite supremacy over all per-'sons and things, so far as they are objects of lawful govern-'ment. Among a people consolidated into one nation this su-'premacy is completely vested in the national legislature. In 'this relation, then, the proposed government cannot be deemed 'a *national* one, since its jurisdiction extends to certain enume-'rated objects only, and leaves to the States a residuary and 'inviolable sovereignty over all other objects.' We are at a loss to conceive how it can be asserted, in direct contradiction to the express *dicta* of the authors of the Constitution, that the Union has, or ever has had, the power of a national government supreme over the whole people of the United States. That doctrine, in its present violent and exaggerated form, is new in American constitutional law; and unhappily it no longer falls under the jurisdiction of that tribunal which was regarded by the authors of the 'Federalist' as 'clearly essential 'to prevent an appeal to the sword and a dissolution of the 'compact.'

The controversy between State sovereignties and Federal sovereignty is interminable, for it is inherent in the nature of all governments the members or subjects of which are in some measure sovereign. Absolute sovereignty, in the true and correct meaning of the term, does not exist in a Federal State, unless it be represented by the concurrence of all the members

of the State, both collectively and severally: in the absence of that concurrence the highest power is divided between two sovereignties, the one limited by the other, and neither supreme. In these things, as in many others, it is emphatically true that the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life. In this very defence of the principles of the Constitution, the Americans are every day violating it. Certainly the framers of that instrument never dreamed that a day would come when freedom of speech and of the press would be effectually abridged*, when the intercourse of the post-office would no longer be secure, and a vigilant police control the movements of free citizens. These things may be necessary in civil war, but they are not constitutional. They demonstrate that the Executive has been obliged by the force of circumstances largely to encroach on the legal rights of the people, and that in the very act of defending the Constitution, it has been trampled under foot.

Suppose this unhappy contest were suddenly to be brought to a termination, either by a signal defeat of the Southern army, or by a total collapse of the resources of the South, is any one sanguine enough to suppose that the constitution of the United States would, or could, stand where it did before the outbreak? Would the victorious party be content to take no advantage of their success, and to exact no securities for the future? Would the generals and statesmen who now lead hostile armies, and sit in hostile councils, unite again in the administrative bodies and legislative assemblies of one Commonwealth? Would the troops now in arms at their respective outposts, blend in one army for the defence of the same rights and the maintenance of the same law? These things are im-

* Between the 8th and the 24th August no less than twenty of the Northern newspapers had their offices destroyed by mobs, or were suppressed by direct measures of the Federal Government; their offence apparently being that they continued to hold during the war the language which everybody had held previous to the war, namely, to deprecate the continuance of a ruinous and hateful contest. One of the most alarming features of the present crisis is that in these and many similar instances,—such as the introduction of the passport system, the refusal to obey writs of *habeas corpus*, arrests, domiciliary visits, seizures of papers, &c., — the authority of the law is virtually suspended. Martial law has not been proclaimed except in Missouri; but in point of fact the people of the United States, in the North as well as the South, seem to be living under it, and where it is not martial law it is mob law. It is scarcely less dangerous to express in the North opinions in favour of secession, or even of a peaceful compromise, than it would be in the South to advocate the abolition of slavery.

possible. It may be very well to call these seceding citizens *rebels*, but President Lincoln knows that the day peace is signed, they would resume all the rights they ever enjoyed. It would be impossible to proscribe or punish whole States and millions of men. In the heat of the contest the Federal Government has not ventured to inflict the penalties of treason on the prisoners who have fallen into its hands. Even after defeat, they must be treated with, and the terms on which it may be expedient or necessary to treat with them would become the terms of a new confederation — a confederation, be it observed, no longer framed in a spirit of concord, and freely ratified by equal States, but framed in a spirit of jealousy, if not of revenge, and imposed by a conquering on a conquered party.

Its chances of duration would therefore be far inferior to those of the confederation which has already been so severely shaken. In truth, the immediate cause of this split in the Union, far from being anything new, is one of the oldest and most familiar results in the whole range of political experience. It is one of those divisions which have occurred in all times and countries, where the chief executive power of the state has been made elective. The founders of the Commonwealth imagined that they had found a remedy for this evil, by vesting the election in a college or jury of electors. But this part of their plan was a sheer delusion; for it was soon discovered that the true contest lay not in the choice of a President by the electors, but in the nomination of the electors by the people. As long as the presidential election was regarded as a question of persons, the danger was not insurmountable. As long as the traditions of the government remained the same, no harm was done. But the election of Mr. Lincoln was a radical change in the policy of the Union. It involved the total subversion of the party which had long been in power. It was the absolute triumph of the North — the absolute defeat of the South. All compromise was at an end. This being the case, it was declared that though he might be the President of the North, the South refused to be governed for four years by a man whom it had with one voice rejected. The elective system breaks down the moment the minority feels itself strong enough to refuse to be bound by the adverse will of the majority; and the result we now witness is precisely that which has marked the course of elective sovereignty all over the world. A Constitution which fails to determine who is to be the prime ruler of the nation without an appeal to arms, fails altogether; for it fails to uphold legal authority, and

it fails to secure to the nation the first blessings of order, liberty, and peace.

These considerations, and many more of equal weight, have led the statesmen of Europe to the conviction that if there be in America a party who think they are contending for the maintenance of the Constitution of 1789, these men are self-deluded. That instrument which they conceive to have been the palladium of their greatness had only a legal existence. Like a treaty of peace, its provisions were binding as long as there was a general disposition to accept them, or power competent to enforce them. The Constitution vested in the supreme judicial power the duty of interpreting its provisions and even of declaring Acts of Congress to be unconstitutional; but though the Supreme Court could interpret, it could not enforce its decrees. Its marshals are powerless against states and armies. Mr. Buchanan held, and stated in his farewell message, that the Constitution had not delegated to Congress the power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw, or has withdrawn, from the confederacy; and he quoted in support of this opinion a far higher authority than his own, for on the 31st May, 1787, a clause, 'authorising 'an exertion of the force of the whole against a delinquent 'State' came up for consideration, but upon the opposition of Mr. Madison this clause was postponed, and never revived. Soon afterwards Mr. Madison said, 'Any Government of the 'United States, formed on the supposed practicability of using 'force against the unconstitutional proceedings of the States, 'would prove as visionary and fallacious as the Government of 'the Old Congress.'

The American writers on this subject have therefore, in our opinion, committed a gross error in the attempt to transfer to their Constitution the high doctrines of allegiance, which have in former times, more than at present, been asserted on behalf of the monarchies of Europe. In our time those doctrines have lost much of their authority in the Old World. We have seen constant and frequent 'secessions,' even where unions had been guaranteed by all the military strength and political authority of Europe; and we certainly were not prepared to meet the old code of treason and rebellion in full vigour on the other side the Atlantic. In like manner, we observe with astonishment, that writers of judgment and knowledge like Mr. Everett, have fallen into the mistake of comparing an insurrection in Ireland, or Scotland, to the secession of the Southern States. Before the unions of those crowns to the crown of England, their condition did present some analogy to

that of the American States. They had distinct legislative assemblies, and distinct local administrations, though they were united for certain imperial purposes, by the person of the sovereign and the unity of the Supreme Government. But when the Acts of Union were carried in 1708 and 1800, they did precisely what has never been done at all in America; they put an end to the Scotch and Irish Parliaments with their own consent; those bodies merged in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and our political unity was complete. That which does in reality offer a far nearer resemblance, at the present time, to the States of the American Union, is the condition of the British possessions in North America and Australia. Those provinces have parliaments of their own. Except for certain Imperial purposes, we allow them a wide sphere of independent action, on the principle of self-government. We are perfectly aware that the course of events will probably lead them eventually to secede from the British Empire, and we are convinced that provided that secession be peacefully accomplished, it is of very little importance to our interests whether they are British possessions or not. The evil (if any) would be to them, not to us; and it is not improbable that the fate of the United States may lead them to prolong their connexion with the free constitutional monarchy of England.

The opinion which favours secession, and which is now denounced as treason, is by no means peculiar to Southern politicians or to Mr. Calhoun. In 1825, in an Essay on the American Constitution, by William Rawle, a gentleman who had, we believe, filled the office of Attorney-General for the State of Pennsylvania, the following passages occur:—

'If a faction should attempt to subvert the government of a State for the purpose of destroying its republican form, the paternal power of the Union could be called forth to subdue it. *Yet it is not to be understood that its interposition would be justifiable if the people of a State should determine to retire from the Union.* It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principle on which all our political systems are founded, which is, that the people have, in all cases, a right to determine how they will be governed. . . . *The secession of a State from the Union depends on the will of the people of such State.* But in any manner by which a secession is to take place, nothing is more clear than that the act should be deliberate, clear, and unequivocal.' (*Rawle*, pp. 288, 296.)

And the same author proceeds to discuss at some length the consequences of secession, not only on the seceding States,

but on those which might remain united; apparently not for an instant doubting the strict legality of a solemn popular determination to withdraw from the existing Confederation.

We think that Mr. Motley has considerably overstated the sovereign powers of the Union, and that no such paramount supremacy as he ascribes to it ever had any real existence. Certain it is that the founders of the Republic, and especially the party of which Jefferson was the chief authority, always viewed the Federal authority with extreme jealousy, and clung to the independent sovereignty of the States as one of the essential conditions of American liberty. Even on such questions as that designated by the title of 'Internal Improve-'ments,' the strength of the Confederation was tried against the strength of the States and defeated. Indeed, it is scarcely possible to quote any instance of a struggle between State authority and Federal authority, in which the latter has not been defeated — a result which could not possibly have occurred if the Union had really possessed and exercised the Imperial omnipotence which Mr. Motley ascribes to it.

But these are, after all, idle discussions. However confident the Federal party may be in the interpretation they give to the Constitution, they cannot alter the fact that many millions of their fellow citizens interpret it differently. Not only are the Southern States in arms to maintain what they call the right of secession, but even States like Kentucky, which have not yet joined the Southern insurrection, equally repudiate the injunctions of the Federal Government, and seek only to preserve their own State neutrality. Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia are divided in opinion, and in each of them a civil war is raging to determine on which side their weight is to be cast. In Maryland the authority of the Federal Government is solely maintained by a military occupation. When the parties to a contract are thus divided, and the law is powerless to decide between them, it is evident that no amount of argument can terminate the quarrel, and that force alone can conclude it. If, indeed, it were admitted that the intention of the founders of the Union seventy-two years ago was to settle these questions irrevocably, and that the instrument they framed admits of no doubt or ambiguity, who shall say in a highly democratic state of society that any instrument can be eternally binding? Jefferson entertained doubts whether it was consistent with true democratic freedom for one generation to bind another generation to pay its debts; and if the fundamental principle of democracy is rigorously applied, we see no reason that the States

of America should hold themselves bound in 1861 by the institutions of their forefathers in 1789. Several of the monarchies of Europe have undergone half-a-dozen transformations within the same eventful period. The revolutions of all the other emancipated American colonies have been even more frequent; and there is a ludicrous inconsistency in the language and attitude of men who have hailed with enthusiasm every foreign revolution, and eagerly recognised every *de facto* government in Europe, but who shrink back with horror and amazement from an attempt to change their own political structure, and who are ready to treat home-grown treason with as ruthless severity as the Emperor Nicholas or the King of Naples.

'Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?'

and the descendants of the Gracchi of New England are certainly oddly placed to administer the law of treason in the spirit of Charles I. or George III. On this point the language of Mr. Douglas, delivered in the United States Senate on the 3rd of January, 1861, seems to us so much to the purpose that we quote it: —

'There is no other way or recourse left, to enforce the law in a seceding State, except to make war and bring the State within your possession first and then enforce the law afterward. A war between eighteen States on the one side, and fifteen seceding States on the other, is, to me, a revolting thing. For what purpose is the war to be waged? Certainly not for the purpose of preserving the Union. I have too much respect for gentlemen on the other side of the chamber, collectively and individually, to believe there is one among them who does not know what war is. You cannot expect to exterminate ten millions of people, whose passions are excited with the belief that you mean to invade their homes and light the flames of insurrection in their midst. You must expect to exterminate them, or subjugate them, or else, when you have got tired of war, to make a treaty with them. No matter whether the war lasts one year, or seven years, or thirty years, it must have an end at some time. Sooner or later both parties will become tired and exhausted; and when rendered incapable of fighting any longer, they will make a treaty of peace, and that treaty will be one of separation. The history of this world does not furnish an example of a war of sections, or between States of the same nation, where the war ended in reconciliation. Such a war always ends in a treaty of peace, and a final eternal separation. I don't understand, then, how a man can claim to be a friend of the Union, and yet be in favour of war upon ten millions of people in the Union. You cannot cover it up much longer under the pretext of love for the Union. Now, the question must be met, and whatever concessions I am called upon to make, I

choose to make voluntarily, before blood is shed, and not afterward. No man has more pride of country than I. It humbles my pride to see the authority of the Government questioned, but we are not the first nation whose pride has been humbled. Republics, empires, and kingdoms alike in all ages, have been subject to the same humiliating fact. But where there is a deep-seated discontent pervading ten millions of people, penetrating every man, woman, and child, and involving everything dear to them, it is time for inquiring whether there is not some cause for the feeling.'

These words appear to us to convey with great fairness and truth the opinion which has prevailed in Europe from the outset of the quarrel, and which has been considerably strengthened by the prodigious efforts of the belligerents and the paltry results which have hitherto attended the war. The greater those efforts are, the more blood and treasure are lavished in the attempt to subdue the insurrection, the less will the result be attained, because the object of the Federal Government is not to crush a revolt, but to restore an enemy to union with itself.

Mr. Jay, in his Fourth of July Oration at Mount Kisco, comments with severity on the ignorance displayed by the statesmen and authors of England with reference to American institutions. He suggests that if we gave to the constitutional history of America a little of the attention bestowed on the constitutions of Greece and Rome, the British Senate might occasionally find these acquirements of no slight value; and he winds up this taunt by quoting Dr. Franklin's complacent remark that 'the Americans are more thoroughly an 'enlightened people with regard to their political interests 'than perhaps any other under Heaven!'

We freely confess our inability to follow Mr. Jay in the dogmatical statements which represent in his opinion the fundamental laws of his country; but if he were at all acquainted with the political literature of England and Europe, he would be aware that few subjects have been the theme of so much discussion amongst ourselves for the last half century as the American Constitution. The very ablest survey of it is the work of an eminent French philosopher, and the commentaries upon it by English writers are innumerable. At the risk of incurring a charge of presumption from Mr. Jay, we venture to affirm, that the question being dispassionately viewed in this country from a greater distance, has been, on the whole, more accurately judged here than by the American people themselves. Nothing, indeed, surprises us more than the utter blindness of that enlightened people to a catastrophe,

which we ourselves had long deemed in the highest degree probable, if not inevitable. Five years ago, in October, 1856, on the eve of the contest which ended by placing Mr. Buchanan in the Presidential Chair, we used in this Journal the following language: —

'We have said that the maintenance and duration of the American Union seem to us to be exposed to the greatest dangers, if there be not force enough in the North to command, and wisdom enough in the South to accept a truly just and Republican policy for the direction of the Government; or the stern resistance of the North, encountering a violent and effectual resistance in the South, will lead to a disruption of the existing Confederacy, and a contest of more than ordinary ferocity must eventually determine by its results the limits of their respective powers. . . . The question appears to us at this time mainly to be whether the North (including under that name all the States not cursed with the institution of slavery) has the energy, the virtue, and the wisdom to unite in setting bounds to this evil, and whether those States have leaders equal to the emergency. The cloud which now hangs over the Union is not of yesterday. In the earliest times of the Republic it was seen rising, slowly but darkly, by gifted eyes. Jefferson saw it, and Madison, Jay, and Adams, and Randolph. Nay, Washington himself anticipated but a brief career for the Republic, which his virtue had saved and founded.' (*Ed. Rev.*, October, 1856, p. 597.)

We have ventured to refer to this passage because it is certainly applicable to the present hour. The storm was momentarily arrested in 1857 by the election of Mr. Buchanan; but that success of the Southern democratic party destroyed the last chance of averting the danger, and left the conspirators who were undermining the Union at full liberty to perfect the preparation of their designs. In America alone people seemed to think it wise and patriotic to ignore the danger, and down to the very latest hour, even to the inaugural address of Mr. Lincoln and the speeches of Mr. Seward, the disruption of the Union was represented as an improbable, and all but impossible event. We think that the Americans have no right to claim an extraordinary amount of clear-sightedness as to their own political prospects; and they appear to us equally deficient in a just estimation of their true political interests, since the commencement of the crisis. They have obeyed the impulses of passion much more than the dictates of reason. Their arrogant tone in speaking of their domestic antagonists and of foreign nations; their unmeasured demonstrations of military ardour unaccompanied by the slightest conception of real active service; their unfortunate display of mingled rashness and panic in the field; their attempt to carry the same system of bom-

bastic exaggeration even into the most arduous and delicate operations of finance, have all done infinite harm to their cause, and lowered their national character in Europe far more than the secession of a dozen disaffected States. The real question which concerns the future greatness of the American Commonwealth is, not what they will do with the slave-holding States which have thrown off the Federal tie, but, what will be the attitude of those Free States which are thus released from their degrading and fatal connexion with the institution of slavery.

If the South succeeded in its revolutionary attempt to found a separate commonwealth on the basis of slavery, we believe that such a State would ere long lose all that once dignified the name of American citizens. It would sink into internal anarchy and barbarism, only to be checked by military despotism: and it would eventually be brought into collision with the more civilised states of the globe, who would find it impossible to submit to the pretensions of a people who had made the enslavement of millions of black men the very groundwork of their political existence. The inference we draw from this state of things is that the Southern Confederacy would ere long be itself compelled by the force of things to modify the condition of its slaves, and that this change would be more readily brought about by a sense of their own interest, than by the intervention of Northern authority. But for the North we can conceive nothing more fortunate than to be delivered from an incubus, which has enthralled the whole Union. If there be any strength of principle, or genuine love of liberty, or intellectual culture, or capacity of improvement by honest industry, amongst the American people, it is assuredly in the North that these qualities are to be sought. Some of our contemporaries have hastily inferred from the present hour of trial, that the democratic institutions of America have irretrievably broken down, and that the country is on the verge of some political transformation or of a long period of anarchy. We think otherwise. The lesson is a severe and a useful one. But it will not be thrown away, if instead of prosecuting a senseless and sanguinary war, in which success is even more to be dreaded than failure, the North falls back on the principles and the resources which are all its own.

We say that in this war success is more to be dreaded than failure, because a successful invasion of the South by the North and the subjugation of the slave-holding States would throw upon the North the whole burden of the question of slavery. If the North be victorious, and proceed to give laws to the South, it must either maintain the institution of slavery, and employ the

free forces of the Northern States to keep in subjection the Southern negroes, or it must abolish the institution of slavery and provide forces and funds for the transfer of four millions of negroes to a state of freedom. In fact the Federal Government and its officers are already in this dilemma: but their policy is still undetermined; and while General Fremont is proclaiming the liberation of the slaves of traitors in Missouri, General M'Clellan is reported to have placed even fugitive negroes from the South under the restraint of servitude. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and the enthusiastic Abolitionists of Boston, who do not falter in their creed, proclaim aloud that the true meaning of this crusade is 'emancipation by 'war,' and they appear to suppose that the people of England will sympathise more freely with their efforts when they are told that the object of calling half a million of men to arms is to strike off the fetters of the slave. Not such was the course of England in her disinterested resolution to free her black subjects. Holy as that end appeared to her to be, she never held that it could be accomplished by acts of violence, war, or injustice. And if anything were needed to render this contest more frightful, and the passions excited by it more intense, it is this ill-advised declaration of the abolitionists, that their design is in truth to do all that the leaders of the Southern Confederacy have imputed to them.

'I tremble for my country,' said Jefferson in his celebrated 'Notes on Virginia,' 'when I remember that God is just,' foreseeing the fatal consequences of negro slavery to the Union if means were not taken to bring about the gradual emancipation and removal of the blacks. 'It is still,' he said, in speaking of the revision of the laws in Virginia, 'It is still in our power to 'regulate the course of emancipation and deportation, to effect 'this reform peaceably, and so gradually that the evil would 'disappear almost insensibly, and the place of the negroes filled '*pari passu* by white and free labourers. If, on the contrary, 'we leave the solution to the current of events, human nature 'recoils from the prospect before us. The extermination and 'expulsion of the Moors by the Spaniards would be but a feeble 'precedent to our condition.'* Meanwhile far from anything

* We borrow these notices of the opinions of Jefferson from the excellent historical Essay on his life recently published in France by M. Cornélis de Witt. Those who would master the first principles involved in the American Constitution and the present disruption of the Union, will find the true key to them in the writings of the first American statesmen, which have been published in the most

being done to lessen the evil, the number of slaves in the Union, which was 697,000 when these lines were written in 1790, has risen to 4,000,000 in 1860. May we not conclude that the monstrous vehemence with which the Southern States now defend slavery itself and seek to make it the 'corner 'stone' of their new Confederacy, is mainly attributable to the frightful magnitude of the evil, and the extreme difficulty of the remedy? We could indeed conceive a remedy, in more peaceful times, by endeavouring to raise the character of the negro population, by recognising their domestic and personal rights, and by giving them at first the condition of a peasantry attached to the soil.* But such palliatives are entirely visionary at such a crisis as this. Negro emancipation proclaimed by the North as an act of retaliation, or inflicted as a punishment for treason by the arbitrary proclamation of a military commander, may kindle a conflagration, but it will neither regenerate the negro race nor save the country. 'Let us not confound energy 'with violence,' said A. Hamilton when the Congress passed the *Alien and Sedition* Acts of 1798, which are the only precedents that can be quoted in justification of the measures of public safety taken by the American Government within the last few weeks. Those laws indeed were violent, but not unconstitutional: yet they were nullified by the States of Virginia and Kentucky, and the man who framed the memorable resolutions against them, and thereby asserted that the Union was not supreme, was no other than Jefferson himself. A law of emancipation passed by the Federal Congress, constituted as it now is by the North, would clearly be a direct violation of the Constitution, even without the recent amendment which explicitly denies the existence of any such power. If the Constitution is not respected by those who are fighting in its name, by whom is it to be upheld? And if Congress has

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ample form by the Americans. The voluminous character of these works renders it difficult to consult them, but M. de Witt's volume on the Life of Washington, and his second volume, more recently published, on the Life of Jefferson, are masterly summaries of the policy and opinions of the two great chiefs of the Federalist and Republican parties, and are highly interesting and instructive at the present time.

* The melancholy and intricate question of slave labour is treated with great ability by Mr. Herman Merivale in the new edition (1861) of his Lectures on Colonies and Colonization (p. 300.); and the whole subject of emancipation has recently been ably investigated by M. Augustin Cochin in his work 'l'Abolition de l'Esclavage' (2 vols. Paris: 1861).

not the power to proclaim the liberation of the slave, which rests exclusively within the State jurisdiction, still less can a Federal officer, not even alleging any legal authority or even the orders of the Executive Government, proceed to denounce against the enemies of the government in Missouri the triple punishment of death, confiscation, and liberation of their negroes. General Fremont's proclamation of the 31st August at St. Louis is more like the *bando* of a Carlist chief or the proclamation of a South American adventurer, than the language of an officer in arms for the vindication of the law; and whether or not emancipation be the result of this struggle, it certainly cannot be effected by a military chief, whose appearance in the South is to be the signal for putting the white population to death and calling the blacks to freedom.

We know not what view Mr. Lincoln takes of this class of his supporters, and we have great difficulty in believing that he has any share in their plans. Certainly the Cabinet of Washington has, as yet, done nothing to prove that a general measure of negro emancipation *vi et armis* is contemplated by its policy; and General Fremont's intemperate proclamation appears to have been repudiated by the Government. In truth, such a mode of restoring the Union would be more fatal to the principles of the Constitution than any blow it has received, and more fatal to the true interests of the North than the loss of all the territory between the Potomac and the Gulf of Mexico.

If the great issue which is now left to the dreadful arbitrament of arms between the North and the South had ever been clearly and authoritatively stated, we should not suffer from the extreme perplexity which now suspends the judgment of Europe, and we might hope to see our way from the causes to the conclusions of this quarrel. But it is one peculiarity of this dispute that the terms of it have never been stated by authority, and Mr. Lincoln continued to the last moment to protest that there was nothing at all to fight about. If we turn from public to private sources of information, every American who makes a speech or writes a letter gives us a different, and generally an inconsistent, version of the causes of the war. At one moment we are assured that the sole issue raised by the last Presidential election was the extension or exclusion of slavery in the territories of the United States. At another we are told that the contest cannot be ended but by the total overthrow of the slave-power in the Southern States themselves. Mr. Motley contends that the war is just and necessary because the object of it is to maintain the inviolable principles of the Constitution of 1789, and especially the sovereignty of the Union — one and

indivisible. Mr. Jay thinks that blood must be shed like water to maintain the dignity of the Union in the presence of foreign Powers; and he agrees with Mr. Everett in the opinion that the North can never lay down the sword until it has secured the command of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Henry Carey, a gentleman who has written an elaborate letter addressed to a respectable American newspaper, takes entirely different ground. He says that 'the South is not only not the 'homogeneous body we have supposed it to be, but that it is 'clearly divided into three separate portions, two of which 'desire to move in the direction of perpetual human slavery, 'while the third, inserted between them, is, by the force of cir-'cumstances, necessarily impelled towards freedom.' Whence he argues that it is the duty of the free majority in the North to come to the assistance of the free minority in the South, in order that 'the friends of civilisation and freedom, North and 'South, may govern and direct the movements of the Union.' Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the Abolitionists go one step further, for they assert that the only justification of such a war, in the face of God and man, will be the bold and open declaration that slavery is forthwith to be banished from the territory of the Union and emancipation accomplished by the victorious arms of New England.

On the other hand, the grounds assigned by South Carolina and the other seceding States are utterly insufficient to justify or even to account for the step they were taking. These grievances were: —1. The nullification of the Fugitive Slave Law by the Personal Freedom Acts of the Slave States. 2. The election of Mr. Lincoln. 3. The alleged attempt to exclude slavery from the common territories. The Tariff question has never been put prominently forward by the South, though unquestionably if the contest had stood upon the ground taken by Mr. Calhoun in 1831, when South Carolina nullified the Tariff and obtained its reduction, the feelings of the people of this country towards the Secessionists would be very different from what they now are, regarding them merely as the chief upholders of negro slavery. It is, however, worth while to observe that in the 'platform' as the Americans call it, or declaration of each party before the late presidential election, the question of protection to native industry and free trade was clearly stated. The Republican declaration ran, 'that while providing revenue for 'the support of the general Government by duties upon im-'ports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these 'imports as to encourage the development of the industrial 'interest of the whole country, &c.' The Democratic party,

on the contrary, declare 'that justice and sound policy forbid 'the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to 'the detriment of another, or to cherish the interests of one 'portion of our common country to the detriment of another.' But it is evident that the views of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his confederates went far beyond all these points. Whatever the pretext may have been, the object was the creation of an independent government in which the free States of the North and West should have no part.

Putting all these things together, and well weighing all we have been able to learn of the elements of this strife, we have arrived at a conclusion which we think it probable that our friends on the other side the Atlantic will not approve or admit of, but which we sincerely believe they will find hereafter to be the true and only cause which can be said to embrace the whole controversy. We say they are fighting for TERRITORIAL DOMINION. Let us explain what we mean by the expression.

The Republican party, whose whole strength now lies in the Northern States, has lately succeeded, after a long exclusion from power and many ineffectual attempts to regain it, in obtaining a majority over the Democratic party, whose chief strength lies in the South. The result is that Mr. Lincoln is President, and the whole Federal powers of the Government are vested in the hands of his friends, almost exclusively Northern and Western men. Being in lawful possession of these powers, it is no more than is to be expected of all political parties and of human nature itself, that they seek to make them felt, that they assert their own dearly-bought ascendancy, and that they will make them felt not only in those parts of the Union where their own principles prevail, but even in those parts of the Union where their adherents are in a minority, and where they themselves are regarded with terror and abhorrence. Here begins the difficulty. If Mr. Lincoln and the Federal Cabinet were governing the Northern and Western States only, nothing would disturb the even current of his reign, for there he represents the will of the people. But he has federally to govern the South, where he does not represent the will of the people, and where his authority can only be enforced by the rifled guns and bayonets of a Northern army. We have no reason to doubt that Mr. Lincoln would have endeavoured to hold the balance even, and to do no injustice to the South. But in the vindication of his own principles, he must have done things which could not fail to exasperate the Southern States. He must have maintained a protective tariff highly injurious to Southern interests; he must have resisted the pretensions of

the South to extend the area of slavery in the territories; he must have thrown himself in all doubtful emergencies upon his own supporters, to enable him to maintain their principles even in the States of the Union most adverse to them. In other words, the Republican party being now in possession of the Federal Power, are seeking to give to that power the utmost extension of which it is capable, for the purpose of holding military and naval command of the great rivers and the southern coasts, of regulating trade for the advantage of Northern industry, and resisting the extension of slavery — some members of the party would go so far as to aim at a general measure of emancipation or liberation even by violence. This then is what we mean by 'territorial dominion'; it is the power to enforce the will of the North over the South by superior force — to compel the minority, which is a local majority, to submit; in a word, to command the country and to subdue the people. If this be not the object for which the Americans of the Union are contending against the Disunionists, we confess our inability to apprehend it, for no lesser object could justify a war conducted in such a spirit and on such a scale. The American Government and its supporters affect, indeed, to consider the cause as absolutely vital to their existence as a nation; holding that a territorial command of the South by the Federal Power is indispensable to the peace and security of the North, and placing this essential element of their strength not within the boundaries of the Northern States, but beyond them.

In justification of the North, it must here be said, that during the long period for which the Democratic party retained the Federal Power in the hands of Southern Presidents, they too aimed at the same species of territorial dominion; that is, they sought to give an undue and unfair extension to Southern principles throughout the Union, and, shameful to relate, they succeeded. Thus they passed the Fugitive Slave Law; they passed the Kansas and Nebraska Bills; they introduced the new doctrine that the Constitution of its own force carries slavery in any or all of the territories of the United States; and if we go somewhat further back, they procured the annexation of Texas, they plunged the Union into the Mexican war, and they continually threatened Spain to dispossess her of Cuba. In all these questions, and many more, the Federal Power has been prostituted to serve the interests of slavery and slaveowners, and the South has exercised a real dominion over the Commonwealth.

According to our view of the American Constitution, the North would have been perfectly justified in resisting many of these measures with far greater energy than it displayed in

opposition to them. And had they been carried to still greater lengths,—had the country been plunged in war for the purpose of plundering the sugar plantations of Cuba or assisting the filibusters in Central America, — we have heard more than one stout-hearted New Englander declare that a dissolution of the Union would be the only remedy.

But weighing the *rights* of the contending parties in even scales, although we sympathise strongly with the spirit of the North, and we abhor the institutions of the South and the artifices employed in this great conspiracy, we must say that the North does not appear to us to have a better claim to enforce its policy and dominion over the South than the South had to infect the North with the taint of slavery. In a confederation in which principles so irreconcilably hostile as negro slavery and the utmost democratic freedom co-exist, — where these jarring elements are divided by a simple geographical line, —where both are upheld by powerful States claiming an equal, though subordinate, degree of sovereignty, — it is evident that the maintenance of peace and good order depends on keeping these conflicting elements within their respective boundaries, and in studiously abstaining from the attempt to render either of them paramount at the expense of the other. This was the spirit of mutual forbearance which breathed through the Farewell Address of Washington; and it is melancholy to observe how entirely that wise, calm, and generous temper has departed from the hearts of the American people.

In expressing these views we believe that we have given utterance not only to the opinions we ourselves have formed, but to those which are floating more or less vaguely in the minds of almost all the statesmen and thinkers of Europe; for as far as our observation has gone, there is very little diversity of opinion on this topic amongst us either here or on the Continent. Hence it is that the American contest, exciting as it does the deepest interest from its enormous importance to ourselves and to the world, has not elicited any positive expression of sympathy with either side. Even the Emperor of Russia, who has seized this opportunity to renew his good offices to the American Commonwealth, and to deplore the calamity of disruption, advises his friends to make the best settlement they can. England is not slow to testify her enthusiastic admiration for every act of gallantry, especially when blows are struck in the cause of freedom; and she is but too apt to lose sight of her true political interests in her eagerness to applaud a patriotic enterprise. But with the exception of Mr. John Bright, we are not aware that any Englishman of note

has addressed to the Americans, either of the North or of the South, one word of encouragement since the outbreak of this war. The reason is simple. We regard it as an ill-advised, unnatural, and inhuman contest. We deplore this premature and ignominious termination of the Union founded by Washington; for though, doubtless, other free institutions and free commonwealths will succeed it, yet it is impossible to deny that the spell of union is broken, and that a Confederation which requires 500,000 men to defend it against 500,000 of their former fellow-citizens is no longer based on the free consent of the people. We doubt not that in the end this struggle must be terminated by a compromise, and we therefore think that the sooner a negotiation is set on foot the better. Indeed, one of the causes which have most tended to alienate the English from the North is the arrogant and unbending tone they have assumed towards their countrymen. We must be permitted to add that such language has not as yet been justified by their military achievements. The Americans have too often affected an utter disregard of the opinion of Europe. They have systematically rejected all alliances; they have never scrupled to profess a cynical disregard of the rights and feelings of other nations; and even since the commencement of the present troubles their tone towards foreign Governments has been that of misplaced defiance. Even now they seem unable to comprehend that the policy of the leading Cabinets of Europe is neither hostile nor interested, but simply a policy of forbearance and goodwill.

The Northern Americans, who have great difficulty in following the movements of opinion in foreign countries, attribute what they regard as our disposition to favour the South to our supposed dependence on the cotton trade: the Southern Americans, who have no great reason to boast of any favour from this country, probably have placed a still more exaggerated reliance on the effects of a stoppage of that article. The truth is that, although the subject is one of grave moment, and a very large class of persons in this country are actively engaged in endeavouring to avert the evil of a scarcity of cotton, questions of mere mercantile interest have not in this country a preponderating weight over a sense of justice and injustice, of right and wrong. The cotton trade is an important branch of British industry, but it is only a branch, and the supply of American cotton is not the sole reliance of our manufacturers. The prevailing opinion in this country is that the advance of price in the raw material will apply an immense stimulus to the production of cotton elsewhere, and that after two or three years

of more or less difficulty we shall have shaken off our dependence on the slave-grown cotton of the United States altogether. We are not now discussing the correctness of this opinion, but we affirm that the apprehensions which may be entertained by those who are engaged in the cotton trade have not perceptibly affected the opinions of the educated classes in this country on American affairs. Mr. Bright, indeed, who is supposed to represent the Manchester interest, has loudly declared himself in favour of the war. Whatever the consequences of the suspension of the American cotton trade may be in the manufacturing districts of this country, they must be felt with tenfold severity by the manufacturing population of the Northern States. There the stoppage is complete. They have no other market to turn to, no other supply to hope for, except indeed by the re-exportation of cotton from the British ports. The pressure of war is upon them in every shape, and we are not surprised to hear that the socialist cry has already been raised in New England that if the Federal Government takes the bread out of the mouths of the people by making war, the Federal Government must be prepared to employ, pay, and feed the destitute population of the States. With reference to ourselves, the temporary inconvenience of a scarcity of American cotton is not to be weighed against the permanent political results of this great revolution.

The general repugnance and aversion of the people of England to this war rests therefore on totally different grounds. And here we would observe that, if the people of England were animated by any of those feelings of jealousy, hostility, or malevolence towards the people of America, which have sometimes been falsely imputed to them, the spectacle now before them might satiate the worst passions of human nature. Here is a great nation pulling to pieces their own government, killing their own countrymen, blockading their own ports, annihilating their trade, paralysing their manufactures, burning their own ships and arsenals, draining their credit by enormous loans, imposing on themselves all those burdens of taxation from which they have hitherto lived free,—doing, in short, all that a foreign war can inflict on a country, with this difference, that they are burning the candle at both ends, paying both the combatants, bleeding from every pore, and that whichever side be victorious or vanquished, the result to the United States of America must be equally disastrous. Never, since the great French Revolution of 1789, has a country been thus lacerated by its own sons; and the certain consequence must be an enormous waste of the national wealth, a great loss of real strength, an embarrassing

attitude in relation to foreign Powers, anarchy at home and weakness abroad. The picture is a gloomy one, but it is not overcharged. Who then are the truest friends of the American people? Ourselves,—who, in the exercise of a calm judgment and goodwill to both parties, conjure them to desist at the earliest opportunity from this internecine contest, — or their own chiefs and leaders who are hounding on bands of ill-disciplined soldiers to exploits which are ludicrous in the eye of military experience, and who will probably be hurried on in their turn by the passions or the resentment of the populace to still more deplorable excesses? Already it is dangerous in America, even in New England, to speak as the advocate of peace: the probability is that the war will go on for a time, chiefly because no man has the strength and the courage to end it. It has already assumed a revolutionary character, for it is inflamed not so much by the deliberate policy of the government as by the passions of the people. Popular enthusiasm is a powerful engine, but it is the most costly of all allies; for when the day of reckoning comes, it is measured by its promises, not by its performances. The apparent unanimity of the North may well be the result of terrorism rather than of conviction: yet even now it is stated that *eighty-one* newspapers in the Free States are, or rather were, opposed to the war. Certainly, numerous instances have occurred of insubordination in particular regiments, and even of the refusal of volunteers to act in presence of the enemy, which denote anything but a final resolution to brave the last dangers of war. Not such would be the conduct of American citizens and soldiers if a foreign enemy had landed on their coasts. Their military means might be small, but their hearts would be undivided; but in this unnatural contest almost every man has ties of interest or ties of affection in either camp. Three years of warfare on the present scale will have saddled the United States, or whatever portion of them may still be United, with a national debt, an income tax, and a standing army, which will leave the old countries of Europe nothing to envy them. The effect of these burdens on their credit, on their finances, and on their political institutions would be incalculable; and it is not too much to assert that, in order to support them the supreme authority must have a degree of power and strength which no Federal Government in America has yet possessed. Beyond the perils of war we already discern the perils of revolution, not obscurely threatening the institutions and the chiefs of the Union itself, even in the North. One of the worst features of the contest, and one which marks in the eyes of Europe

its revolutionary character, is the use made by both parties of the barbarous penalty of *confiscation*. The South has repudiated the debts of its Northern creditors: the North has confiscated the private property of Southern citizens, and this apparently without even a pretence of judicial authority. So that in this war property is protected neither by municipal law nor by the law of nations. If successful, Mr. Lincoln and his friends can only maintain their ascendancy by measures of authority which no former executive has assumed; if unsuccessful, they will probably be made to expiate the faults of others, and to pay for the disappointed hopes and wounded pride of the nation.

No doubt there was something highly flattering to the pride of American citizens, and to the future condition of the human race, in the prophetic picture of a mighty commonwealth, ranging over a whole continent, speaking the same tongue, governed by the same laws, and united under the same powerful Executive. But is it not a delusion to suppose that the Constitution of 1789 which united Thirteen States, just struggling into national existence, and not very dissimilar in their internal institutions, can be indefinitely extended to embrace purchased and conquered territories, the slave-holding States of the South, and the semi-civilised States of the Far West, nay even to include the mongrel population of California and the priest-ridden polygamists of Utah? Such a Union may be maintained for a considerable time by mutual assent and for common convenience, but the moment the Government seeks to rest its authority over any large portion of its fellow-citizens on military force, the very principle of such a government seems to us to be at an end; for it was based, to use the words of the Declaration of Independence, on the precious and transcendent right of the people 'to abolish and alter their governments as 'to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and hap-'piness.' Far from seeking to subdue seceding States by force of arms, it appears to us that it would be more consistent with sound policy to expel from the Union, and deprive of its protection, States refusing to acknowledge its Federal authority. Are the greatness, prosperity, and security of States like those of New England, of New York and Pennsylvania, or of the communities springing into life in the illimitable regions of the West, liable to be seriously affected by the possession or loss of a disputed authority over the slave lands of the South? The power of nations depends not upon an unwieldy extent of territory, but upon concentrated organisation, disciplined intelligence, and compact interests. The

efforts of the North American Union resemble those of a young giant who has outgrown his strength. Their effect would be far greater within a more restricted area. In reality, the Americans themselves are conscious that the habits, the opinions, the domestic institutions, and the political principles of the North and of the South differ so widely that they form in fact two distinct peoples, and the attempt to force them into one nation by the force of the majority can only be effected either by a compromise, or by military power.

We have endeavoured at some length to explain the views which we believe to be entertained by moderate and thinking men in this country, and in the other countries of Europe, because we hold it to be of great importance that our American friends should at least be made aware that, if we differ from them, it is not from any want of deep interest in their welfare and a cordial desire for the restoration of peace and good government in the United States. Our opinions are at least not swayed in the slightest degree either by passion or by interest. We do not participate in the vehement desire of the North to crush what they call revolution, or to attempt negro emancipation by force of arms; still less do we comprehend the madness of the slaveholders which has provoked this desperate quarrel. A certain amount of indirect injury and inconvenience results from this war to ourselves and to Europe, but these results are as nothing compared to the direct evils which it inflicts on the people of the United States. So far then are the nations of Europe from having any motive or inducement to intervene in this quarrel, that their sympathies are not enlisted on either side, and that their interests are equally assailed by both parties. In truth the only perceptible interest we have in the question is the interest of humanity, the interest of peace; but we are perfectly aware that in protesting against the continuance of such a war, we expose ourselves to the indignation of both the belligerents. Accordingly we are told by Mr. Jay and by many others of his countrymen, that 'the friendly feeling 'excited in America by the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, 'has suddenly been converted into one of intense and bitter 'disappointment by the conduct and tone of the English Go-'vernment and by the ill-judged comments of the English 'press.' So that on the one hand, the Americans profess to require of us the strictest adherence to the principle of non-intervention, on which ground we are most ready to give them the fullest satisfaction; but on the other hand, they take it extremely ill that we have not extended to the North 'that 'moral support which is given by the countenance of a great

'nation;' and even that we have 'forbidden Englishmen to 'assist in maintaining in the United States constitutional order 'against conspiracy and rebellion, and the cause of freedom 'against chattel slavery.' It is rather too much to accuse us of a sinister design to interfere in American affairs, and also, in the same breath, to complain of our forbidding British subjects to take a part in this fray. Mr. Jay says with reference to the Royal Proclamation —

'Before the Proclamation, to support our Government was an honourable affair for the subjects of Great Britain, and the rebels were insurgents with no rights save under the American Constitution. After the Proclamation for an Englishman to serve the United States is a crime, and the rebels are elevated into a belligerent power; and *this intervention of England,* depriving us of a support which her practice permitted, and giving the rebels a status and right they did not possess, we are coolly told is neutrality.' (*Jay's Address,* p. 37.)

It is difficult to conceive a more complete tissue of blunders and absurdities than this sentence, but we quote it because we are afraid this misapprehension is too common in America. In the first place, Mr. Jay requires to be informed that the Queen's Proclamation has in reality no power or effect at all, except to bring the provisions of the law more distinctly to the knowledge and notice of the public. The Proclamation does not make the law, nor even give effect to the law. The Foreign Enlistment Act is a statute in full force at all times, which renders it penal for British subjects to engage in hostilities in the service of foreign states, without the Queen's license. That Act has indeed sometimes been *suspended* by Proclamation or Order in Council, as in the Carlist War in Spain, but it is at all other times fully operative, and so far from being 'an almost ob-'solete statute' of George III., 'which required to be revived,' it is notorious that it was in full operation during the war of France and Austria in 1859, and must be in operation whenever this country is in the position of a neutral. The Americans have the less pretence for being ignorant of this law, as their own Acts against Foreign Enlistment are very stringent, and in 1856, they were so far from thinking that it was an 'honourable affair' for American citizens to take service with Great Britain against the despotism of Russia, that they actually drove the British Minister from Washington, and several British consuls from their ports, on the ground that they had encouraged American citizens to proceed to Canada for the purpose of enlistment. It was at the same time notorious that Russia was drawing considerable supplies from the United

States, and indeed the American Courts have held (in the case of the 'Santissima Trinidad') that it is not a breach of neutrality even to supply armed vessels for the use of belligerents. That is not our doctrine. When this country is neutral, we reprobate all intervention, and the subjects of the Crown are informed that if they take any part at all, they do it at their peril.

It is a manifest absurdity in Mr. Jay, to impute to the Queen's Proclamation the power or the intention of giving any status to the rebels. We have no power at all to modify their status — but in their relations with ourselves we consider them as belligerents. The course pursued by the British Government in this respect is strictly conformable to the rules of neutrality, to the law of nations, and to the principles and precedents established by the highest legal authorities of the United States themselves. When a similar case arose at the time of the struggle for independence, between one of the Spanish colonies in South America and the mother country, it was held by the Supreme Court of the United States, that neutrality required the recognition of *both* parties as belligerents, because to concede belligerent rights to one party and not to the other, would be in fact to depart from strict neutrality and to act upon the assumption that one party was entitled to a preference over the other. But there is still higher American authority than this on the point. In 1843, Mr. Wheaton, whose name can never be mentioned without a tribute to his great learning and spotless character, drew up a paper for the United States Government, on the claims of the representatives of Paul Jones, in which he examined the relations which the United States held, during the revolutionary war, towards other Governments which had not recognised their Independence; and he showed 'that in the case of a revolu-'tion in a Sovereign Empire, by a province or colony shaking 'off the dominion of the mother country, and whilst the civil 'war continues, if a foreign Power does not acknowledge the 'independence of the new state, and form treaties of amity 'and commerce with it, though still remaining neutral, as it 'may do, *it must*, while continuing passive, *allow to both the* '*contending parties all the rights which public war gives to in-*'*dependent sovereigns.*' 'But,' he continues, 'our case, in '1779, was not that of an ordinary revolt in the bosom of a 'state, but a civil war entitling both parties to the rights of 'war, war acknowledged by the parent state itself, in the ex-'ercise of the *commercia belli* usually recognised between civi-

'lised states.'* Mr. Wheaton carried this argument so far as to hold that Denmark, as a neutral State, was bound, in the absence of any positive prohibition or declaration to the contrary, to respect the military right of possession in the prizes of Paul Jones, which were brought into Danish ports by the American captors, and that Denmark had no right to deliver up those prizes to England, as she had in fact done. And the American Government actually demanded of Denmark an indemnity for those prizes; although at the time this occurrence took place, Denmark had not recognised the independence of the United States.

According, therefore, to this great American jurist, the Southern cruisers being in the same position to the United States as the cruisers of the American insurgents were to Great Britain in 1779—that is in the position of belligerents whose independence had not been recognised by foreign Powers,—would, in the absence of any positive declaration to the contrary, have had a right 'to presume the assent' of Great Britain to receive their prizes into her ports. We confess that we should have hesitated to claim an indemnity for the representatives of Paul Jones on such grounds as these; but the case is remarkable as showing the extreme length to which the American jurists have carried the rights of belligerents, engaged in civil war, and not yet recognised as independent Powers. The question of prizes was, however, settled by the very terms of Her Majesty's Proclamation (not as Mr. Jay says, *subsequently*,) by refusing to admit into British ports vessels captured by either party. Had the American Government adopted the Declaration of Paris in 1856, against privateering, which it rejected on the most selfish and discreditable grounds, it would have had a far better claim than it now professes to protest against the commissions of the Southern privateers. Within three months of the Declaration of Independence of 1776, the seas of Europe were swarming with privateers under the American flag, and the Southern Confederacy have in this respect, as in many others, followed exactly the precedent of the great American Revolution. Yet Mr. Jay has the impudence and folly to assert that it is the Queen's Proclamation which has given to the Southern cruisers 'a com-'mission not simply to capture American property in American 'vessels, but to capture on the high seas American property on 'board of whatever vessel it may be found, and to carry the

* This State Paper is quoted in the Introductory Remarks by Mr. W. B Lawrence to the sixth edition of 'Wheaton's Elements of 'International Law.

'neutral vessel and cargo into a belligerent port for further 'examination.' And he adds 'that England and France have, 'by royal and imperial proclamation, countersigned letters of 'marque for the destruction of American ships, and which 'threaten with spoliation the commerce of the world.' If such mischievous trash as this can be uttered by a man of Mr. Jay's name and position, we may conceive what are the prevailing sentiments towards England and France of the less educated classes in the United States. We say England and France, because we rejoice to be able to state with confidence that throughout this unhappy dispute, the most entire agreement has subsisted on this question between the British and French Cabinets — another proof, if any were needed, that their policy has no selfish or sinister ends, but solely the desire to do what in them lies to reduce the evils and to shorten the duration of a war which all the leading nations of Europe alike condemn and deplore.

Mr. Jay thinks he can distinguish 'between the hasty action 'of the British Cabinet and the deliberate conviction of the 'British people.' He is mistaken again. There has been no hasty action on the part of the Cabinet. There is no essential difference of opinion in the British people. The course adopted by Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell — men who certainly cannot be accused of hostility to America or of coolness on the subject of slavery — would, we are certain, be followed by any other Minister of the Crown, and supported by Parliament. As for the time or manner proper for the recognition of States struggling for what they call independence, we see no reason to anticipate the result of the contest; the conduct of the British Government and of its allies will doubtless follow the course of events, which we are unable to foresee, much less to control: but we cannot forget that in all the revolutions of Europe the Americans have made it their invariable boast that all *de facto* Governments are at once recognised by the Ministers of the United States, without the slightest reference to the causes or circumstances which had given them birth.

The next three months, which include the season most favourable for military operations in America, will probably be marked by important events, though we can hardly hope for a decisive result. The operations of the present campaign are in fact almost confined to the Border States, and the utmost success of the Federal armies could hardly do more than regain a footing in those disputed territories, where the opinions of the people are divided. Nevertheless, in spite of the hatred engendered by this contest, we cannot anticipate that it will be

of very long duration. Democratic governments have seldom shown that tenacity of purpose which induces a nation to submit to all the privations of protracted and unsuccessful war; and the enormous scale on which modern warfare is carried on tends to limit its continuance. A foreign war may be waged for a long series of years; but a war like this absorbs the whole vital energy of the country, suspends all the sources of production, and makes the people at once the instrument and the victim of its destructive power. The process of exhaustion is therefore accelerated. Moreover, whatever the financial resources of the Union may be, the strain on them is too great to be prolonged indefinitely. Nearly half the country, and more than half the export trade, is at once cut off from the area of taxation; the import trade is crippled; credit is shaken; manufactures are partly stopped; the local taxation of the several States must have increased; the direct taxation of the Union has been raised to a war level; but even these taxes, if they can be raised, will only pay the interest on the loans which have been voted; the indirect taxation, which has hitherto sufficed for the wants of the Government, perishes with the stoppage of trade. The financial pressure in the South, and the want of the necessaries of life, which the South has hitherto drawn from the North or from foreign countries, must be still more grievous and intolerable; and it is not easy to comprehend whence the resources are derived which have enabled the Confederate States to maintain so large an army and to defend so vast a line of frontier. But although the efforts made on both sides in the present year have been extraordinary, war cannot be carried on for several campaigns without a reproductive power in the armies and finances of the country, which this contest is not likely to call forth. It is not probable, from the nature of the operations, and from the inexperience of the belligerents, that any decisive military successes will be obtained; and if we might hazard a conjecture as to the issue of the contest, it would be that the two parties, tired but not satisfied, exhausted but not reconciled, will at last sullenly submit to a necessary separation.

NOTE

ON MINUTE OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION OF THE 29TH JULY.

At the time of the publication of the article on Popular Education in England which stood at the head of our last Number, we were wholly unacquainted with the intentions of the Government on the subject, and we learned, with equal surprise and satisfaction, the prompt and radical remedy which the Lords of the Education Committee were already prepared (as it now appears) to apply to the evils and shortcomings we had endeavoured to point out. The justification of the strictures we had been compelled to make on the then existing system of the Education Committee is therefore complete, since the heads of the department are so conscious of these defects, that they have since promulgated a minute which rescinds the whole of the former code of regulations for the distribution of the Government grants, and substitutes an entirely new system for that of 1846. Our concluding recommendation, that 'there is great reason 'to reconsider the present state of the question, and to modify the 'system which has hitherto been pursued' (p. 38.), has therefore been followed by decisive results almost as soon as it was uttered.

So, too, has our observation (p. 16.) that 'the moment you begin 'to reduce the bounties or the protection which have fostered a highly 'artificial system, you create a considerable amount of individual 'hardship, and you must be prepared to face a vehement outcry, es-'pecially from the managers of schools and the classes which have 'thriven so largely at the public cost.' This prediction has likewise been verified to the letter; the outcry against the New Minute is already vehement; it will probably become still more vehement; but it is raised mainly by those who have an interest, which they conceive to be a vested interest, in the distribution of funds under the minutes of 1846. The subject therefore will demand and obtain from the country and from Parliament the most thorough consideration, and we are glad of it. All that we take to be proved, at present, is, that, although the new system is not yet finally settled, and is quite open to public discussion, the old system is irrevocably condemned by the very persons who have administered it.

The remedy applied by the New Minute to the most prominent defects of the old system is direct and simple. The grants to schools are to be regulated by the results obtained; and the contribution of the State, paid to the managers in the form of a capitation grant, is to be applied by the managers to the several purposes of the school, including the wages of pupil-teachers and the augmentation of the master's salary. It by no means follows that the aid given to a well-conducted school will be diminished; but it will be paid in a different form, it will give greater liberty of action to school

managers, it will increase with the regular attendance of the children, and it will be conditional on good teaching; so that the assistance of the State, instead of degenerating into a screen for inefficiency, as it is too apt to become in all branches of the public service, will be a powerful stimulant to excellence and activity. We are satisfied that the principle on which the New Minute is founded is a sound principle, and is a great improvement on the former system. As to the details which have been adopted in this Minute to determine the proficiency of scholars and the consequent amount of the capitation, they have been made the subject of considerable animadversion, and no doubt they may be modified with some practical advantage when the principle of the New Minute is established.

We should scrupulously recognise the claims of the existing body of certificated teachers, who have accepted the conditions of the former system, and are entitled to all the advantages held out to them by that system, as long as they perform their part of the engagement. But the Government are bound to see that they teach in a satisfactory and efficient manner; and it would be absurd to contend that the possession of a high certificate on leaving a Training College gives a man a vested right to a pension from the State as long as he remains a teacher, whether the work be well or ill done. We know not whether the effect of the New Minute will be to reduce the number of young persons entering upon this profession; perhaps if that be the effect, it would not be an evil, as there is at present some danger of the supply of teachers exceeding the demand; but if the supply be diminished, that will be to the advantage of the existing class of certificated teachers. It cannot, however, be supposed, that a great and necessary change of this nature is to be effected without some inconvenience; but this inconvenience arises, in truth, not from the new system, but from the bad consequences of the old one,—not from the remedy, but from the disease it is necessary to cure. A considerable step has therefore been made in the right direction; and we are satisfied that when the New Minute is well understood by the country, it will be seen that the effect of it is to stimulate and strengthen the promoters of popular education, to improve the schools, to give more self-reliance to teachers, and to substitute a system capable of far wider application to the wants of the population, for one which had already reached its full limits, and which had become, from its extreme intricacy and its protective character, rather a drawback than an assistance to national education.

NOTE

ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF CARTHAGE.

An error has arisen from the inadvertent omission of a sentence in the article in our last Number on the topography of Carthage (p. 81. l. 23.) which we are anxious to correct, as the effect of the

passage as it stands is to place the fortified camp of Agathocles in a position it never could have occupied. The elevated ground, of which the Hill of St. Louis forms the southern extremity, continues along the coast for three or four miles in the direction N. N. E. The marshy ground to the S. W., on the contrary, extends as far as the low hills upon one of which the Kazbah or Citadel of Tunis now stands; and it was upon *these* low hills to the W. of Carthage, and not on those previously mentioned, that the camp of Agathocles was placed.

No. CCXXXIII. will be published in January, 1862.

INDEX.

A

Agriculture of France, 348 — M. Lavergne's account of its progress, 350 — Turgot's reforms, 351 — tithes and seignorial charges, 352 — the Nord, 357 — beet-root sugar, 358 — 'Isle of France,' 360 — the Loire, 361 — Maine and Anjou, 363 — the South, 365 — central France, 366 — Berri, 367.

Albany, Countess of, the last Stuarts, and Alfieri, 145 — Chevalier St. George, 146 — Charles Edward, 147 — Miss Walkingshaw, 149 — Princess of Stolberg, 151 — at Rome, 153 — Alfieri at Florence, 154 — his tragedies, 157 — the Countess throws off the Pretender, 160 — Alfieri's conduct, 162 — death of the Pretender, 168 — relations of Alfieri and the Countess. 169 — visit to England, 171 — M. Fabre, 178 — Musée Fabre, 181.

Allocuzione detta dalla Santita di N. S. Papa Pio IX. nel Concistoro Segreto del 18 *Marzo* 1861, reviewed, 233.

America, Disunion of, 556 — Mr. Ellison's views, 557 — Dr. Lempriere's paradoxes, *ib.* — State sovereignties and Federal sovereignty, 561 — Mr. Lincoln, 563 — 'secessions,' 564 — Mr. Rawle, 565 — Mr. Motley, 566 — Senator Douglas, 567 — Mr. Jay's statements, 568 — Buchanan, 569 — dilemma of the Federal Government, 571 — grievances of the seceding States, 574 — territorial dominion, 575 — English aversion to the war, 579 — Mr. Jay and the Royal Proclamation, 583 — privateering, 585.

Arnold, M., his Popular Education of France, &c., reviewed, 1.

Austin, John, his life, 460.

B

Beulé, M., his Fouilles à Carthage, reviewed, 65.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, her Poems, reviewed, 513 — 'Prometheus Bound,' 516 — the 'Seraphim,' 521 — 'Drama of Exile,' 522 — 'Rhapsody of Life's Progress,' 525 — lyrical efforts, 527 — 'Aurora Leigh,' 530 — 'Casa Guidi Windows,' 531 — 'Poems 'before Congress,' 532 — character of her writings, *ib.*

Buckle, H. T., his History of Civilisation in England, reviewed, 183 — Spain and Scotland, 186 — theological superstition, 187 — physical description of Spain, 188 — earthquakes, 189 — history of Spain, 192 — Mr. Buckle's version of the history of Scotland, 200 — Church of Scotland, 206 — its literature, 209.

C

Caballero, Fernan, her novels reviewed, 99.

Campe, Dr., his Reliquien von Albrecht Dürer, reviewed, 39.

Carthage, political relations of, 66 — Aristotle, 68 — site of the city, 71 — Lake of Tunis, 72 — Bosra, 75 — Dakhul Bashir, 76 — Agathocles' campaign, 78 — elephants in warfare, 80 — Hill of St. Louis, 81 — cisterns, 82 — the triple wall, 84 — Hill of Burj-Jedeed, 86 — the Cothon, 90 — M. Beulé's investigations, 91 — Jebel Khawi, 94 — literature, 97 — site of Agathocles' camp, 589.

Cavour, Count Camillo, his death and character, 269.
Church History of Scotland, 394 — Mr. Cunningham's work, 395 — Principal Lee's, 396 — Culdee and Romanist priests, 400 — Diocesan Episcopacy, 402 — Catholicism in Scotland, 403 — Scottish Reformation, 404 — Church of Scotland, 406 — Morton's Tulchan Episcopacy, 408 — Melville's opposition, 409 — Spottiswoode, 411 — Sharp, 412 — Leighton, 413 — Mr. Buckle on the theology of Scotland, 414 — William III. and Principal Carstairs, 418 — 'Moderatism,' 420 — Leslie controversy, 422 — Thomson and Chalmers, 423 — ecclesiastical revolution of 1843, 424.
Church Reformation in Italy, 233 — King of Italy and Court of Rome, *ib.* — Gioberti and Rosmini, 237 — 'Cinque Piaghe della Chiesa,' 238 — Rosmini and Pius IX., 244 — La Stresa, 246 — the Benedictines, 250 — the Capuchins, 251 — Faber's 'Devotion to the Pope,' 254 — 'Gli Ordini Religiosi e l' Italia,' 255 — Döllinger's Lectures, 256 — Passaglia's ideas, 258 — Count Cavour's declaration, 263 — The Pope's Allocution, 266 — 'La Questione Italiana,' 268 — Count Cavour's death and character, 269 — Letter from Monte Cassino, 277.
Cunningham, Rev. J., Church History of Scotland, reviewed, 394.

D

Dasent, G. W., The Story of Burnt Njal, reviewed, 425.
Davis, Dr. N., his Carthage and her Remains, reviewed, 65.
Discours du Comte de Cavour, et Discussion à la Chambre des Députés sur la Question de Rome, reviewed, 233.
Du Chaillu, Paul B., his Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa, reviewed, 212 — geography of Africa, 212 — his discoveries, 213 — Fan country, 218 — charges against him, 219 — contradictions and inconsistencies, 222 — the gorilla, 228.
Dürer, Albert, Literary Remains of, 39—Heller, 40—Dr. Eye, 41 — Dr. Campe's 'Remains,' 41 — Dürer's memoir, 41 — portraits, 45 Pirkheimer, 46 — 'Melancholia,' 48 — earliest wood-engravings, 49 — Raphael, 50 — 'Prayer Book of the Emperor Maximilian,' 50 — sketch-book at Nüremberg, 55 — Erasmus and Luther, 57 — Luther's imprisonment, 60 — last pieces, 64 — 'Proportion,' *ib.*

E

Education Minute, the New, 588. See *Popular Education.*
Ellison, Thomas, his Slavery and Secession in America, reviewed, 556.
English Jurisprudence, 456 — object of jurisprudence, 457 — Mr. Austin's definitions, 460 — Positive Morality, 463 — Mr. Maine's 'Ancient Law,' 474 — fictions, equity, and legislation, 475 — Roman Law, 476 — law of nature, 477 — Mr. Maine's inquiries, 481 — Positivist theories, 484 — jurisprudence and morals, 485.
Eye, Dr., his Leben und Wirken Albrecht Dürer's, reviewed, 39.

F

Faber, Dr. F. W., his Devotion to the Pope, reviewed, 233.
Falbe, C., Recherches sur l'Emplacement de Carthage, reviewed, 65.
Franks, A. W., his Recent Excavations and Discoveries on the Site of ancient Carthage, reviewed, 65.

H

Heller, J., his Leben und Werke Albrecht Dürer's, reviewed, 39.
Hessey, Dr. J. A., his Sunday, its Origin, History and present Obligations, reviewed, 535 — Sabbatarian and Dominical theories, 536 — Dr. Nicholas Bownde, 539 — Sunday in Scotland, 541 — origin of the Sabbath, 545 — question of Apostolical authority, 550 — Constantine's famous decree, 554.

J

Jay's, Mr., his 'The Great Conspiracy and England's Neutrality,' reviewed, 556.

L

La Costituzione secondo la Giustizia Sociale, reviewed, 233.
La Questione Italiana nel Novembre 1860, reviewed, 233.
Lavergne, L. de, his Economie Rurale de la France, reviewed, 348.
Lee, Rev. Dr., his Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, &c., reviewed, 394.
Lempriere, Charles, his American Crisis considered, reviewed, 556.
Lockhart, Rev. Father, Life of Very Rev. A. Rosmini, reviewed, 233.

M

Macaulay, Lord, his History of England (Fifth Volume), reviewed, 279 — 'The New Examen,' 287 — Marlborough, 289 — Sackfield, 292 — Godolphin, 294 — massacre at Glencoe, 296 — Claverhouse, *ib.* — execution of John Brown, 299 — standing army, 307 — crown lands, 308 — Lord Clancarty, 309 — Partition Treaty, 311 — death-bed scene of William, 316.
Maine, H. S., his Ancient Law, reviewed, 456.
Malle, Dureau de la, his Topographie de Carthage, reviewed, 65.
Massari, G., his Della Riforma Cattolica della Chiesa, reviewed, 233.
Montalembert, Count, his Deuxième Lettre à M. de Cavour, reviewed, 233 — his Les Moines d'Occident, depuis Saint Benoît jusqu'à Saint Bernard, reviewed. 318—monasticism and the Papacy, 320 — Christian monachism, 324 — Oriental, 326 — Egyptian, 328 — Benedict, 330 — Gregory the Great, 332 — St. Columba, 334 — Latin and Teutonic Christianity, 345—mediæval monasticism, 346.
Motley, J., his Causes of the Civil War in America, reviewed, 556.

N

Note on Minute of the Committee of Council on Education, 588.
Note on the Topography of Carthage, 589.
Novels of Fernan Caballero, 99—'La Gaviota,' 108—Pepe Vera, 113 — 'The Alvareda Family,' 118 — 'Elia,' 126 — 'Clemencia,' 127 — 'Una en Otra,' 128 — the writer's comic vein, *ib.*

O

O'Briens, O'Donoghue's Memoir of, 370 — line of the O'Briens, 371 — Brian Boroimhe, 373 — Thomond, 374 — Donaldmore, *ib.* — Torlogh Donn, 375 — policy of Henry VIII., 376 — Ireland under Elizabeth, 380 — Lord Inchiquin, 383—the Act of Settlement, 384

— Sir Daniel O'Brien, *ib.* — the Clare O'Briens, 386 — Charles O'Brien, 387 —Sir Lucius O'Brien of Dromoland, 388.
O'Donoghue, J., Historical Memoir of the O'Briens, reviewed, 370.

P

Paget, J., his New Examen, or an Enquiry into the Evidence relating to certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History, reviewed, 279.
Popular Education in England, 1—Report of Royal Commission, 2—Committee of Education, 6—centralisation, 10—school buildings, 11 — training colleges, 12 — pupil-teachers, 14 — results of the system, 17 — certificated schoolmasters, 23 — Mr. Arnold on French schools, 27—capitation grant, 28 — supply of books, 30 — Mr. Senior's axioms, 32 — educational endowments, 34.
Porson, Richard, 130 — English scholarship, *ib.* — Bentley, 131 — Watson's 'Life,' 132 — Walter Whiter, 133 — 'Letters to Travis,' 141 — Porson and Bentley, 143 — English and German Latin, *ib.*

R

Report of the Commissioners on the State of Popular Education in England, reviewed, 1.
Reumont, A. von, his Die Gräfin von Albany, reviewed, 145.
Revolution of the Hundred Days, 486 — Napoleon's professions, 488 — Constitution of the Hundred Days, 493 — the Additional Act, 494 — Benjamin Constant and Sismondi, 496 — Napoleon's pacific declarations, 498 — Congress of Vienna, 500 — Wellington and Talleyrand, 502 — Thiers' view of the state of parties in France, 506 — Marshal Ney, 508 — Fouché and Metternich, 511.

S

Senior, Nassau, his Suggestions on Popular Education, reviewed, 1.
Skeats, H. S., his Popular Education in England, reviewed, 1.
Smith, G., his Irish History and Irish Character, reviewed, 370.
Story (*The*) *of Burnt Njal*, 425—polity of Iceland, 427—its literature, 429—'The Woof of War,' 435 – story of 'Burnt Njal,' *ib.* — state of Icelandic society, 445 — credibility of the Saga, 446— religion of the Icelander, 449 — Icelandic law, 450 — home of the Icelandic chief, 452 — Icelandic money, 453 — Mr. Dasent's estimate of the work, 454.

T

Thiers, M. A., Histoire de Consulat et de l'Empire, reviewed, 486.

W

Watson, Rev. J. S., his Life of Richard Porson, reviewed, 130.

13-4

END OF VOL. CXIV.

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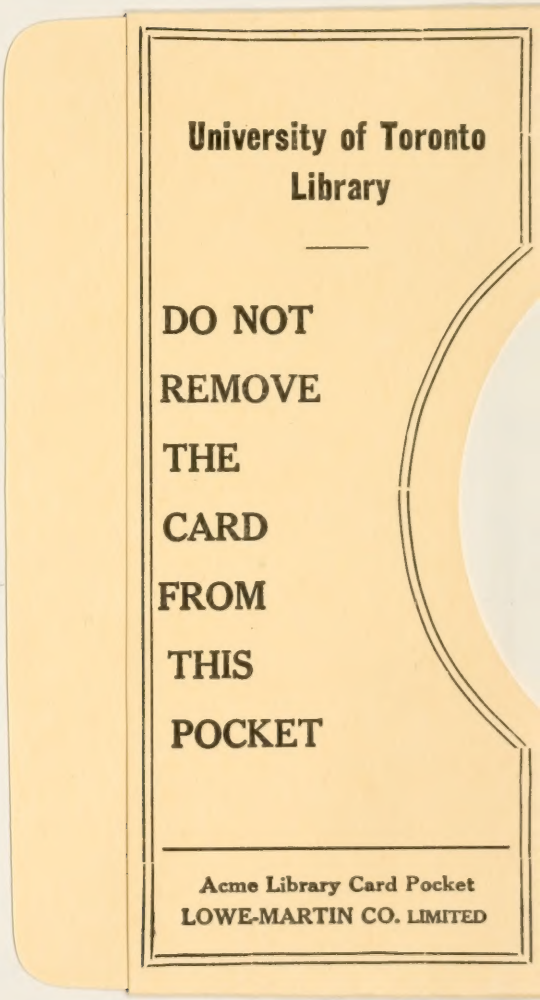
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